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JUNE, 1941

The COUNTRY GUIDE

and NOR-WEST FARMER

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By TOM GILL

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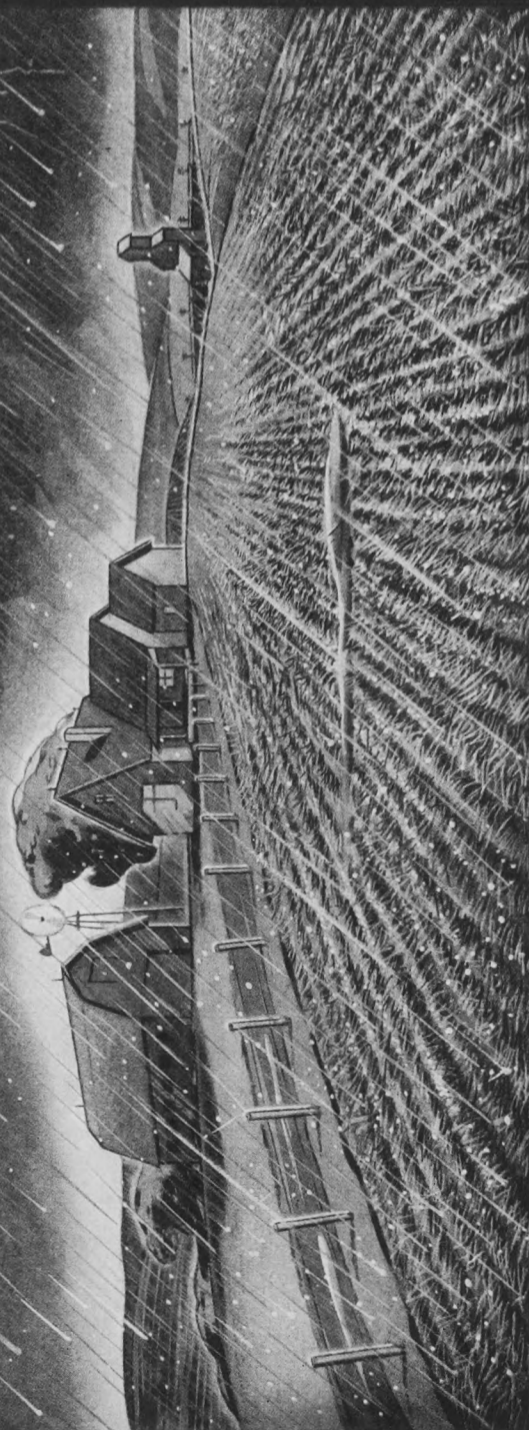
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Election Year in B.C.

But just now British Columbians are moving surpluses

By H. B. SMITH

THE breach between B.C. and the Dominion, opened at the January conference in Ottawa, may now be regarded as closed. B.C. will co-operate with the Dominion in ironing out taxation overlaps, is even prepared, so it is unofficially reported, to engage in another Dominion-provincial pow-wow. This changed attitude is believed to arise from realization that an important block of supporters disapprove the stand taken by the government on the Sirois recommendations and the queer company it consorted with at Ottawa. Also to the outcome of the Manitoba elections where the main issue, from this distance, appears to have been the recommendations in reference, the queer company aforesaid and Manitoba's position thereon and thereto. So Mr. Pattullo gracefully took advantage of Mr. Isley's raid into the provincial taxation field to re-establish amicable relations with Ottawa and close up party ranks for the approaching election.

It was a well executed maneuver, completed with practically no loss of face and has greatly improved the position of the government. So happy days are here again, the happier since that while the moves aforementioned were being made on the higher political plane the word went forth from Victoria to go ahead on a million and a half dollars worth of road work of a general nature, with promise of more money for similar work before autumn.

The term "general" need not be defined. It is an election-year word, the meaning of which is perfectly understood everywhere in B.C. Voting in September is expected. Your reporter forecasts a government win, Conservatives finishing stronger than in the last legislature but lengths behind, the C.C.F. a poor third, and Social Crediters, if they manage to start at all, nowhere. Pattern of the forthcoming riot is not yet clear. The government is expected at the proper moment to come up with a breath-taking issue. Work and wages, annexation of the Yukon, the Alaska highway, a better deal with Ottawa, are samples of issues that did good service in the last two brawls. Conservatives are expected to fight their historic Liberal foe in the classic manner. C.C.Effers speak of doing something to save democracy after the war, so far as can be made out by changing the well-known "system."

Voters are acting dumb. Are believed to be ready to listen to plans for reducing operating expenses of the province by ten or twelve millions annually. They will be accommodated of course, though it is possible none of the plans thought up for their entertainment during the campaign will prove workable or even be tried.

Rolling Out the Apple Barrel

Apple buyers between Vancouver and Winnipeg may recently have thought that Santa Claus had got mixed up in his dates and was staging a spring appearance when they found retail stores stocked with No. 1 grade Okanagan apples at seventy odd cents per box. But it wasn't S.C., just the federal government cutting loose the 1,750,000 boxes it underwrote last fall. To save dumping the price was slashed, a moderate loss taken and, as of this date, May 15, with three or four weeks still to go, it looks as though the entire 1½ million units will be taken by consumers.

In any event, the dump will be small. The tree fruit board and its sales agency, responsible for this movement and for the sale of the entire Okanagan crop, did a remarkably good job of marketing this season. Faced with a lost export market which normally took two million boxes, it stepped up home sales to 3,250,000 boxes, sold 600,000 in the U.S. and the government's 1,750,000 for a total of five and one-half million. A noteworthy performance indeed. Of course all public support that could be used was enlisted and all sales angles exploited. Apples were pushed into government institutions and military estab-

lishments and demand built up by magazine, newspaper, billboard and radio advertising; processing was on a scale heretofore unheard of. Finally the overhang was moved by cutting the price to a point where sales resistance practically disappeared. If a heavy stuffing with apples, as some authorities have alleged, was necessary to make some Canadians one hundred per cent apple conscious and so make them better consumers in future, the idea was given a good tryout last season and if there is anything to the theory should result in a much friendlier feeling for apples next season and thereafter by many thousands of citizens. For the home intake since last October surely was of record proportions.

Unscrambling the Egg Business

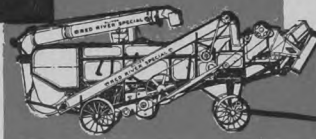
Elimination of the export surplus by reduced production, egg dealers say, would raise prices locally and give the producer more money for fewer eggs. But poultrymen apparently do not agree. Approximately normal numbers of pullets are being readied for next season's operations and so far as can be foreseen the marketing of the 15 to 20 per cent export surplus is to continue as a headache for all concerned, including a couple of departments of agriculture.

One trouble with curtailing production is how to do it. There may be authority in some B.C. marketing act for enforcing a general production cut but no reason to think that many egg producers would favor regimentation, which is what enforced curtailment would amount to. The average egg producer is not unlike his brethren in other lines of farm production. He has observed that where an operator of his own motion responds to a suggestion to reduce operations in the general interest of the industry, he is likely to find himself flanked on one hand by a couple of neighbors who continue full steam ahead and on the other by several more who figure it a good time to step up operations. So the short of it is that B.C. for the present will continue to produce 15 or 20 per cent more eggs than can be consumed locally and the egg trade and governments will be expected to do something about getting a paying price for them.

Meanwhile some producers complain that the feed trade copped the government's three-cent bonus by advancing prices just enough to extract it when payment started back in March. The trade did and did not do this if the distinction can be understood. Barley, oats and wheat prices advanced during late March and early April, reportedly on demand from hog feeders in central areas and the East. Coincident with this advance the bonus became effective. Few eggs were exported, then surplus again began to pile up and prices dropped. The bonus was on the export article. Had exports been heavy enough local prices would have maintained the advance and the equivalent of the government's handout or better been had for all the eggs marketed. But actually the opposite happened. Following the March flutter exports dried up, eggs accumulated, prices dropped, the bonus and what might have resulted from it in other circumstances went aglimmering. The present export movement of 180,000 cases may absorb as much of the B.C. surplus as holders care to cut loose. Such reduction, plus the seasonal tapering off in production, is expected to result in stronger prices from around the end of this month until expanding production in late fall takes up the slack. But to no great advantage to producers since production during the next few months will be at the year's minimum with importations of Alberta B's arriving to supply the cheap cafe, confectionery and some household demand. There is small chance of short local supplies in summer bringing into operation the orthodox economist's dreamchild the law of supply and demand so long as Alberta producers are able to market plenty of hot weather grade B's or worse for as little as six cents per dozen, sometimes less.

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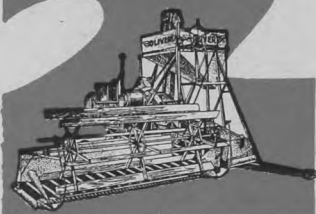
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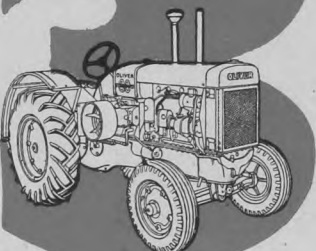
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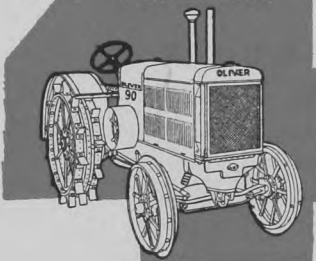
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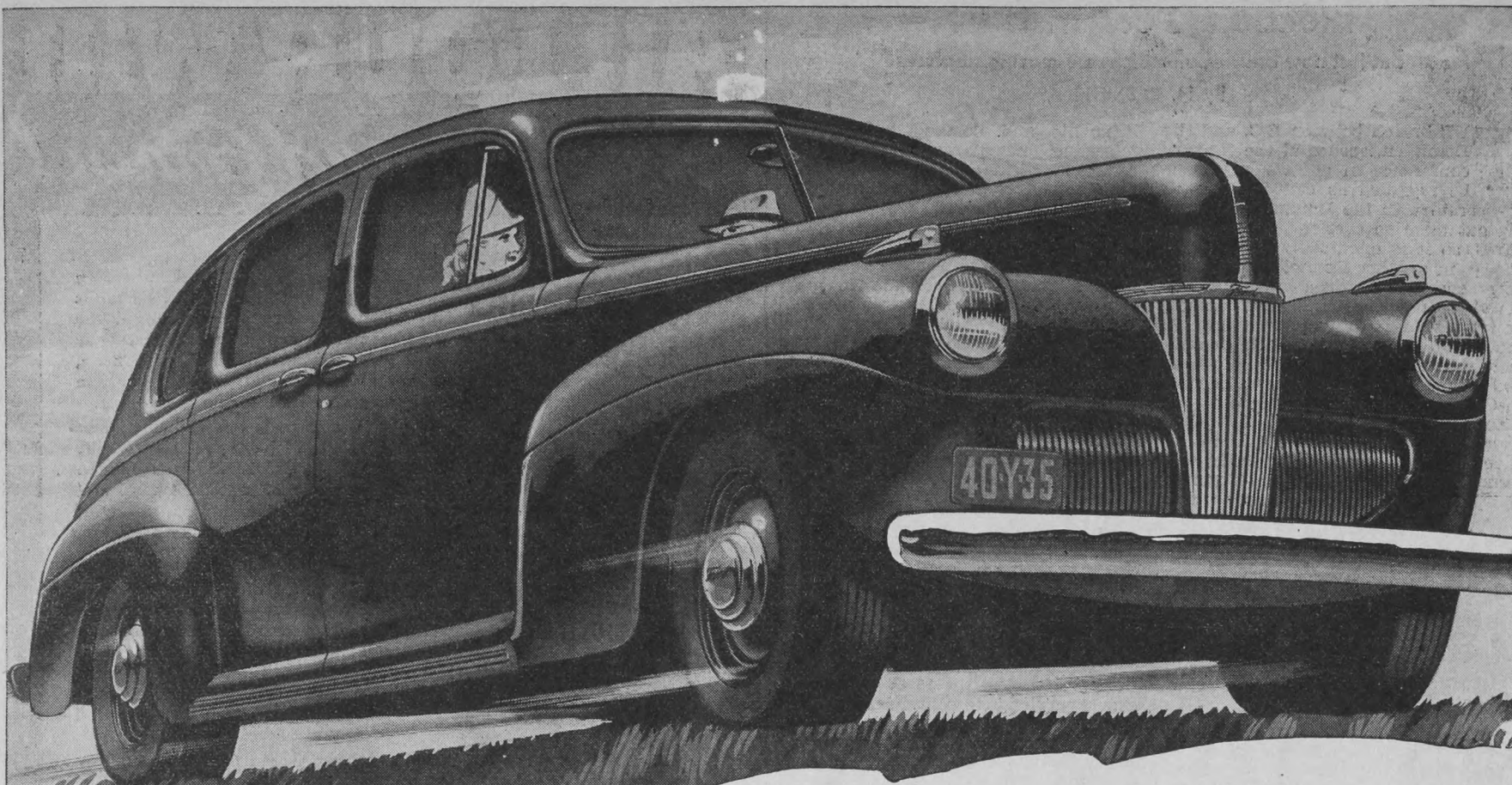
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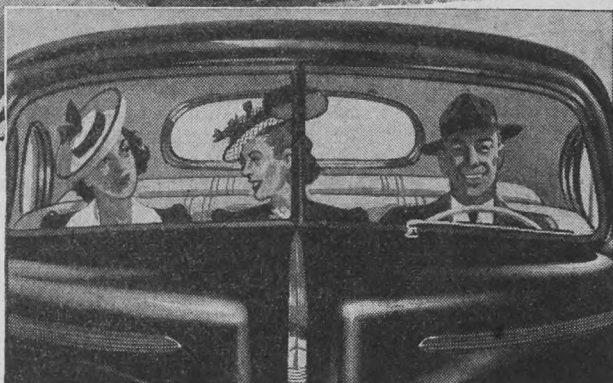
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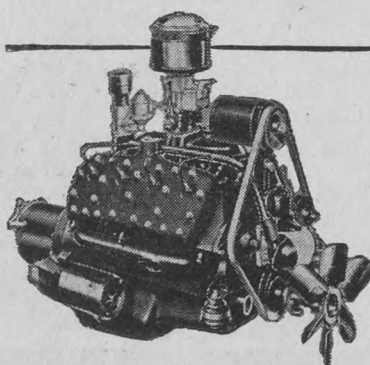
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SPECIAL

THE COUNTRY GUIDE and NOR-WEST FARMER JUNE, 1941

TIME MARCHES PAST

The Middle War

THE evacuation of Greece was accomplished successfully, though, as Churchill said after Dunkerque, wars are not won by evacuations. Why, did the British go to the assistance of the Greeks? The generals knew that the German war machine could crawl all over Greece, though they overestimated the time it would take. The answer is that the British do not let their Allies down, especially the heroic Greeks, whose epic resistance held the Axis from the Aegean seaports for six months.

The German completion of its Balkan conquests liquidated two Allied situations, the Albanian and the Libyan. With Wavell's army partly transferred to Europe, a Nazi force of surprising strength, which the French had a hand in helping into Africa, retook Libya, except Tobruk, as far as the Egyptian border. There they stuck, just as the Italians had done.

The German descent on Crete had three objectives. One was to keep the British forces engaged so they would not snap off the prong of the attack through Libya. Another was to bring them nearer by air to Alexandria and the Suez. The third was to gain a stepping stone toward Syria and the oil fields. Troop planes, which carry about as many as can be comfortably seated in a C.N.R. day coach, dropped German soldiers by parachute. They also arrived in gliders. These soldiers had pneumatic bumpers to keep from cracking their bones, as the pasture fields of Crete are so stony that goats have difficulty in finding a place to lie down. Later, artillery and even small tanks were flown to Crete. Attempts to land troops by water were less successful and 6,000 Germans were drowned in one blazing night. The Battle of Crete is a fierce, hand to hand engagement, still in its critical stage as this chronicle closes.

Over in Iraq — old Mesopotamia, blessed word—war has been rocking the cradle of civilization. Fly-blown cities, that had seen empires come and go centuries before the bitch-wolf suckled Remus and Romulus, have been hearing the roar of planes and tanks, drawn there by the oil that Sargon and Sennacherib never dreamed of. The German-inspired revolt, which drove out the government, went off at half cock and the British have been able to liquidate it. Down in Ethiopia, the spring cleaning is all over except the dusting and the place is safe for Haille Selassie again.

The Stalin-Hitler Chess Game

GERMANY, during the War that was called Great, smuggled Lenin across from Switzerland in a closed truck and turned him loose at the Russian border. He soon captured the revolution from Kerensky and made peace with the Bosches. The price he paid, in the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, was a huge

slice of Russia in Europe. He figured he would get it all back and a lot more, in the Red revolution which he was sure would sweep Europe as soon as it quit fighting.

The European revolution didn't materialize and for some years Russia was a pariah among the nations. They snooted her and she withdrew into her oriental seclusion, while she rounded up a few million of the middle and upper-class Russians and shot them in the back of the head.

Then she began to open up. Nazism was growing in Germany and it was anti-communistic and anti-Semitic, a double-barrelled shotgun aimed at the Russian regime. Outsiders were let in to look over the works, men like George Bernard Shaw, who wrote ecstatically about the virtues of Russian cabbage

able to hold most of it. She took back Bessarabia from Roumania. Before the Nazis got to Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, which have large blocs of Slavic people, she gave every encouragement to those countries and signed non-aggression pacts with them. Then she did the same with Turkey, as she is jealous of her age-old interest in the Dardanelles, her only all-year outlet through salt water.

Hitler, in Greece, is only half way to the old fields of Iraq. Between him and them lie Turkey and French-mandated Syria. Russia wants Turkey as a buffer state on her flank. Hitler would prefer to leave Turkey intact and get to the oil around south of her. He began putting the pressure on France, and to use Syria as a half-way house for his airships on their way to the Mosul oil fields. In Iraq, when the Nazi-inspired revolution ousted the government, Stalin stumbled over his own boots in his haste to recognize it.

Then Stalin became head of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Hitherto he has been, on paper, merely the secretary of the Communist party. Now he will probably meet Hitler. The plot which is presently hatching and may soon chip the shell may be that Turkey will be left as a buffer. Hitler will try to drive the British out of the eastern Mediterranean and take Iraq and its oil, while Russia will have Persia, alias Iran, with a seaport on the salubrious waters of the Persian Gulf. That looks like what the two dictators are up to. History will soon record how they are going to make out about it.

On the whole, Russia has played a pretty astute game on the diplomatic chess board.

Unto the Least of These

THERE seems to be no doubt about the story that the Nazis killed off 85,000 incurably ill, blind and aged Germans because they required food and hospital room. They did what we do with old cats and dogs. The story runs like this: An unnamed German bishop made this appeal to Rome: Whether, by order of public authority, it was licit directly to kill those who, although they have committed no crime deserving death, yet because of mental or physical defects are no longer able to benefit the nation and are considered rather to burden the nation and obstruct its energy and strength.

The answer was: "In the negative, since it is contrary to natural and divine positive law."

Michael Straight, Washington editor of The New Republic, had the facts behind this appeal brought to him by a dignitary of the church. They are that in September, October and November 85,000 blind, incurably ill and aged Germans were put to death by the Gestapo. In September the priests discovered that in a big hospital near Urach in Wurttemberg elderly people and invalids were dying in increasing

numbers and on certain days. They were being killed by the injection of poison into their veins. This was unnecessarily expensive and gas chambers were substituted. Then the Nazis found a method which cost nothing at all. It was to inject air bubbles into the veins. When they reached the heart death was instantaneous. All the relatives knew about it was that they received a small box containing the victim's ashes.

When the priests protested from the pulpits against euthanasia and sterilization, and were strengthened in their stand by the decree of the Vatican, the reply of the Gestapo was drastic and immediate. More than 300 of them were put into concentration camps and the publication of the decree in churches was forbidden. The murder of the helpless was continued and persecution of Catholics intensified. The majority of the 800,000 prisoners in German concentration camps are Catholics.

That, briefly, is Michael Straight's story.

The Plight and Flight of Hess

ABOUT three o'clock in the morning, central standard time, on September 1, 1939, the airwaves carried the maniacal speech of Hitler, addressing the Reichstag, interspersed with the hyena screechings of the members. He was declaring war, which had already begun, on Poland. Interlarded were the interpretations of the British commentator. If anything happened to Hitler, then Goering was to be his successor; and if anything happened to Goering, then Hess was to be the Public Nazi No. 1.



They've got what it needs.

soup, and said it was just what was wanted by the constipated cow eaters of England. Litvinoff, as foreign commissar, led the country into the League of Nations and formed a military alliance with France. He was all for keeping Germany out of Czechoslovakia, though how Russia could help much, with 100 miles of foreign territory between her and that unhappy country, has never been explained.

Czechoslovakia was gobbled up. Stalin saw Hitlerism pushing eastward. Poland was between the jaws of the pincers. He decided to take over Chamberlain's line of appeasing Hitler. So he dropped Litvinoff into the garbage can, gave his job to Molotov, and the two dictators astounded the world by making a duly beribboned treaty of non-aggression and commerce.

Then Russia started getting back some of that territory. Germany assaulted Poland. After Poland's back was broken Russia moved in and shared the carcass. She took back Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. She started to take back Finland, but the astounding Finns were



Petaïn collaborates with Hitler.

Unfortunately nothing has happened to Hitler and Goering. It happened to Hess, Hitler's own beer-hall buddy. He pocketed his heart and gall medicine, got into an airplane, took the high road for Loch Lomond, and was herded into custody by a Scotch plowman with a

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Red EARTH

by

TOM GILL

AUTHOR OF FIREBRAND

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER six years in Spain, Jack Douglas, the young master of Miracle Mesa Rancho, returned to his desert home near the United States-Mexican border, to find the ranchers in a death struggle with the new copper interests. All of the Southwest had long awaited Douglas's return, feeling that in this young man was the leader they needed. The copper men wanted control of the water upon which the ranchers depended for their herds; to get it they stopped at nothing. Another worry of the ranchers was the mysterious night raids of a band of men led by a giant and grotesque Chinaman. Who the raiders were, where they came from, or where they went nobody knew.

In Douglas's absence Inés Blasio, his aunt, had cared for the ranch with the help of the foreman, Ed Paxton, but between the pressure of the copper men, the bankers and the devastating visits of the night riders, small profits had remained. No wonder that Aunt Inés and Lola, Jack's cousin and the girl he planned to marry, had also looked forward to Douglas's return. "Now that you are back," said Lola, "everything is all right again." He wished that was so, but he knew the fight had only begun.

The night after Jack's arrival a dinner party was held at the Miracle Mesa in his honor. Among the guests was Alison Neale, a plucky girl who had stepped into her father's shoes after his death and was waging a lone fight to save her own ranch; Paul Bodine, an artist who lived near by; and Father Bodine, Paul's uncle. Their gaiety abruptly ceased when into the patio raced Ed Paxton. "They shot Frank Baker, one of our vaqueros—he's dead." In Paxton's outstretched palm lay a small stone of greenish white, and carved in its centre was the crude figure of an owl. Everybody stared at it; no one seemed able to move.

"The symbol of the Yellow Killer!" Father Bodine said, and a long, shuddering sigh crept through the room.

"I BEEN looking for something like this," Paxton's voice went on. "I warned him."

"What did you warn him?"

"That he talked too much."

Douglas had been examining the tiny carved stone. "Is anyone following their tracks?" he asked.

"The wind's been blowing up there for days now. Less than a mile from where I found him the tracks disappeared."

Dead! Hands clenched, Douglas walked to the window, his eyes fixed on the darkening desert. Frank Baker dead. A few hours ago that same man

had ridden beside him, eager and unafraid, filled with plans for the future, and once more, like a ghostly echo, Douglas heard the boyish voice again: "Now you're back, Boss, we'll show them." Well, he was back, and the one who had spoken these words was lying dead. It was a moment Douglas would never quite forget, for its passing left him irrevocably changed—something of the world's old friendliness was forever gone. They had not waited long, those border killers, and with dazzling clearness Douglas realized the strategy of this sudden blow. They were eager to test the mettle of the new master of Miracle Mesa, to make him declare himself. If he declared open war on them it would be a signal for his instant annihilation; if he hesitated he might sacrifice all chance of leadership.

As if from far away he heard Alison's words to Paxton.

"You've got to do something to ride those murderers down," the girl was urging. "You can't just—take it. My riders will go with you—I'll go. If they murdered Frank in broad daylight someone may have seen it."

Paxton's face flushed. "You know as well as I do that everybody's afraid to talk. Baker was shot near the morada, and I'm not going to snoop around there." He saw

the look of open contempt in her eyes. "Go on," he challenged. "Say what you're thinking."

"I think you're a coward," the clear voice answered.

"No man would say that, Miss Neale."

"No man would even speak to you."

In a last desperate appeal she turned to Douglas: "When I heard you were coming back here you brought me hope for the first time in years. I thought you might be the leader all the valley is waiting for. No one will ever know what your coming meant to me, and I told myself if you were the man I had hoped for I would follow you to the end, and my vagueros with me." She passed a hand across her eyes. "Well, that's not important now. All that matters is that Frank Baker died fighting for Miracle Mesa Ranch—your ranch. He died because he had the courage others lacked."

A sob silenced her, and after a moment the pleading, resonant voice went on: "Don't you see what it is? It's a challenge. They are asking you what you are going to do about it—and so am I."

Cheeks flushed, she faced him, her whole body trembling, and, looking down into that gravely suppliant face,

he was seized by an overwhelming desire to have this undaunted girl as his ally in the fight that lay ahead. He wanted to tell her that from this moment his life would be given to avenging Baker's death. He wanted to tell her this, but again came the memory of Record's solemn words: "Trust no one. It is your only hope."

IN the candlelight the white circle of faces turned toward him. They were waiting for him to declare himself, to assume the leadership taken by his forefathers in past times. "Fight guile with guile," Record had said. He drew a deep breath.

"I must think." His own voice sounded strangely irresolute. "We cannot do anything foolhardy."

He saw the light in Alison's eyes die swiftly, and bitterly he turned away—he had condemned himself to the lone fight.

Almost at once his guests took their leave. Alison went to Lola's room and, changing into a riding habit, left without seeing Douglas again. Paul Bodine alone waited until the others had departed and, as Jack walked with him to the door, he said, "We are going to be neighbors, Douglas—in these difficult times I want you to know that anything I can do I shall do gladly."

Douglas looked down. "There seems so little to do in a moment like this." His voice was uncertainty itself.

But the moment Douglas's last guest had disappeared an instant change came over him. That air of uncertainty vanished, his shoulders straightened,



and, turning inside, he ran up the stairs. Lights were burning in Lola's room and in his aunt's, but the hacienda was silent and, going to his own room, he pulled from a drawer a .38 automatic in a shoulder holster. Buckling it beneath his coat, he drew on a pair of riding boots and, creeping down the stairs, passed quietly out into the night.

At the stable he switched on the light, quickly saddled a tall black horse, and rode out the gate. The horse was restive under its strange rider, and once beyond the base of the mesa, Douglas gave the animal its head. Driven by a need for action, he rode swiftly, yet his thoughts, still swifter, raced back to the cedar covered knoll where he had stood with Baker only a few hours before. He saw again the peon, heard once more that singsong "Buenos dias," and remembered the malignant intentness of the man's eyes.

Riding with loose rein, letting his horse choose its own gait, Douglas tested and discarded a dozen plans of attack, but always his thoughts kept returning to that peon shepherd. If the man were part of the underground system of spies, could he be made to talk, could he somehow be made to point to those who had killed Frank Baker? A long chance at best, but in any event it would be something tangible, and anything was better than this maddening inaction.

Swiftly Douglas crossed the valley, reining in his horse to a walk as the trail grew steeper, until, climbing the shoulder of the foothills, he entered the dark belt of pine. Ahead of him to the

left of the trail he recognized the gnarled pinon they had passed that morning—he was near the end of his quest. Before him, bathed in bright moonlight, stretched the knoll, that same grassy place overlooking desert and valley, where, only a few hours before, Baker had talked of future days so eagerly.

AHEAD, he remembered, directly below the brow of the knoll, the tent of the herder was pitched, and, tying his horse, Douglas approached the edge of the clearing. Almost at once he made out the weather-bleached canvas shining like a white triangle in the moonlight, then halted in quick surprise—a light was burning inside.

Still as a statue, Douglas watched. Against the sloping canvas the shadow of a man loomed from within, then another shadow passed in sharp silhouette across the tent, and Douglas knew the herder was not alone. Stooping low, he circled and, keeping to the side opposite the entrance, came nearer. Muffled voices reached him, and once, in a tone louder than the rest, he heard the words, "Miracle Mesa." Something in the way the words were said, some overtone of contemptuous enmity, brought a surge of hot anger to the listening man outside and, despite the dictates of caution, he drew near the entrance until through the open flap he could look into the dimly lit interior.

Three men were there. The peon, a cigarette between his lips, lay curled up among the dingy blankets that served as a bed; the other two, unmistakably Americans, sat facing the rear of the tent, so that Douglas could see only the tousled black hair of one and the broad, worn hat of the other.

Still too far away to hear, and this time dropping on hands and knees, Douglas crept toward the back of the tent, until he was within a few scant

Why does Jack Douglas not live up to the border country's expectation as a man of action following Baker's murder

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

inches of the canvas wall, while the shadows of the men inside played before his face as the light flickered.

He heard a voice: "You're just lucky, Jose. For a trip like that the chief will give you plenty. The Brotherhood will be meeting at the morada tonight, and if anything—"

A yelp of fear drowned the voice, followed by a volley of frantic barking, and almost at Douglas's feet a small dog stood shrilly signalling the presence of an intruder to his master within. In quick response the three men inside started to their feet. Quick as a panther Douglas darted to the entrance, just as the form of a man emerged, the moonlight gleaming on a weapon in his hand. Before the man could see what struck him he was knocked headlong; then almost in the same motion Douglas seized the tent flap, whirled it closed, and flung the whole weight of his body against the flimsy tent.

With a tearing of canvas and a splintering of the ridgepole, the tent collapsed, Douglas on top, while beneath him, amid a stream of curses, two figures struggled vainly to tear away the enfolding fabric that held them like a net. The tent bulged and heaved with their wild contortions, the dog fled yelping toward the cover of the woods, and now the night was broken with two shots fired blindly through the canvas by one of the maddened captives.

Time to go. Running easily, Douglas gained the dark shelter of the trees and hurried to his horse, then mounted without so much as a look behind.

Riding beneath the pinons, keeping steadily down the slope, Douglas felt his anger mounting. But for a sheepherder's cur he might have learned the very thing he wanted to know beyond all else—the identity of Frank Baker's killers—and his mind went back to the few disjointed phrases he had heard: "the chief—a meeting at the morada."

Suddenly he stopped in his tracks. Might not the Brotherhood, the secret organization that met in the morada—might there not be some connection between them and the raiders? It was barely likely, but even while he pondered the thought he found himself turning his horse toward the canyon. It

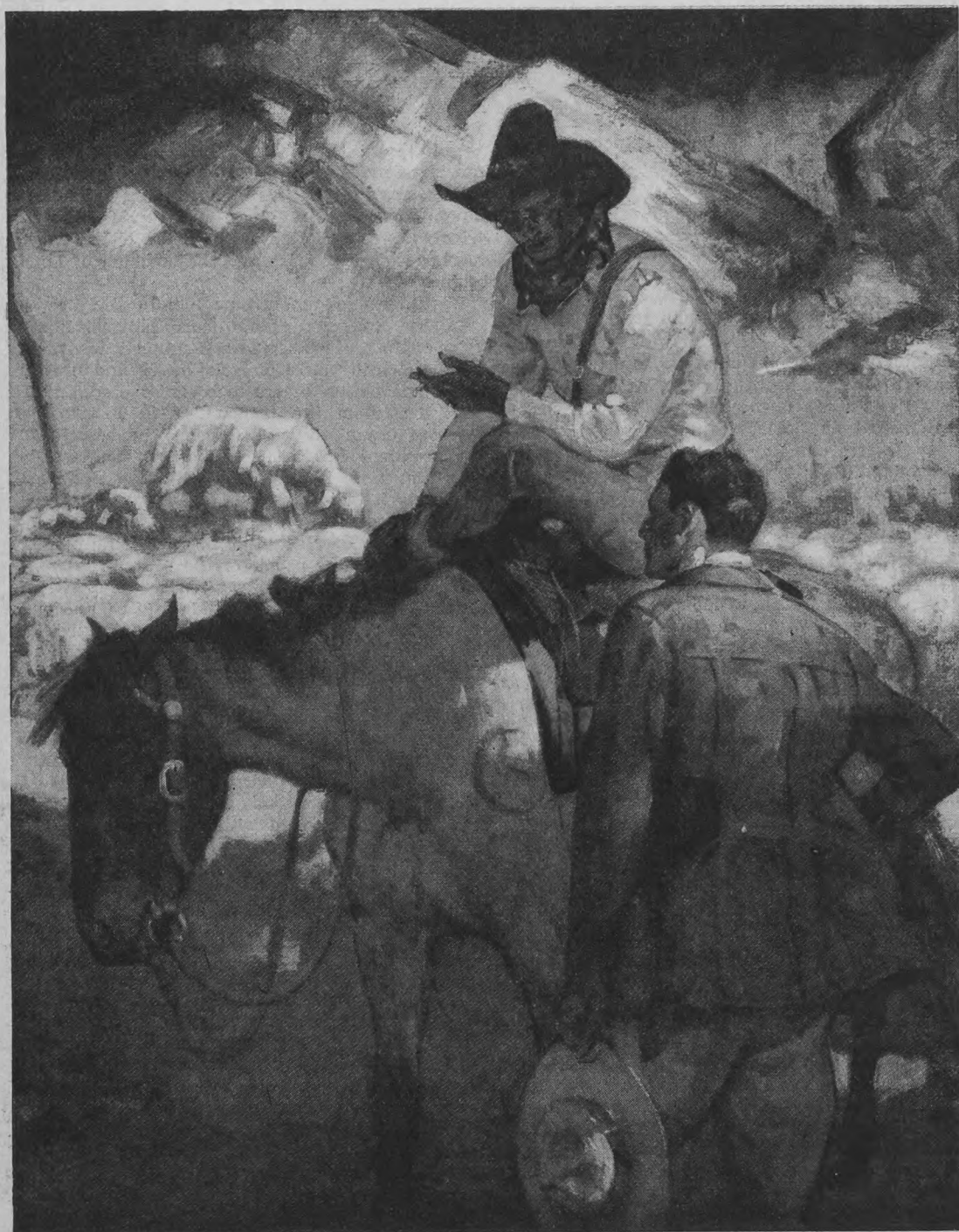
had been near the morada that he and Baker had talked—it was toward there they had watched the sheep herder pass. There, perhaps, lay Douglas's real starting point, and this very night offered him a better opportunity to explore than might ever come again.

A half-hour brought him to where the canyon widened into a broad amphitheatre, and close against the opposite cliff Douglas saw the solitary building he sought—the morada of the Brotherhood, a low light gleaming inside, but the narrow door was tightly closed. Suddenly Douglas started—from somewhere within came the high notes of a flute, chilling his blood and causing his horse to move restlessly beneath him.

MOVING back into a low growth of pine, he sat his horse, alert and watchful, screened by thick branches, while the piping of that unseen flute jeered through the night. It died away, and presently two sombreroed figures toiled up the little hillock and knocked at the closed door. It opened, a thin slit of light shone from within, and the two men disappeared inside. For the next hour, in twos and threes, other figures shuffled up the path, knocked, and entered, until to Douglas it seemed impossible that the small building could hold so many occupants. After a long interval no others came, and, dismounting, Douglas tethered his horse to a pine.

Keeping within the shadow of the cliff, he crept down the slope, until now he stood almost directly beneath the solitary window. Douglas listened, but only a confused jumble of sound reached him and, turning his attention to the sides of the morada, he looked up with new interest—from the roof it might be possible to see inside the window. The adobe walls themselves offered no foothold, but the surface of the cliff was rough, and, testing the rock with his hands, he slipped off his spurs. A small protrusion in the granite offered a starting point and, reaching up, his groping hands found a shallow ledge. Little by little he climbed from foothold to foothold, until his shoulders were on a level with the top of the morada, and, edging over, he drew himself up on the flat adobe roof.

Crawling to the ledge, Douglas leaned out, but to his disappointment the window lay too far below to afford any view of what went on within. Nothing to be gained up there. Reluctantly he was about to descend, when a crack as of a whip on naked flesh cut through the night sharp as a pistol shot, followed by a shriek of pain and quivering words. Then pitilessly, with steady rhythmic beat, the lash fell again and again, while the cries rose in a very ecstasy of pain. Silence, broken only by the sound of muffled weeping, and a moment later Douglas flattened against



Following Douglas's eyes Record caught sight of a Mexican shepherd boy and a figure astride a burro.

FROM ARMS EMBARGO to LEND, LEASE and DELIVER

The Revolution in American War Policy

By C. B. ABBOTT



The President.

CONSIDER what few people have considered the fundamental unity of these economic facts!

Since June, 1933, to today (eight years) the United States government will have had to augment out of consumers' and taxpayers' pockets the income of American agriculturalists to maintain bare farm living by about five billion dollars.

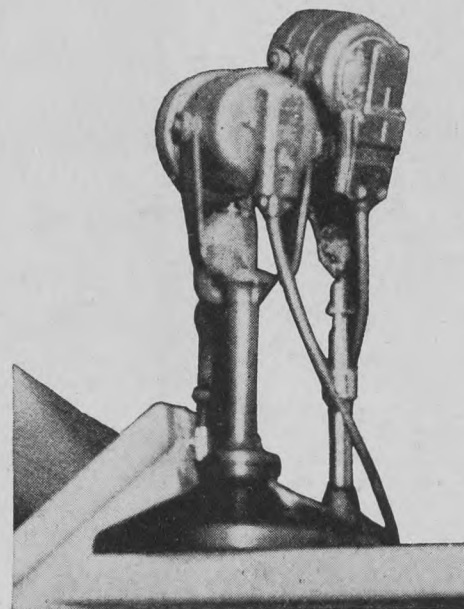
Enormous unsaleable agricultural surpluses accompany the payments. Wheat and cotton are outstanding examples now. The nation has in sight 1,236 million bushels of wheat this year against estimated domestic consumption of 698 million and exports of only 57 million—enough wheat to last the country two years without growing another kernel.

Cotton exports for 1941 are estimated at only a million bales—against that the nation has a surplus of 14 million bales of which the government owns or holds as collateral for loans to growers about 11 million of them.

Corn, rice, tobacco, peanuts, potatoes, hogs, butter, dairy products have exhibited similar problems, varying from year to year, while the government tries desperately to cope with them by innumerable price and production control expedients.

The condition grows steadily worse. Note how government payments to farmers to keep them on the land have grown: 1933, 131 million dollars; 1934, 447 millions; 1935, 573 millions; 1936, 287 millions; 1937, 367 millions; 1938, 482 millions; 1939, 807 millions; 1940, 766 millions; 1941 (estimated), 1,340 millions—a total of 5,200 millions.

Look now at the other side of the same picture. Between June 1, 1940, and April 1, 1941, the United States congress has authorized close to 40 billion



dollars for armaments—including the initial appropriation of seven billion dollars for the lease-lend bill (which will increase)—the exact total was \$39,177,800,000 not including \$3,511,000,000 of armaments ordered in the U.S. by Britain.

The economic relationship between these statistics is inescapable.

The five billion dollars, increasing yearly by geometrical ratio, represents what the people of the United States have had to pay, and will increasingly have to pay for the loss of natural markets in a world dominated by Hitler's war theology.

Is it an unrelated fact that the economic desperation of the American people which put President Roosevelt in office in March, 1933, and launched the New Deal was precisely contemporary with German rearmament plotting which put Hitler in power in Germany exactly the same month and year?

THE 40 billion dollars for United States armaments and aid to Britain actually reflects the at first unconscious but now growing, clear recognition that this world fiscal and political nightmare must be ended; that a free economy can no more exist in a world dominated by Hitler's ideology than can a free political nation. No one in his right senses can doubt that the determination to end it all expressed in the American 40 billion dollars for armaments will shortly be backed by active, armed force.

This is not to say that the people of the United States are activated by sordid motives. It is merely proof that they are grasping the fact that free economy and political freedom are inseparable. For eight long years, the people of the United States have been in virtual economic bondage to the Nazi political theology which has elevated totalitarian nationalism and economy into an expanding religion.

So long as it appeared to the politically immature isolationist minds of the United States that Europe could be left alone to solve her own troubles and that, somehow, American economy could stagger along with government subsidies to some far-off, hazy solution, the people endured. What did war in Europe mean to them?

How was it, then, that from the strict neutrality fixed by laws which the nation unanimously applauded in 1936 and 1937, the people, under their leader, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in less than a month reversed that attitude.

Hitler set his mechanized legions rolling into Poland in September, 1939. In November, the American congress voted to tear apart the neutrality act; to allow belligerents to buy arms for cash and carry them away from the United States—though still forbidding American ships to enter combat zones. And now Mr. Roosevelt has already revoked one combat zone—in the Red Sea.

Why did congress retreat from neutrality in November, 1939—for, obviously, the "cash and carry"

clause could only aid Britain, the ruler of the seaways.

The answer is that the American people instinctively, if blindly and unwillingly, felt in the very depth of their souls that the waking nightmare which had been troubling them for eight long years had reached a climax in the assault against their fraternal free economies across the ocean. They sensed the peril but refused yet to recognize its full implications.

The picture of that unwillingness is graphically contained in their reluctant steps toward "non-belligerent" warfare. In that deadly pause from November, 1939, to mid-May of 1940, Americans dozed, dreaming of an easy French and British victory.

Note the slow awakening! Norway falls, Denmark is taken, Holland is smashed, Belgium is surrendering, France collapsing. Historians will no doubt in the future trace in these events the effect on the American mind, not only the brutalities of machine-gunning and bombing helpless populations, but the scientific looting which the conquerors instantly began in the dominated territories.

On May 16, 1940, Mr. Roosevelt asks congress for a billion, 200 million dollars with which to augment the regular army and navy appropriations. But by May 31, the European debacle has nearly unfolded. Americans are politically and economically panic stricken. Mr. Roosevelt asks congress for another billion for armaments.

THE German drive goes on and congress on June 22 votes four billion dollars for a two-ocean navy. They are thinking perhaps the Germans may invade Britain, seize the British fleet, come knocking at American ports. On July 10, 1940, the president asks and congress grants five billion dollars more for the navy and equipment for an army of 2,000,000. Congress votes conscription as the battle of the Atlantic reaches a deadly phase and the bombing of London begins.

Week by week, month by month, the President asks and congress grants more billions. For the deep instinct of economic self-preservation prevails over the shrill voices of isolationists and pro-Nazis alike. The nation begins to organize production for war; destroyers are transferred to Britain, joint defenses organized with Canada; by March, 1941, the president has brought forward the lease-lend bill; and now he grapples with the problem of delivering its fruits.

How comes this in a nation which had declared by law it would never again go to war for Europe? The answer is that the people of the United States have been driven unwillingly by their destiny. After all, they are for the most part children of generations of Europeans as well as Britons who have fought and died or fled to this new land for economic or political liberty—the inseparable twins. Against the normal democratic hatred of war, their deep sense of those traditions will not allow them to escape their hereditary responsibilities while enjoying the fruits of old martyrdoms; not in a world where the Atlantic is now spanned in eight hours by bombers.

Note how their economic preparedness for the trial marches hand in hand with armaments. One need only cite the most recent action of the American congress in going all out to adopt legislation providing for "parity" loans up to 85 per cent on the five basic crops of cotton, wheat, corn, rice and tobacco. The case of wheat may stand here as the example for all.

On May 31, 1941, all the wheat farmers of the United States, for the first time since the New Deal was forced by Hitler's Europe to adopt crop and price control, will be asked to vote on the plan. Between 750,000 and 1,000,000 wheat growers, farming some 62,000,000 acres, will decide whether, in return for a government price guarantee, they will vote themselves into an acreage and crop reduction plan. The necessary two-thirds majority seems assured.

Canadians must know by this time that the American farm "parity" prices represent calculations

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BOOSTERS FOR WHITE BREAD

IF someone were to tell you that we appear to be on the eve of a new development in public health that will be comparable, in importance, with the control of such severe diseases as cholera and typhoid, you might find it hard to believe. If you were also told that this development promised, at the same time, to contribute in no small measure to the solution of the Canadian wheat problem, you would be inclined to think, if you are a farmer, that such a boon would be almost too good to be true.

Such, however, is the hope held out by a growing number of outstanding medical and public health authorities on this continent. As one of a number of statements by men eminent in the medical profession, the following is a statement to The Country Guide, from Dr. Frederick F. Tisdall, University of Toronto, department of paediatrics, Sick Children's Hospital, and chairman of the committee on nutrition of the Canadian Medical Association:

"The importance of proper nutrition from an economic standpoint is tremendous. In peacetime, one-third of the national income in Great Britain, and approximately the same amount here, is spent for food. The importance of proper nutrition to the Canadian west, from an economic standpoint, is obvious, because, if, in peace time, the people of Great Britain and Canada were properly fed, instead of a surplus of food there would be a shortage—including our Canadian wheat."

"Yes," you may say, "that sounds all right, if it were not for the very large 'if' in middle of it: and, in any case, what is new and promising about a mere statement that public health is important and that it would be improved if . . . ?" The answer to that lies in the context, the circumstances and facts which led to the making of the statement in the first place—which bring us to the real purpose of this article. To carry out this purpose means that we must briefly discuss bread and and try to find out how we happen to be eating the kind of bread we buy today; we must review, more or less precisely, what most of us know, in a sketchy sort of fashion, about vitamins, and particularly the group of vitamins known as the "vitamin B complex"; and then we must see how this fits in with Dr. Tisdall's statement.

LET us start then, with bread, which is mentioned in the Bible at least as far back as the time of Abraham. When loaf or raised bread was first used we do not know, but in the time of Moses we know that there was a distinction made between "unleavened" and "leavened" or raised bread. The Israelites and Egyptians, though among the first to use raised bread, were not very expert, according to modern standards. The Greeks claimed the art of making bread was taught them by their god Pan, but

Better health and relief from the surplus wheat problem are promised to Canadians by new discoveries about bread vitamins

by
D. W. NASH

the Roman, Pliny, states that the art of making bread was not known in Rome until nearly 600 years after the city was founded. Slowly the art of bread-making found its way over Europe, wherever the Romans went; and even a thousand years after Julius Caesar first entered Britain, raised bread was but little used there. Indeed, as late as 100 years ago or less, it was possible to say that loaf bread was seldom used, except by the higher class of people in most of the northern countries of Europe and Asia. Today, most of the peasant populations of Europe normally eat a coarse, dark, or black bread, made from corn or

cereals. To us, particularly in North America, such bread would seem unpalatable.

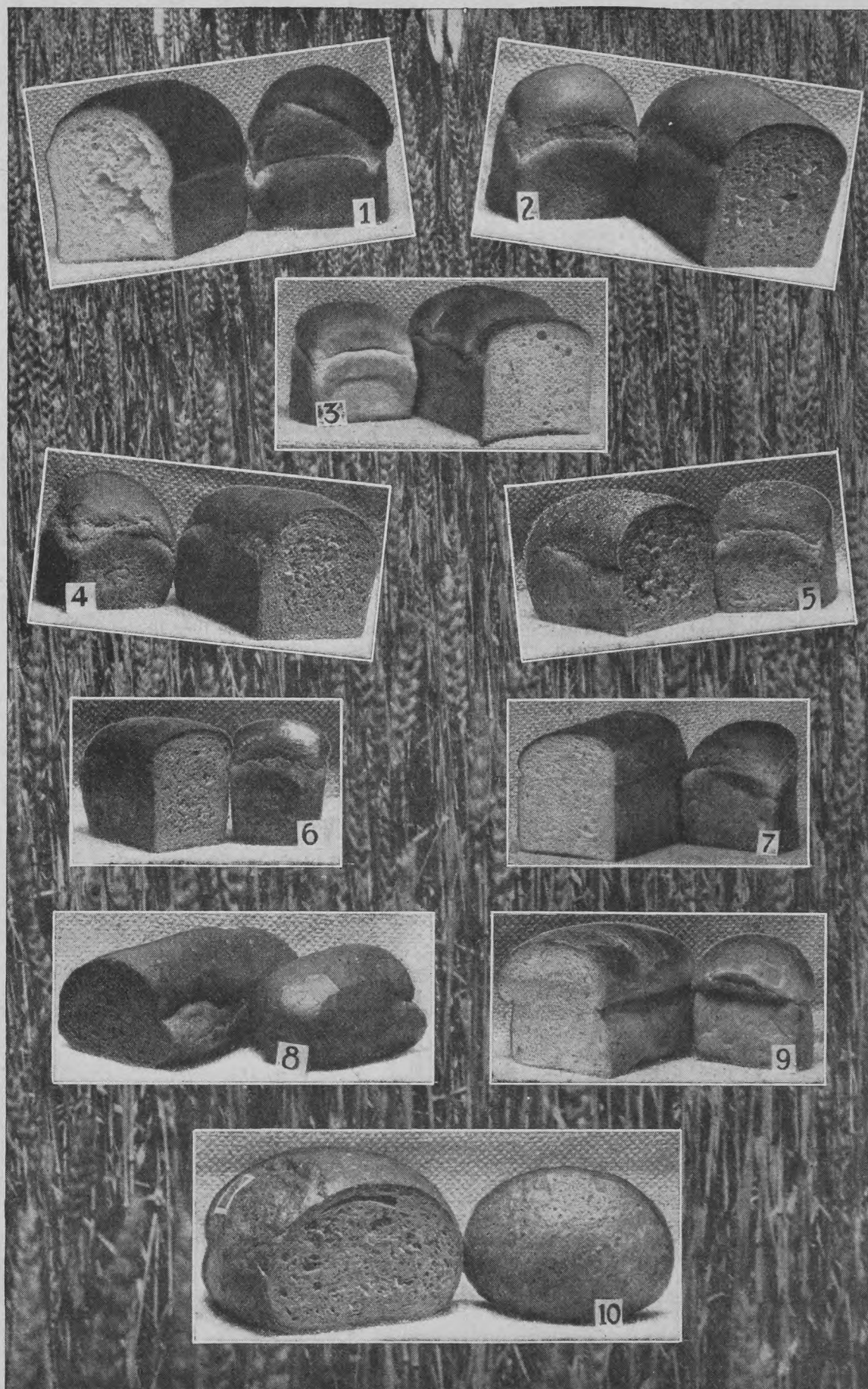
It is important to remember, however, that bread in some form, made from some kind of grain or starchy seed, ground to make a meal or flour of sorts, has been used over a great part of the inhabited earth. A bowl of bread and milk, in fact, combines the two most common and important foods known to man. Even today, with all that science has brought to us in the form of invention and discovery, it has been impossible to evolve more satisfactory foods than these.

WHAT science has done, nevertheless, when coupled with the art and ingenuity of master workmen throughout the ages has been to gradually evolve a loaf of bread that, to our forefathers, would have looked and tasted like cake. It has been puffed up and whitened and sweetened past all recognition, until now we are beginning to find out that we have been throwing some of the best and most essential portions of the wheat to the pigs and other livestock.

Our sins have not been so much sins of commission, as of omission. White bread has always seemed so much more attractive than brown bread that millers have constantly tried to get it to look as much like snow as possible. They have catered to our tastes, and though for a hundred years or more, lone voices have cried out here and there that wholewheat and brown bread was more healthful, men like Dr. Sylvester Graham, the Presbyterian clergyman who gave his name to Graham bread a century ago, did not have the scientific knowledge at their command to overcome the public prejudice and taste for a whiter loaf. Consequently our bread has become whiter and whiter; and when the roller process of flour milling was invented about

fifty years ago, it became possible to make really white bread, by excluding more and more of the branny layers and the germ of the wheat kernel. This process also made it possible to manufacture a flour that would keep longer, owing to the exclusion of the fat in the germ.

No one knew definitely what the real effects of
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Nine of the ten representative loaves of commercial bread were purchased in a single large Winnipeg store. The ten varieties shown are: 1, modern white baker's bread; 2, ordinary brown bread; 3, white baker's bread, to which has been added 450 international units of vitamin B₁; 4, one hundred per cent whole wheat bread; 5, cracked wheat bread, containing 50 per cent cracked wheat and the balance white flour; 6, hois bread, made from the germ of wheat; 7, milk sugar loaf—a white bread with a tender crust; 8, potato bread, containing a percentage of potato flour; 9, rye bread; 10, pumpernickel, an acid but nourishing peasant bread, made from unbolted rye.



"Why, Pa wouldn't let you on the place, Jake!" she had said proudly.

FOUND MONEY

By JOHN REID BYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

STILL kneeling at the foot of the big cedar, young Jake Kirby finished the count. "Nine hundred 'n' twenty dollars!" he whispered rapidly at last.

Jake knew what money it was. Three years ago, when the Derwenter boys had held up the Pine Ridge bank they had been captured in less than twenty-four hours, but not all the stolen money had been recovered. Everybody knew that it was hidden somewhere; many people had searched for it vainly at the time. And today, out after wood pigeons with his old shotgun, Jake had noticed a faint depression at the foot of a tall cedar, and had dug up the fruit jar that held the Derwenters' cache.

The thought of returning the money—forty-six soggy twenty-dollar bills—to the Pine Ridge bank no more occurred to Jake than it would have to nine out of ten of the other searchers. It was found money. It was his. His soft brown eyes were very bright as he began to catalog the things he would buy. . . .

It was not for several blissful minutes that he realized that he dared not buy anything. Almost any other finder could have used the money a little at a time without arousing suspicion. But if Jake Kirby walked into a store with a twenty-dollar bill people would ask questions. People he dared not lie to, some of them—people like the town marshal and tall, dour Sheriff Tucker.

Then another thought came. "If a man was workin'—workin' steady, I mean—folks wouldn't notice what money he was spendin'," he told himself. From that thought too he shrank away. Occasionally, if the need for food or tobacco or ammunition was urgent, Jake worked for wages. But never for more than a few days, never without hating it as a wild thing hates a cage. Not even what Emmy Blanton had said that night at the dance could touch or weaken that inborn hate; and Emmy's words had cut deep at the time.

"Maybe I could come by to see you one o' these ev'nin's, Emmy?" he had ventured shyly. The girl had stiffened. "Why, Pa wouldn't let you on the place, Jake!" she had said proudly. "He wouldn't let any man come seein' me that didn't work!" Jake had turned away dumbly.

Crouching over the hole at the foot of the cedar, he reburied the Derwenter loot. Then he stood up. "I reckon I

could make out to stand it for a year," he muttered doubtfully. "An' there don't seem no other way."

There was a job open on the log pond at the mill. Jake traded his shotgun for a worn pair of spiked boots and went to work. He discovered that it was not as bad as other jobs had been. He even found himself feeling a certain pride in his strength, his sure-footedness on the rolling logs, his skill with the long pike-pole. Out of his first month's pay he bought a new shotgun to take into the woods on Sundays. But after that he spent as little as possible, so that later on, when he began to buy things, no one would be likely to notice that he was spending more than he could have saved.

HE had been working for five months when the head pondman quit. The mill superintendent offered Jake the job. Jake told himself that he took it for the extra dollar a day it paid; but the strange, puzzling pride he found himself feeling did not seem to be connected with his raise in pay. And then one Saturday evening he met Emmy Blanton on the street. And Emmy stopped and smiled at him. "I—I just wanted to tell you I thought it was fine, you doin' so good at the mill, Jake," she said quickly. "Everybody's talkin' about it." She had looked down then, coloring a little. "And if—if you still happened to feel like comin' out some night I don't reckon Pa would mind one bit."

Jake went to the Blanton farm the next night, and a great many nights after that. And three months later he and Emmy had moved into one of the company houses down behind the mill. A foreman's house it was, with plumbing; furnished with things that Emmy had picked out of a mail-order catalog. They had cost Jake nearly all that he had saved, but he was much too happy to care. Anyway, there was still the fruit jar at the foot of the big cedar. Soon now he could begin to use that money.

And then one Sunday morning Jake rose from his breakfast to discover that his tobacco can was empty. He walked to the drugstore to find the little druggist brimming with news. "Remember the Derwenter boys, Jake?" he asked. "Well, they're loose again! Clubbed a guard to death an' got clean over the wall sometime last night! Sheriff's been out since daybreak, case they headed this way. . . . Hey, Jake! Don't you want your change?"

JAKE forced himself to go back for his change; tried desperately to keep his face expressionless. Because the Derwenter boys would make for their hidden money before anything else. That tall cedar was ten miles from town, perhaps forty from the state prison. Could he still get there first?

"Emmy, I been honin' for some wild meat," he said at the kitchen door five minutes later. "I'm thinkin' of takin' a little walk in the woods, if you don't mind. Likely I could get a few pigeons."

His voice was a little strained, but Emmy was busy with the dishes. "A pigeon stew would be mighty tasty, Jake," she agreed.

Jake's lean body was dripping with sweat, his breath coming with harsh, biting gasps as he reached the great cedar. He had never before travelled so fast so far. And he was too late. There was nothing but an empty hole at the foot of the cedar now.

His first emotion was one of sick, bitter disappointment. But then, as the sobbing pain in his lungs lessened and his aching legs grew steadier under him, a new feeling crept into his mind. A feeling of vague, increasingly pleasant relief. The money might have made trouble for him some day. Now it never could. And he didn't need it. He had all he needed already—his woman, his home, his job. Then came a startling fresh thought. "Why, I never did need it!" he told himself in an incredulous whisper.

His breathing was even and unlabored again now, and the ache had left his legs. For the first time he looked away from the hole and scanned the ground around him. The Derwenter boys' trail was easy to see, and not more than an hour or two old. Jake eyed it thoughtfully. A year ago he would not have dreamed of hindering them in their flight. But it was different now. Jake Kirby had a home and a wife now; some day he would have children. He had credit at the stores; next year he would have taxes to pay. Why, he had even voted at the last election! The Derwenter boys were outlaws. He thought suddenly of the murdered prison guard. His fingers tightened slowly around the barrel of the new shotgun. "It looks like it's up to somebody to catch 'em 'fore they do more meanness," he told himself somberly.

TALL Sheriff Tucker got wearily back into his car. "Might as well go home, Pete," he told the deputy at the wheel. "I guess they've headed for the river after all."

They had driven for ten miles along the lonely back-country road when Pete stiffened. "What's that ahead?" he asked sharply.

It was two tired, grim-faced men in prison grey, walking heavily in front of a tall young man with a shotgun. The sheriff's car leaped forward, ground to a stop beside the little group. The deputy scrambled out. Handcuffs clicked on the dirty wrists of the Derwenter boys. Jake Kirby lowered his gun. "I was out hunting, Sheriff," he explained. "But when I cut their trail I knew what it was, an' figgered I better follow on it." Jake had never thought that the day would come when he would dare to stand eye to eye with Sheriff Tucker, talking to him as to an equal. But today he was doing it. "They'd dug up their money somewhere. They been tryin' to buy me off with it." Then Jake's young eyes darkened with the worry of a new thought. "I—I hope Emmy ain't countin' on them wood pigeons for supper!" he breathed.

The sheriff laughed. "I don't think she'll mind it if she was, Jake. I never heard of any mess of pigeons worth a thousand dollars. The governor put five hundred apiece on these fellows when the guard died. Talk about finding money in the woods!"

A short, short story concerning a young man
and some money hidden by a pair of robbers

"... WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE"

"A living thing is distinguished from a dead thing by the multiplicity of changes taking place in it."

—SPENCER.

"Opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings and not by the intellect."

—SPENCER.

"Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find; Occasion, once passed by, is bald behind."

—COWLEY.

FOR a period longer than the years of the average man now living, this western prairie area has been dedicated primarily to the production of wheat. For at least a quarter of a century, well-wishing people, for the most part comfortably ignorant of western farming conditions, have been freely advising more diversification for the prairies; and, for the same length of time, other people have been patiently explaining to them the extent of their ignorance.

Since 1928, when our wheat first really choked our bins and overflowed on the ground in huge piles, lone voices here and there have cried out against this superabundance, but the hearts of the people were against it.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Now, thanks to a megalomaniac in Europe, his hands red with the blood of innocent people, his conscience buried beneath the load of a thousand fearful cruelties, his throat hoarse with lying to the millions who follow him blindly—now, thanks to an Austrian house painter, Canada has reduction in wheat acreage.

Wheat acreage reduction being an accomplished fact, what do we do next? It seems probable, at the time this is written, that the reduction this year will fall far short of the nine million acres suggested by the federal government; but this much is established, that the western farmer who has not reduced, has had it made plain to him that he must accept personal responsibility for his failure to do so. The government has evidently done what it considered its utmost to ease the shock of reduction. It has applied a system of bonuses for summerfallow, coarse grains and grasses. It has announced, in advance of seeding, the maximum quantity of wheat which it will take delivery of during the next crop year; and it has left individual decisions to the farmer.

But—and it is a big one—if it is right that the farmer should be left to make his own decisions as to what acreage of wheat to reduce on his own farm, and what crops to sow on any land taken out of wheat, it is not enough to stop there. Government agencies, both federal and provincial, farmer organizations, general or specific, co-operative or otherwise, commercial and semi-public organizations that have taken a benevolent interest in farming throughout the years, cannot let it stop there. The reason is that this sudden and drastic reduction in wheat acreage is only one of a series of important and perhaps fundamental changes that the future seems to promise us. For the present we must be concerned with the sudden shifts that have been, or will be made during the balance of 1941 in order to lessen the shock. We do not know much yet about the effects of the war, or the kind of world we will be living in after it is over. We know that we are now being called on to supply abnormal quantities of bacon and cheese and eggs and condensed milks to Britain; that our normal market for many other farm products is cut off; and that after the war there will be, in all probability, a gradual approach to stability.

What we do not know, bulks much larger in this period of uncertainty than what we know. We do not know, for example, the extent to which the English-speaking world will be drawn together for the preservation of peace after the war. We do not know the extent to which Canada may have to accommodate people who desire, or who may be forced to emigrate from Europe. We do not know the extent to which international agreements and treaties may result in lowered tariff barriers, and bring about changes in the amount and kinds of goods, both agricultural and manufactured, that the various countries of the world will find it to their interests to produce. We do not know the extent to which there may be a social readjustment, a levelling off of the ragged edges of disparate wealth and privilege. If we knew these and other things it would be possible to plan ahead in western agriculture, with some assurance.

Not knowing them, are we to do nothing, or what are we to do? Should we approach the aftermath of war in agriculture, as the democracies approached the

By H. S. FRY

What Do You Think?

These are the questions referred to in the accompanying article

1. Do you believe that any policies looking to the bonusing or restriction of wheat acreage should be short-term or long-term policies?
2. Do you believe that Canada is likely to be able to return within a reasonable period, say five years, to the system of marketing wheat through private or co-operative agencies, without the aid of some such over-riding agency as the Canadian Wheat Board? What effect, if any, should this have on the production program of prairie agriculture?
3. Do you believe that an appreciable acreage of land now devoted to wheat in western Canada might be laid down profitably to grass? If so, how can such a program be encouraged most wisely?
4. Do you believe that soil drifting and soil erosion have created a sufficient problem in western Canada to call for definite public action? If so, how do you think this problem should be tackled?
5. Do you believe the time has arrived when a substantial and more or less permanent move in the direction of a more diversified agriculture should be officially initiated in western Canada? If so, what steps would seem most promising to you?
6. Do you believe that hog raising in western Canada is reaching or has reached dangerous levels, in view of present or prospective markets? Do you believe sufficient progress in quality improvement is likely to be made within the time limit to enable Canada to hold her position on the British market, at present levels of export, after the war?
7. Do you believe that there is much room for the future profitable expansion of dairying in western Canada? If so, in what specific directions should this development be encouraged?
8. Do you believe that the raising of beef cattle and sheep can be extended to advantage in western Canada? If so, do you believe it would prove advantageous to prairie agriculture, if more finishing of livestock were done here than in the past?
9. Do you believe that western agriculture definitely stands in need at present of more research work? If so, what problems connected with western agriculture appear to you as being most in need of attention?
10. Do you believe that further co-ordination of agricultural policies and recommendations by governmental and other public and semi-public agencies with respect to the present and future of western agriculture, is desirable at this time? If so, how would you suggest that this should be brought about?
11. Do you agree with the general recommendation of the Sirois Report that consideration should now be given to provincial assumption of responsibility for what are now the Dominion experimental farms and stations? Regardless of financial considerations, would the result likely be advantageous to agriculture?
12. Do you agree, in general, with the recently announced Dominion wheat policy? If not, what changes or amendments would you suggest?
13. Do you agree that climate is the factor most influencing the income of the prairie farmer, and that steps should be taken by governmental and public agencies to help make prairie agriculture as independent as possible of this factor?
14. Do you think the P.F.R.A. policy will be effective? If not, what changes or modifications do you suggest?

war itself—without preparation? If so, we need have no worries for possibly another two or three years. If not, would it be better to leave the various agencies to go their own ways and the groups of farmers to go theirs; or is it possible for agriculture to co-ordinate its thinking, to gather together the essential facts, to canvass the situation as thoroughly as may be and, when the time comes, to be ready quickly to enunciate and apply such policies as the circumstances will then warrant?

In an endeavor to obtain some cross-section of opinion from persons vitally interested in western agriculture, the editors of The Country Guide recently addressed a series of fourteen leading questions to a group of representative men in the three prairie provinces, including farmers, leaders in farm organizations, and government officials, both federal and provincial, in departments of agriculture, universities and experimental farms and stations. Replies were received from a little over half of those to whom the questions were sent, which, considering human nature to be what it is, was about what should have been expected. The editors are grateful to those who took the trouble to reply, first because we appreciate on behalf of our readers, the courtesy involved; and second because the questions were not easy. They were aimed at the heart of western agricultural production; and since we should welcome as many views as can be obtained on these aspects of western farm problems, the questions themselves are reproduced on this page. We invite comment from readers on any or all of them.

It is not the purpose of this article to analyze fully all of the replies so far received. It was clear, however, that only two questions drew practically unanimous replies. One of these has to do with the necessity for some public action in regard to soil erosion and soil drifting. Eighty-eight per cent of the replies favored such action. Exactly the same percentage of replies also definitely favored more research work in agriculture. Comment and suggestions varied widely in both these questions, and to illustrate the variety of opinion expressed on control of drifting and soil erosion, we summarize as follows: Take marginal land out of production; educate farmers as to best methods; strong government stand on application of best methods; more grass; make soil conservation an integral part of national planning for agriculture; enlarge P.F.R.A. program; co-ordinated study and research coupled with carefully thought-out administrative measures; demonstration and sub-experimental farms in all sections of the country; give publicity to successful experiences; use farm educational organizations, especially study groups, in local communities; further development of the agricultural improvement associations under the P.F.R.A.; personal contacts by agricultural representatives of provincial departments; concentrate action in areas most like to damage.

ON eleven of the questions there was fifty per cent agreement or more, but only six showed sixty per cent agreement, or more. These six questions brought out the fact that more than sixty per cent believed that (1) an appreciable acreage of land now devoted to wheat might be laid down profitably to grass; (2) soil drifting and erosion should be brought under public control; (3) the raising of beef cattle and especially sheep can be profitably extended in western Canada and more finishing of livestock done in the West than heretofore; (4) more research work is needed in agriculture; (5) it is desirable that there should be further co-ordination of agricultural policies and recommendations by public and semi-public agencies operating in western Canada; (6) generally speaking, the recently announced federal wheat policy is acceptable, for the most part.

Three questions in particular brought out a pronounced divergence of opinion. As to whether Canada is likely to be able to get along without a government wheat-marketing agency at any time within the next five years 22 per cent of the answers said "yes" and 37 per cent said "no," 16 per cent were doubtful and there was the same percentage of inconclusive replies. Five per cent did not answer this question.

As to whether hog raising in western Canada is reaching, or has reached dangerous levels, 33 per cent said "yes" and 37 per cent did not believe so. Eleven per cent gave inconclusive replies and the same percentage gave no answer. As to whether Canada is likely to make sufficient progress in improving the quality of our bacon to enable us to hold the British market after the war at present levels of export, 49 per cent thought "yes" and 16 per cent did not think

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BEFORE them the land rose as they journeyed onward across the drought-ridden and burned-out prairies. Young Boone strode in front, leading their lone horse burdened with food and water. His eager step through the yellowing buffalo grass was of such swinging length that his short father, Uriah Bruckhauser, must call to this six-foot son to slow his gait.

"Hold your step, Boone!" he commanded, for more than the sixth time since the sun had stood overhead at the noon mark. "There is time a-plenty. We shall reach the corn country before nightfall today."

It was hard, thought Boone, to go slow when you'd waited all your life to see something and now were drawing near to it.

"How can you be sure, father?" he said. "The Indian told me it was three days' journey due south, but this is the fourth day we've travelled. I can hardly wait to see the mysterious woods country—I've always longed to go there."

Uriah glanced up at him curiously, vaguely alarmed at the deep yearning in his son's voice. Did this trip mean so much to the boy? But stay, now—it had been Boone who had listened to the tale of the Indian, Boone who had brought the wandering mongrel to him with news of corn to the south, Boone who had conceived the idea of this journey.

Perhaps it was unwise on his part to take this strange son of his to the forest country, the land from which Boone's mother had come. But they must journey ahead now—he would buy the seed corn and take the boy back to the prairie at once. It was too late to turn back. Mayhap this trip would satisfy the boy's restlessness and leave him content to farm his father's rich level acres. What did Boone ask him? He must explain.

"White men do not travel as swiftly as savages, my son. Look ahead, there on the horizon before you. What do your keen eyes tell you?"

Young Boone swept his glance around the rim of the prairies, rolling ever higher towards the south, and on their far confines, where they met the sky, he discovered a dark line like a black uneven fringe stretching upwards. He described to his father this phantom cresting of the rising hills.

"It is well," said the older man; "that is the tree country. It is there the rain has fallen during this terrible year of drought, and it is there we shall find seed corn which we may buy. Twenty years I have lived on the Illinois prairies, a rich and fertile land, and never since I came to them at the turn of the century has the rain failed our plantings until this season."

AS hour after hour passed, and the outlines of the forests loomed ever closer, a great excitement grew and surged within the breast of young Boone like a rising storm blowing across the prairies. Always he had wanted to go on a journey, to see other countries than the spreading monotonous horizons of his father's level farm lands. There must be something more to living than plowing and planting and reaping and selling, and hoarding each hard earned dollar to

CORN IN EGYPT

"And he said, Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live and not die."
---Genesis, xlii 2

by

MABEL THOMPSON RAUCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT RECK

buy more acres to plant. Of course, it gave a man money—even now his father had a bag of silver rix-dollars tied on the horse with which to buy seed corn. But Boone also was rich!

He patted the inner pocket of his shirt, where snugly, in secret, rested his gold piece. The big Spanish coin, and the long rifle he carried cradled across his arms, were his sole inheritance from his young mother. His father was saving the gold piece to help buy his son a farm when he came twenty-one. But Boone had taken it from its hiding-place and brought it along. After all, it was his! He was going on a journey into a new country; perhaps he, too, might see something worth buying—if nothing else, he could carry home more seed corn on his shoulders after they had weighted the horse with all the beast could carry.

This was a great thing, their going away to buy corn for seed. No one in their entire Dutch settlement of scattered farms had any left to plant. His father could sell at good profit each kernel he did not wish to hold for his own. This was a remarkable journey. It was like that other—

"Father," he said, his dark eyes glowing, "that land yonder we're journeying now to reach, that land should be called Egypt!"

"Egypt? Howsoever, son? Egypt is a flat country, a land of desert sands; this land is high and broken and covered with great forests—"

"But, Father, have you forgotten the story told in the beginning of the Scriptures, where Jacob sent his sons down into Egypt to buy corn for the children of Israel because there rested a famine upon the land of Canaan? We, too, lack corn, and we are even now journeying towards a strange country to buy it."

It was hard to understand this son, thought Uriah, always wondering and fanciful, or given to fits of brooding and dreaming like his mother—that tall, dark girl whom he had met at the headwaters of the Ohio on his trip to seek farm lands among the rich level prairies of the West.

HE had never thought to love and marry a woman such as she, so different from the placid Dutch girls of Lancaster country. She was like some strange, beautiful wild thing from the forest. He knew nothing of her—he must have been bewitched—but he had taken her as wife.

She told Uriah she had been born and reared at Boonesborough in the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. She had even said she was a grand-

daughter of old Daniel himself. She could handle a gun better than a needle, and she could skin a wild animal better than she could keep the house. She had named their only child Boone.

The memory of those first few weeks when she was his as they floated down the blue Ohio was still with him—it was strange how a man forgot all proper sense and reason when he was young. Lavinia! All he had left of her now was this tall dark son, the flowering of that brief tempestuous love.

Now Amelia, his second wife, had borne him six sturdy flaxen-haired children—there was a proper woman. He had been lucky to meet her, a German immigrant girl, freshly arrived with her parents at Fort Dearborn, waiting for the spring to thaw the deep snows from the prairies. He had settled her old folks on the farm next to his, which some day she'd inherit. This would add to his broad fertile acres, which she loved as did he himself—not longing for strange countries and fretting herself, as Boone's dark young mother had done. Why, when Lavinia lay a-dying, she asked him if he couldn't hear the sound of the wind blowing through the forest! "The trees," she whispered, "I want to go back, I want to see the woods, once more—" She had hated the flat prairie country where he settled, but she had seen the forest nevermore. She had died.

Trees! They were only good for timber—it was hard work to clear them before you could till the land. It was crops that made a man rich; corn and wheat and barley and oats—and many sons to follow the plows across his widening acres. . . .

"Wait, Boone, wait!" Uriah called again. Why, the boy was hastening onward as if he expected to find something priceless in those woods ahead.

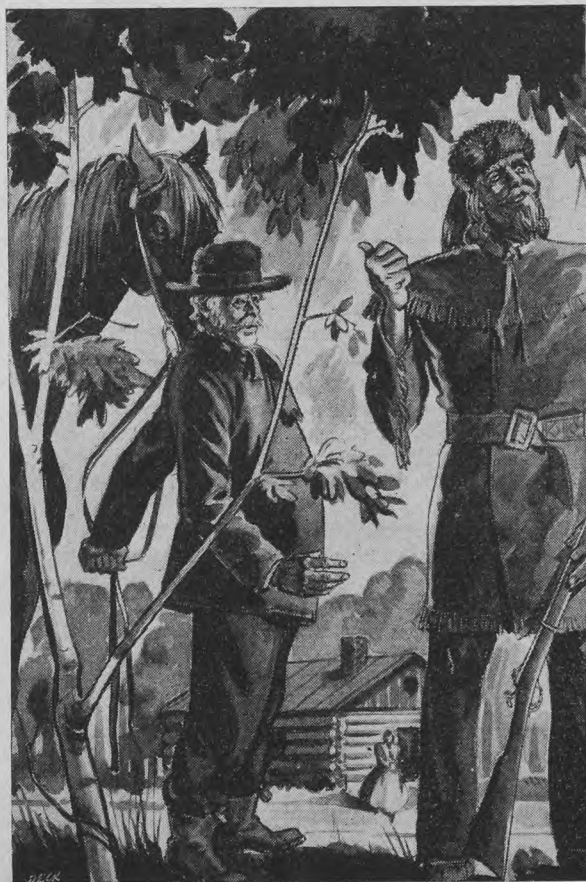
THEY were pressing up the last sun-seared slope. Above them on its crest towered the dark shady green of the tall forest trees. A mixture of growths, they seemed to be—black oaks with a sprinkling of walnut, cedar, maple, and strange trees he knew not. They rounded the brow of the knoll and passed into the deep shade of the woods.

At once the very nature of the soil seemed to change; underfoot it grew yielding and moist, and was carpeted with green grasses and vines. There were clumps of underbrush and outcroppings of rock. After they had penetrated the forest for half a mile, Boone felt as if he had been in its shelter for hours. There seemed to be no beginning, no end. Birds sang above them and called from bush to bush, and red and grey tree-squirrels scolded and pelted these intruders with bits of bark. He drew a long breath of sheer rapture as he led their horse along under the lofty oaks.

At last, he could contain himself no longer. "Father! Father!" he cried, "why did you never tell me of the forest? How noble, how—how grand, how wonderful! You only said it was dark and gloomy, and a place for murdering Indians to hide."

"Give over, Boone," said the older man sternly; "this land is fit for nothing. It must first be cleared

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The next morning after breakfast they started on the trail through the woods.



The COUNTRY GUIDE and NOR-WEST FARMER

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The Core of the Budget

It would be well if every taxpayer would keep in mind what the war is costing and where the money is coming from. We are now living in the fiscal year 1941-42. Finance Minister Ilsley, in his budget speech, gave a table showing estimated federal revenue under the then existing war tax rates. He then gave the estimated expenditures for civil government and war purposes and showed that the revenues under former tax rates provided only 40 per cent of the money needed. It was necessary, therefore, to increase the rates of taxation.

Prior to the increase, the estimated revenue for this fiscal year was \$1,150 millions. Non-war activities will take \$468 millions. For war activities \$1,300 millions at least will be required. That brings the total expenditure of the Dominion government for the year up to \$1,768 millions. Another couple of hundred millions may be required, which would increase it to \$1,918 millions. Subtracting the revenues as estimated under the former taxation schedules, the deficit would range between \$618 millions and \$768 millions.

But that is not all. Britain is unable to pay cash on the barrel head for all her purchases in Canada. To make up the difference, Canadian securities held in Britain are being repatriated. The amount is not definitely known, but in squaring the British-Canadian-American exchange triangle, the Dominion will have to find \$800 or \$900 millions. Added to the deficit we arrive at an amount of approximately one and a half billion dollars to be met by increased taxation, by borrowing and by other means. Some of the repatriated securities may be sold to private interests. Trust accounts such as annuities and superannuation, war savings certificates, the unemployment insurance fund and non-interest bearing loans are expected to provide around \$200 millions. There is still a wide gap to bridge.

And so the taxes had to be jacked up in various categories. Mr. Ilsley thinks he can raise an additional \$300 millions in a full fiscal year. Of this \$80 millions will be raised by indirect taxes and \$220 millions by direct personal and business taxation. The wage tax is increased from two to five per cent. On an income of \$3,000 the amount, in both wage and income taxes, a single person will pay is raised from \$325 to \$622.50; a married person with no dependents, from \$195 to \$400, and a married person with two dependents, from \$95 to \$215. Income taxes scale upward until the big fellow with a \$500,000 income will shell out over \$400,000 of it in wage and income taxes to help plug the hole in the treasury.

The balance will have to be borrowed. It will have to be borrowed in Canada. And because it has to be borrowed in Canada it means that the country, as a whole, is paying its war costs as the war is being fought. Mr. Ilsley pointed out to the House the importance of keeping the magnitude of the task in mind. The country will have a constant reminder of the magnitude of the task since approximately half the national income will have to be diverted to federal taxes and subscriptions to war loans.

The Victory Loan

The 1941 Victory Loan has been launched. The government is calling on the people of Canada to loan it \$600 millions, which is about \$50 per capita. It is the first time in the history of the country when the government has asked for so much money from its people at one time. But it is not the first time that they have subscribed such an amount. In 1918, and again in 1919, they were asked for 300 million dollars and in each case they subscribed twice as much as was asked for. Of course, the country was then experiencing a period of hectic inflation and dollars meant less than they ever did, before or since. Though the population has increased by 50 per cent since 1918, the national income in dollars is about the same.

In the last war, the government paid 5½ per cent for most of the money it borrowed. This is a three per cent war. It is infinitely more costly than the last one. At present no foreign loans can be negotiated, and the money must come from the Canadian people. There is some easement in the amount required as a result of the arrangement made between Prime Minister Mackenzie King and President Roosevelt at their famous Hyde Park consultation, but this is vastly outbalanced by the financial strain of liquidating Canadian securities held in Britain. The sacrifice of financing the war, which is now taking half the national income, is great, but it can be borne. The alternative is a Hitler victory. Even the contemplation of such a calamity as that cannot be borne.

Duties on British Goods

Some concessions were made in the budget in the duties on British goods, but many of them are still high—far higher than necessary. On boots the importer still pays 18¾ per cent; on woollen clothing 22½ per cent; on woollen fabrics such as tweeds, worsteds and serges, 22½ per cent plus 12 cents a pound, or around 30 per cent of the value.

The budget speech emphasized Britain's crying need for Canadian exchange. The federal government will have to dig up hundreds of millions of dollars to pay for goods sold to Britain which she cannot now pay for. Every dollar's worth of British goods sold in Canada provides a dollar of this exchange. She is anxious to sell us more of such goods as boots and fabrics in order to provide it. But in order to deliver them a tariff barrier running up to as high as one-third of the value of the goods has got to be surmounted. We have, therefore, the spectacle not only of increased prices due to the tariff, but added to that the Canadian citizen must whack up the cash either in taxes or loans to pay for goods sold to Britain for which she would be glad to exchange other goods. This is a new angle to the tariff situation. There never was a time when a Liberal government was in a stronger position to enact into beneficial legislation the low tariff principles which it professes. No special privilege group would dare stage a protest against a drastic cut in the tariff on British goods coming into this country under conditions which now prevail. The opportunity should not have been passed up.

Men Will Be Needed

Defense Minister Ralston has issued a call for an additional 32,000 recruits. The number is modest enough, in view of the dimensions of the conflict which the British people are waging, again singlehanded, against the mightiest war system ever conceived.

For the Canadian navy 17,000 men have enlisted; for the air force, 50,000. There are now about 70,000 Canadian land troops in Britain and 120,000 training in Canada. Most of the land forces have still to catch their first glimpse of a German in uniform, except those who have been shot out of the air or pulled out of the sea. Canadian airmen and seamen are fighting, not our foot soldiers nor our armored divisions. But they will have fighting to do aplenty before this grim business is finished.

The distant sideshows in Libya, in Iraq, on the island of Crete and in Syria, are important but not vital. The first phase of the post-Dunkirk war is the Battle of Britain. It will be decided on the Atlantic and in the skies over the United Kingdom. The second phase will be fought on the continent. It will be the Battle of Europe.

Until British armies land on the shores of Europe, large numbers of British soldiers are not likely to be engaged in active combat. An invasion of Britain must always be guarded against, but it is not probable, so long as the Nazis are held on the sea and in the air. When the invasion of Europe takes place, the real land war will begin in earnest.

Sooner or later, no one knows when, there is going to be an enormous demand for men. When the assault on Europe occurs, huge armies of them, trained and hardened and armed to the last detail, will be suddenly required. Hitler has hundreds of divisions armed and armored as no fighting force was ever armed and armored before. It will take an equal or greater force, equally armed, to make the assault.

When that time comes, the Canadian army should be ready. The country is now mobilizing its industrial strength. It has barely begun to mobilize and train its man power. In the all-out war in which it is engaged, both will have to be fully mobilized. In the last war Canada, with a population of around 8,000,000 had a total enlistment of around 600,000. The population is now nearing 12,000,000. Allowing for the smaller percentage of young men, it would be expected to produce around three-quarters of a million recruits. So far one-third of this number have come forward.

To be ready for that great hour when it comes should be the ultimate goal of Canadian policy. The British people are not easily to escape from Armageddon. This war will not end until the Nazi land army has been utterly defeated on German soil. It will take every available man under the British flag to do it.

What Are We Fighting For

Dorothy Thompson made a speech in Toronto. It was a good speech, as might be expected, devoted to the war and the issues involved in it. One point she made was that the democracies should abandon the slogan, "defending our way of life." It was a startling suggestion, and it deserves consideration.

The pre-war period, she pointed out, was not a happy one. It was characterized by the unrest of labor, the despair of farmers and the insecurity of business.

Men and women do not want that continued. They are not in this war to defend unrest, despair and insecurity. There is a universal desire for a better life. They want freedom, equality and security.

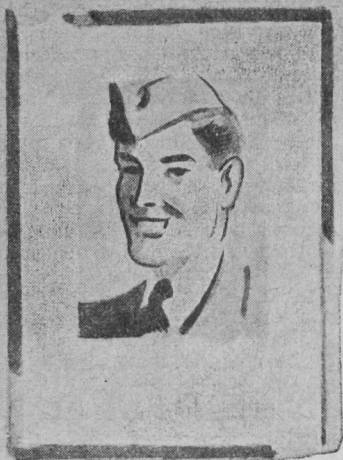
Hitlerism will not give it to them. His system is the negation of freedom. A self-styled master race would regiment and dragoon the other western races, imposing its tyrannical control by means of the concentration camp, the rubber truncheon and the firing squad. The deluded master race itself would be dominated, just as it is now, by a self-chosen and self-perpetuating military caste, imposing its will by the same methods. It is a slave system, in which the vast majority of the so-called master race would itself be enmeshed.

Democracy is a system in which the people are free to work out their own destiny. Through toil and tears, through trial and error, through success and failure, they can move onward and upward. Democratic institutions acknowledge their right, and give them the power, to work themselves out of the jungle of unrest, despair and insecurity. It is that right and that power which we are fighting to defend, the right and power to evolve a new order in which, to use Miss Thompson's words, people will not choke to death on surplus commodities.



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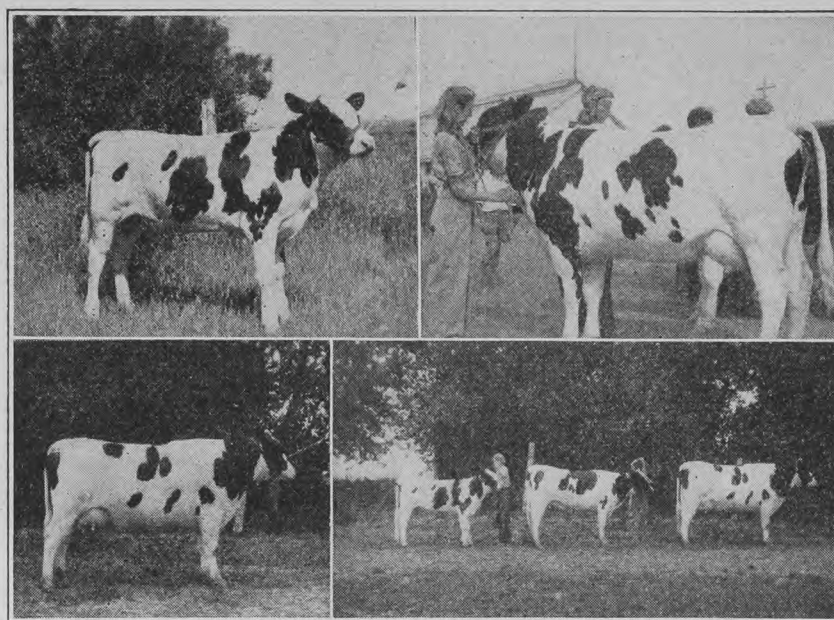
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Around Barn and Feed Lot



Joan Hamilton, Lethbridge, who writes below about the Lethbridge Dairy Calf Club, shows above, left, her third club calf, Holmwood Patricia Princess Hays, as a junior calf; top right, her first club calf, Holmview Roxy Hays Lucilla, shown as a two-year-old, whose record at that age was 14,720 pounds milk and 533 pounds fat in 365 days, on twice a day milking; bottom left, her second club calf, Holmview Peggie Hays Pussie, with a two-year-old record of 11,220 pounds milk and 398 pounds fat in 305 days; bottom right, Joan's calf club herd shown in 1938.

The Lethbridge Dairy Calf Club

By JOAN HAMILTON

OUR Lethbridge Dairy Calf Club has the distinction of being the only club in the province that has been in continuous operation since 1927. In this first year fifteen members showed calves. Now, some of the first members are married and have children of their own, who are looking forward to joining the club in a few years. Several club members have joined the active service and are now with units serving overseas. It is naturally a matter of pride with some of us that the girls have consistently taken top honors in our club.

The district within a 25-mile radius of Lethbridge is served by the club, which started with Holstein and Ayrshire sections grouped together until enough members were secured to form two separate sections. A third section was added in 1935, with five members showing Jersey calves. For a few years the Jerseys and Ayrshires were combined, after which time the Jersey section had enough members so that it could qualify as a separate section. The Holstein section of our club is by far the largest.

The Lethbridge Dairy Calf Club was organized by M. L. Freng, district agriculturist, assisted by Art. Newman, assistant superintendent of the Lethbridge Experimental Farm, and also by C. Parry. The club is further assisted by a junior advisory board, which is composed of men interested in this work, one of these being district agriculturist. From this group of men we are supplied with excellent advice.

All members are allowed three calves, which are chosen with the help of a selection committee, composed of some members of the advisory board. The calves may be selected from the member's home herd, or any other herd, but must be from a registered sire. The first year they take a junior calf (which has to be born after the first of January) and feed and fit it for the show. The following year they show their first calf as a yearling, with another junior calf. The all-important year is when the members show in four classes: Their first calf as a two-year-old, their second calf as a yearling, the third calf as a junior calf, and all three shown together as a herd. The following year they show their second and third calves as a two-year-old and yearling. In the final year in the club they show their

third calf as a two-year-old making a total of five years in the club.

Our shows have been held at the same time as the fair, at the Lethbridge exhibition grounds. This usually takes place during the month of July. We hold a camp at the same time, where we stay for the duration of the fair. We supply our own bedding and the board arranges for one of the ladies' aids to feed us. One of the barns has been fixed up as a camp for the accommodation of our club members. While we are at camp we judge swine, grain and both beef and dairy cattle, enabling us to gain knowledge of other branches of agriculture. Last year the fair board didn't operate, but we managed a two-day camp, which was made possible as a result of various raffles and auction sales of farm produce, in which everyone interested in club work participated.

As the length of time from one show to another is too great, we hold several field days through the year. On such occasions we judge dairy cattle. We also have the privilege of going through a milk plant so that we could know what happens to milk from the time the cows were milked till it came out the other end of the plant bottled and ready for delivery.

Clubs such as ours help bring in good pure-bred stock. For example our own herd; after we were in the club we paid more attention to type and started culling out our poorer cattle.

Our club is supported by the Holstein-Friesian Association, The Lethbridge Fair Board, The Lethbridge Herald, and service clubs, as well as by donations from business firms. There are two awards, those for showmanship and judging. The former is for the boy or girl showing his or her calf to the best advantage. The latter is for the member who receives the most points in judging. In the fall of 1938 Joan Webb and my sister, Elaine, from our club won the provincial championship for judging in Edmonton. They went to the Toronto Royal where they entered the Dominion finals and did exceedingly well.

After finishing the fifth year in the club we join the graduate club, which is composed of members that have gone through the club and wish to carry on advanced club work. Our graduate club is run by the members with the help of

the district agriculturist and the department of agriculture. It is for the purpose of putting a number of cows on test. The milk is weighed and recorded on a milk sheet after the milking of each cow. Samples are taken every two months and sent to the district agriculturist's office who works out the butterfat and returns the bottles. By keeping track of the milk production of the individual cow, you can tell when she is sick and locate the trouble before it is too late. One can also determine the amount of feed for each cow. You can decide which are the boarders and which are the producers. By gradually culling out the boarders, an improved herd will result. Another advantage of keeping records is that, in buying and selling cows, you have a definite proof as to their worth and can refer to records of their ancestors.

With calf clubs bringing in better animals and the keeping of records to cull out the boarders, our herds should be steadily improving.

Dairy Production in B.C.

There are centres of population in Canada where there isn't a dairy cow within fifty miles; and these communities are not located within the Arctic circle either. They exist, for example, in the province of British Columbia, where, strange to say, most of the milk produced for sale is produced in a comparatively small area, the Fraser Valley.

The Fraser Valley is a fertile area varying in width from ten to twenty-five miles and extends for about eighty miles from New Westminster to Hope, an area of perhaps 1,600 square miles. It thus occupies less than one-half of one per cent of the total area of the province. It is estimated by Sam. J. Robin, sales manager of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, that approximately 80 per cent of the total amount of all the market milk produced in British Columbia comes from the Fraser Valley.

It appears that increased production is the order of the day in the Fraser Valley as well as elsewhere in Canada, for the milk produced for the association for 1940 showed an increase of ten million pounds over 1939; and for the first part of 1941, a further increase of 40,000 per day was achieved. Strange to say, the association produced no cheese whatever in 1940, although a substantial quantity had been made in 1939; and the production of butter did not materially increase either. The answer is wartime production of evaporated milk, which increased seventeen per cent over 1939 and rose from 7,500 cases per month early in the war to as high as 18,000 cases monthly. Mr. Robin expects that the production of evaporated milk for 1941 will be about 40 per cent greater than it was last year. A case of evaporated milk utilizes 13 gallons of milk, or approximately 130 pounds, so that 150,000 cases of evaporated milk shipped in one year would require the total production of nearly 3,500 cows producing about 6,000 pounds each, or a total of about 20 million pounds of milk.

British Columbia buys annually, from outside its borders, about three-quarters of the butter consumed. Thus, of about 22 million pounds sold each year, only a little over six million pounds are produced locally. Of this amount approximately half is supplied by the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association. Of the total butterfat processed in B.C., the Association handles about 70 per cent, including butter, cheese, canned milk, ice cream and market milk. This means about 6,000 cans of milk per day in the summer months, each can holding ten gallons. It also means approximately six million pounds of butterfat during a twelve-month period, or the combined production of more than 28,000 cows.

The association pays for milk according to quality and the grading process starts right back on the farm. The farms of members are classified after inspection, either A, B, or C. Only milk from A, or B, class farms may enter the fluid milk market; milk from farms graded C is shut off from the fluid market, if necessary improvements are not made within 30 days. On arrival at city milk plants, the milk itself is graded on its merits and paid for according to quality. Milk grading began in September, 1933.

"The yearly average of A grade milk

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Want a cooler, more satisfying smoke? Then take an old timer's tip. Corral a package of Ogden's and roll your own way to happiness. For Ogden's is not just another tobacco. It's a distinctive blend of choicer, riper tobaccos developed for flavour through a quarter of a century of catering to men who know. Always roll 'em with Ogden's!

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Dealers from coast to coast.

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Reduce fresh SWELLINGS and keep horse at work

When used as soon as swelling is noticed, Absorbine often lets you keep horses working. Absorbine, a time-tested remedy, brings fast relief to the injury. It speeds the blood flow to the swelling to help carry off the congestion. Often relieves lameness and swelling in a few hours.

Absorbine is not a "cure-all" but proven help in relieving windgall, collar gall, fresh bog spavin and other congestive troubles. It won't blister or remove hair. Used by many veterinarians for over 40 years. \$2.50 for a LONG-LASTING BOTTLE that will prove its value many times! At all druggists or postpaid. W. F. Young, Lyman Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

ABSORBINE

produced by our farmers," said Mr. Robin, "was 68.1 per cent in 1932. This percentage has steadily increased up to the point where the total yearly average for 1939 was 96.78 per cent of grade A milk."

It appears that British Columbia will offer a better market in 1941, than ever before, for butter and cheese manufactured on the prairies. In 1940 lumbering, mining, fishing, agriculture and manufacturing yielded products worth about 59 million dollars more than in 1939.

Internal Parasites in Sheep

Sheep are subject to the effects of several forms of internal parasites, such as nodular disease, stomach worms, black scours, lungworms, tapeworms and liver flukes. Of these some are more prevalent in eastern Canada and others are only present dangerously when other troubles are present.

Nodular disease, which is injurious mostly in eastern Canada, is caused by young worms in contaminated pastures, which are picked up by the sheep. The worms enter the intestines of the sheep, get into the intestinal walls and form nodules or knots. If bad they may ruin the flock. The eggs of this worm are destroyed by the long winter cold, but the parasite lives over in the body of the sheep, grows to maturity there, lays eggs and re-contaminates the pastures in the spring. Treatment, therefore, consists in destroying the worm before the sheep are turned on pasture.



The correct position for drenching sheep.

During the summer months, while the sheep are on pasture, the lambs, especially, are likely to become infested with stomach worms, or twisted wireworms, which may number hundreds in a single animal. They are picked up from the grass, and while, if treatment is given in winter or spring for nodular disease, most of the wireworms may be destroyed and a large proportion of the worms still in the pastures may be killed during the winter, it is sometimes desirable to treat lambs on pasture by drenching about the first of July.

Black scours occurs most frequently in large flocks where pasture is restricted and poor. Very large numbers of almost invisible worms get into the intestines and cause diarrhoea which is generally most severe in the autumn. On badly infested farms, the treatment given in the spring for other worms will probably not be entirely effective and a further treatment will be needed early in the fall.

Lungworms are usually taken care of more or less automatically, if careful treatment is given for other parasites already mentioned. Tapeworms, too, will be removed for the most part by the proper drench, and liver flukes are not of much importance in western Canada.

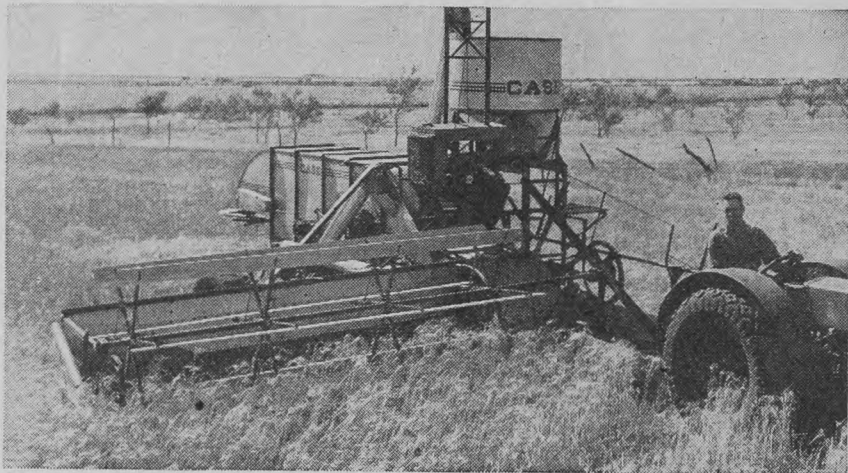
Fortunately, treatment for most of these intestinal parasites is comparatively simple, in that drenching will control both stomach worms and tapeworms and the drug, phenothiazine, in tablet form, is perhaps the most satisfactory treatment for both stomach worms and black scours.

For drenching, a copper sulphate and nicotine solution is recommended. A recommended formula and method of dosing is as follows:

To prepare the solution use 1½



Face the Future With a Combine You Can Count On

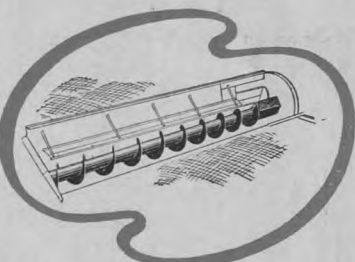


Two New Models, 12-ft. 'K,' 9-ft. 'M'

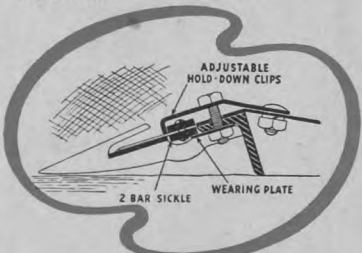
Who can say what you will face in the years to come? Perhaps a need for great production with a scarcity of manpower. Perhaps a period of low prices when economy will be paramount. Possibly conditions that call for making machinery run on and on without replacement.

Come what may, you will be well prepared with one of these Case combines. Both are big-capacity machines, with the kind of capacity that counts. Not merely cutterbar measure, but *extra* capacity to thresh out tough heads... *extra* capacity to separate seeds from straw... *extra* capacity to get the crop clean by the famous Case air-lift cleaning method.

Extra capacity where it counts means more acres per day, less of a slow-down when conditions are tough. Extra capacity means fast, clean threshing without exacting adjustment, that the combine is easier to operate. Extra capacity means that every part is master of its job, that strain and wear are less. Coupled with Case long-life construction it means extra years of use, less cost each year for upkeep. See these combines at your Case dealer's.



Auger-type headers of the "K" and "M" work by pulling, not pushing, crop to the feeder. No buckling or strain on spiral—a smooth-running, long-lasting construction. Big ball-thrust bearing runs in oil.



High-speed 2-bar sickle supports knife sections between bars. Hold-down clips are easily and accurately adjustable to take up wear and keep sickle shearing clean year after year. An example of the way Case builds things to last longer.

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Choice of spike-tooth or rub-bar cylinders; auger-type, straight-in-line, or side-platform headers; grain bins or bagging equipment. Swath widths of 4½, 6, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet to suit every acreage and tractor size. Wind-rowers and pick-ups available. Every model harvests all threshable crops. Prices begin in the lowest bracket.

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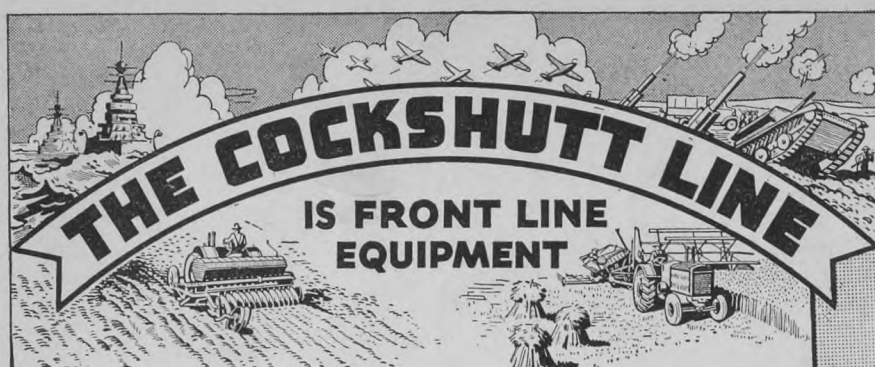
Shows machines for every method of harvest, secrets of best results in windrow work. Check combine model that interests you; mail to J. I. Case Co., Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon or Winnipeg.

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☐ 4½-ft. Low-Price "F" ☐ 8, 10, 12-ft. Spike-Tooth ☐ Tractors

Name

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Announcing a new, improved harvest aid ... the
COCKSHUTT No. 7 HARVESTER COMBINE
 Cuts harvest cost and grain loss to a new low!



It features
 20 POINTS
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 VALUE!

WITH its additional stamina and grain-saving features we believe this new, improved Cockshutt No. 7 to be the world's most economical Harvester Combine. Has exceptional threshing capacity. Reduces grain loss to minimum, assures maximum pay crop.

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For grain-saving, time-saving performance
THE COCKSHUTT No. 6B BINDER
 The world's "lightest pulling" binder



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The Cockshutt No. 6B sets a very high standard of efficiency in the Binder field. Adaptable to widely varying crop conditions it saves grain every time. Every point of contact with the ground is on roller bearings—an exclusive Cockshutt feature. Light in draft and easy on horses. Has quick-turning pole truck. Reliable, fewer-parts, knottier. 6-ft., 7-ft. and 8-ft. sizes. Investigate the No. 2 Tractor Binder.

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Your Cockshutt dealer knows your harvest problems. His recommendations can save you money.



COCKSHUTT
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WINNIPEG - REGINA - SASKATOON - CALGARY - EDMONTON

ounces of copper sulphate and one ounce of Blackleaf 40 to each gallon of water. Two and a half imperial gallons will make enough for about 100 sheep. The copper sulphate should be dissolved in about a quart of hot water, and care must be taken to see that it is completely dissolved. Do not use a tin or galvanized pail where copper sulphate is used, but, instead, use a wooden receptacle, or glass, or crockery. Lambs under three months old should not be drenched. For lambs up to six months old the dose should be from one to one and a half ounces; up to ten months half ounce more and from ten to twelve months, an extra half-ounce per dose. Adult sheep may be given three to four ounces. Measure the doses accurately and starve the sheep for eighteen hours before drenching is done. Likewise, do not feed or water for about four hours after drenching.

During drenching it is advisable to have a veterinarian present since there is some danger of loss either through carelessness, or accident. If necessary to do without the services of a veterinarian, a regular syringe for the purpose, or even an ordinary small soft-drink bottle may be used. Keep the sheep on its feet, preferably backed against a wall, with the neck between the knees. Make sure that the mouth is not raised above the sheep's eyes and do not hold the head too high. Give the animal plenty of time to swallow and have the other sheep close by.

The use of phenothiazine tablets is a newer form of treatment and very effective for stomach and intestinal worms. For summer treatments, one or two tablets may be given for stomach worms; and for diarrhoea or scouring in the autumn, three tablets for grown animals (compound tablets of 12½ grams each) and two tablets for lambs.

If a veterinarian is not available the sheep should be held as for drenching and a spreader used for holding the mouth open (with a spread of not more than 2½ inches). Insert the spreader so that the tongue is held beneath the lower bar of the spreader and then, with the tablet between the thumb and first two fingers, push it back as far as possible towards the root of the tongue, afterwards pushing it back still farther with the middle finger. Then take the spreader out of the animal's mouth quickly and lower the head, so that swallowing will not be interfered with. Repeat for each tablet. If too much haste is used a tablet may get into the larynx, in which case give a drench of water, which should be kept handy, and then shake the animal with its head down.

In the Livestock Judging Ring

Many a breeder's reputation has been made in the show-ring, first at the smaller and local fairs and then over a wider field, as experience enabled him to enter the larger arenas and carry off some of the coveted prize money and championships. Looking back over many of the shows of the last twenty years, it is evident that two factors stand out in importance. The first, of course, is that to win with an animal,

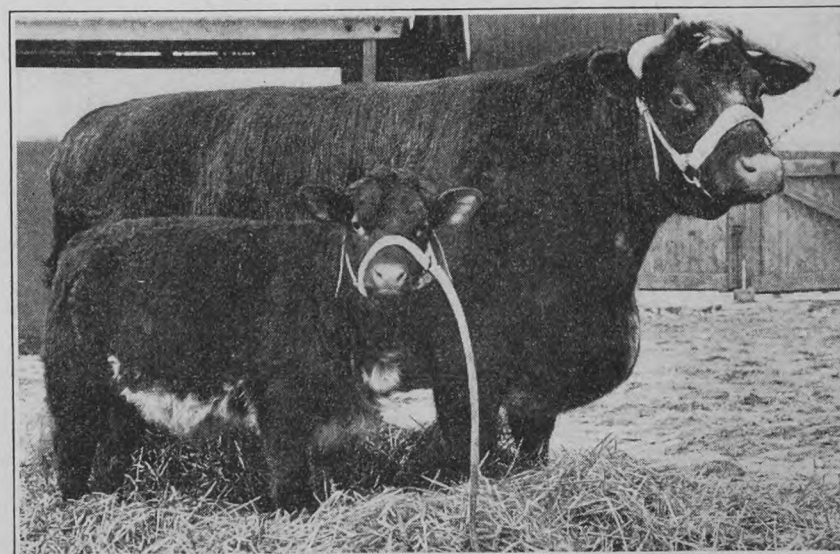
it must have the necessary quality. Even the best showman in the world cannot win with a poor animal. However, a poor showman can easily lose with a good animal; and this is a fact than can be demonstrated at almost any large show where the entry is fairly large and the competition keen. Thus, what is called show-ring "generalship" is the second factor, and in its wider sense, it is broad enough to take in almost all that the breeder or showman can, and ought to do, to give his entries the best chance to win.

Generalship really starts at the time when the breeder first decides that he will begin entering one or more animals in the fair. If he has never shown before, he has an important decision to make, and that is as to whether he will enter only in the small local fairs for the first year or two, so as to gain experience and test out his ability to win; or whether he can afford to try out one or more of the larger fairs, so as to gain experience against keener competition and perhaps more competent judges. This is where generalship begins, because if he starts with the large fairs and takes a bad defeat, he may give up the idea, and in the end lose more than if he had worked up more slowly to a successful finish. On the other hand, if the owner is a successful breeder and has never shown before, he may know his breed type well enough so that much of his success will depend on his ability to fit and show.

From the breeder's viewpoint, of course, the fairs and exhibitions are important, because they bring the herd animals definitely to the notice of the public and especially to the other breeders who attend and who are often looking for animals of a particular type, age, or sex. It is only fair to the animals shown, however, that they should appear to advantage; and the one thing that a good show-ring general always and everlastingly bears in mind is that the animals are judged as they appear in the ring on the day and at the time they are judged. It doesn't matter how well they looked at home, or a week before they left. Consequently, the showman must remember to accustom his animals gradually, before they leave home, to the kind of feed they will receive while on the circuit, or at the fair.

Sometimes, if cattle, for instance, are accustomed to being fed silage and are forced to eat hay which may not be of good quality while at the exhibitions, they will not eat as much as they should and will show in poor form. If accustomed to chop of some kind and if reliance is placed on chop purchased away from home, it may be finer than they are used to and because it will be inclined to be pasty when moistened, the cattle may not eat it and may gaunt up so that they show in poor condition.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the training of the animals for the show-ring. More than one grand championship has been lost for an inexperienced or careless breeder, just because one animal was so poorly trained that its merit could not be discerned by the



Rosewood 59th, Shorthorn cow, by Milhills Ransom, sold with her six-month-old heifer calf at foot for \$2,150, at the dispersal sale of the fine herd built up during the last thirty years, by the late T. A. Russell, Downsview, Ont. She was bought by Marellbar Farm, Libertyville, Illinois. Forty-one females at this sale averaged \$505.

It Pays to Read the Classified Section
 See pages 60-1

judge when examined alongside an animal perfectly trained for the showing. For weeks before the first show the animals must be trained to lead, to stand quietly, to respond readily when a change of position is desired, and to move head or foot where desired. Most showmen carry a walking stick in the ring, and when an animal has a foot too far back or forward, touch it with the stick, at which a well-trained animal will move that foot and no other. Under the same conditions a poorly trained animal, not well accustomed to the halter, or to being handled, will probably move all four feet and require a lot of time and trouble to get it in place again.

The best showman is generally the quietest in the ring. When the judge is in the ring he is busy all the time. He never relaxes, except when the judge has his back turned and is moving down the line in the opposite direction; and even then his eyes never stop working. From the time the judge enters the ring until the prize ribbons are distributed, the really top-notch showman never has a moment to talk to people on the sidelines. If he is not busy with his own animal, he is watching the others, to see that they do not crowd his entry; or he is calculating his chances and wondering what he can do to make his own entry more impressive.

All this, of course, isn't much good unless the animal is in fit condition and dressed for the occasion. Fitting and dressing are arts in themselves, but the finer points are best learned from experience. The important thing is to have the animal well washed, coat and tail well brushed, hooves trimmed and hooves and horns polished. When the animal is given every chance to show at its best, the rest must be left to the judge.

Premium for Wether and Ewe Lambs

It was recently announced that lamb buyers in western Canada will pay two

cents per pound more for wether and ewe lambs after July 1, than for buck lambs. The packers' announcement reads that "buyers may pay up to one cent per pound more for lambs over 90 pounds and up to 100 pounds, at yards or plants, and they may pay up to two cents per pound more for lambs of desirable weights, than for lambs weighing over 100 pounds unfinished. Cull lambs will be paid for on the basis of their relative quality. All lambs should be docked."

It is emphasized that all lambs should be castrated before they are 21 days old and that castrating within a month or six weeks or less of marketing, makes the lambs worse than before they are castrated. In fact, it is stated that "such lambs will not be considered to be wethers, and they will be bought as bucks."

It is argued that the elimination of buck lambs will greatly help lamb consumption; and in this country it is to be noted that mutton and lamb consumption is less than in either the United States or Great Britain. One pound of increase in the consumption of lamb per capita would provide a market for an additional eleven million pounds or for 275,000 lambs per year.

Seven Come West

Seven animals from the estate of the late T. A. Russell, Downsview, Ont., came to western Canada from the dispersal sale held recently. Largest western purchasers were Cross Bros., Nanton, Alta., who bought four head for an average of \$598, including Rosewood 61st at \$1,000. Other western purchasers were Henry Chapman, Belle Plaine, Sask., P. J. Rook, Drumheller, Alta., and Mrs. Jesson, Pelly, Sask. In all, 41 females sold in the sale for an average of \$505, and 11 bulls averaged \$215.

Returns for Barley fed through hogs over 23 years at Edmonton

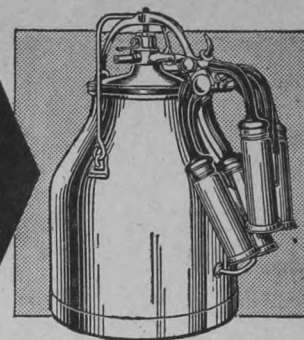
Year	Average price of basic grade hogs (cwt.)	Average cost of production (cwt.)	Value of barley at elevator (bus.)	Value of barley through hogs (cwt.)
1918	\$19.31	\$13.61	\$1.15	\$1.73
1919	20.53	12.74	1.06	1.82
1920	18.69	14.95	1.35	1.62
1921	12.11	8.34	.59	.96
1922	10.33	7.72	.45	.77
1923	8.39	7.33	.39	.53
1924	7.45	8.50	.61	.43
1925	11.57	9.21	.65	.91
1926	12.48	8.08	.47	1.01
1927	10.08	9.57	.65	.72
1928	9.34	9.26	.62	.67
1929	11.22	9.00	.54	.86
1930	10.56	6.38	.24	.77
1931	6.01	3.94	.16	.29
1932	3.45	3.94	.18	.15
1933	4.80	4.50	.17	.24
1934	7.33	5.21	.31	.57
1935	7.72	5.45	.25	.59
1936	7.71	5.42	.33	.60
1937	8.15	7.08	.51	.64
1938	8.88	5.74	.31	.72
1939	8.33	4.63	.21	.65
1940	7.81	5.51	.29	.60
Average 23 years—	\$10.10	7.66	.50	.78

Cost of Producing Hogs

The above figures form part of a cost of production statement for hogs, issued by Alberta, by the Department of Animal Husbandry, University of Alberta. They are based on an estimate of 450 pounds of grain, or its equivalent, as the amount necessary to produce 100 pounds of live hog. This amount is considered sufficient to make provision for feed for the sow during pregnancy and during the suckling period. The cost figures include interest charges of \$39.60, on a \$660 investment at six per cent, in buildings to take care of a four-brood-sow unit, cost of sows, hog fence and land used for hog pasture. Depreciation of \$55 is allowed on buildings and sows. The sum of \$114.50 is allowed to cover labor and seed for two acres of pasture, cost of trucking 42 pigs (six litters of seven each from four sows, per year), boar charge of \$1.00 per litter and labor charge of \$2.00 per hog marketed. The total of interest, depreciation and incidentals is \$209.10, giving an average overhead of \$2.50 per 100 pounds live weight of pigs marketed. Live weight hogs marketed at \$7.00 per 100 pounds, return one cent per pound for grain consumed; and the following figures show the net returns for wheat, oats and barley, when the market price of live hogs varies from six to 10 cents per pound:

	C	C	C	C	C
Market price of live hogs	6	7	8	9	10
Net value per bushel of grain	Wheat 42	54	66	78	90
	Oats 24	31	37	44	51
	Barley 34	43	53	62	72

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DE LAVAL MAGNETIC SPEEDWAY MILKER

EVERY man who has milked cows knows that changing hand milkers results in decreased production until the cows readjust themselves.

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It is the only milker with which this absolute uniformity is possible... for it is the only milker having the pulsations for each unit controlled by one master control at the pulso-pump by magnetic force.

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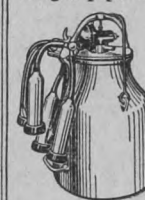
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The new De Laval Sterling Milker is a worthy companion to the great De Laval Magnetic Speedway Milker and provides De Laval milking for small herds. "Simplicity" Pulsator has only two moving parts, never requires oiling, gives positive, precise milking speed with alternate action that pleases the cow. Sterling single or double units may be used on any other make of single pipe line installation.



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Only Two Moving Parts

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You don't have to offend
Use Lifebuoy**

**The one soap
especially made to prevent "B.O."**

(BODY ODOR)

Perspiration plays no favorites

Winter or Summer whether you're working or sitting still—you must perspire 1 to 3 pints daily. Otherwise you would die of hyper-pyrexia (heat stroke)! Often you cannot see or feel this perspiration because the water evaporates. But sweat deposits left on the skin decompose and cause offensive "B.O." (Body Odor)! Only when you use Lifebuoy regularly can you be sure you never offend.

YOU may have looks and brains and personality—every quality that spells success. But if you also have "B.O." you'll find it hard to get ahead. We ALL PERSPIRE CONSTANTLY. And perspiration left on the skin decomposes, becomes stale, offensive. That is why we all need LIFEBOUY. For, of all popular soaps LIFEBOUY IS THE ONLY ONE ESPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT "B.O." No other soap has LIFEBOUY'S special DEODORIZING ingredient. No other soap gives you day-long ALL-OVER protection against offending.

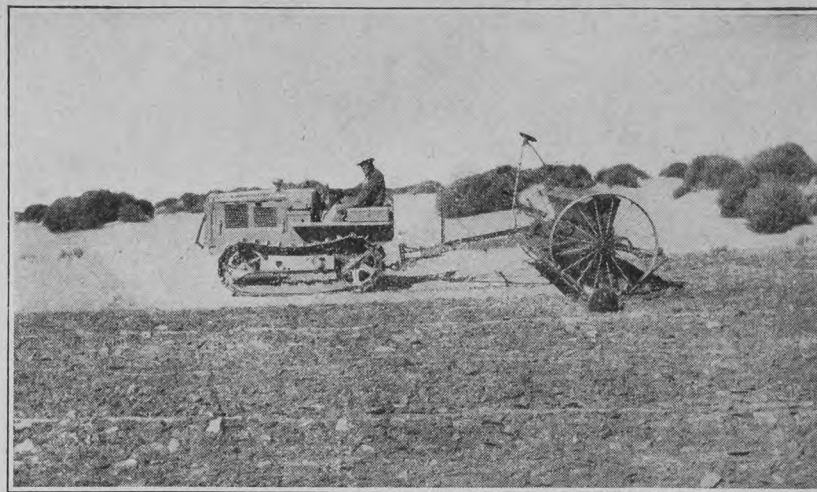
Start using LIFEBOUY today—for bath and for face and hands. You'll love its rich INVIGORATING lather. You'll love, too, the way it leaves you feeling thrillingly FRESH—confident of LASTING cleanliness.

Now costs LESS!



A Lever product

Afield with Guide Farmers



Here is a three-way race in progress at Melita, Manitoba. The sandbanks moving to render the land useless for man; the Russian thistle moving in to take possession; and the government, after one man had been driven off this land, reclaiming the land by seeding first to fall rye. The government won.

"Registered" Seed and What It Means

Canada's system of seed improvement encourages grower initiative and supports the high standards set by the Canadian Seed Growers' Association

FOR many years now, throughout the nine provinces of Canada, "registered" seed has come to represent a very high standard of quality. Indeed, the standard of purity for the variety to be registered is so high as to be called mythical sometimes; and the fact that the standard of purity calls for not more than one plant in ten thousand of another variety, or distinct type, and that determined by at least six counts in as many different areas throughout the field is proof of the precautions taken. This, coupled with the same standard of purity with respect to seeds of other kinds including weeds not easily removable by machinery, and freedom from disease within limits set by the Canadian Seed Growers' Association from year to year, indicates the strong effort that has consistently been made to develop a sound basis for pure seed production in this country.

The Seeds Act, 1937, is the Dominion legislation under which all seed marketed in Canada must come. It is administered by the federal department of agriculture, through offices established in each of the provinces and provided with facilities for the inspection of any and all seed to be marketed. The Seeds Act, however, is primarily concerned with the sale of commercial seeds of all kinds and is not especially designed to regulate the sale of registered seed. Like all other seeds, however, registered seed must comply with the standards for such seed as provided under the act.

The principle and practice of registered seed production is to a large extent co-operative. That is, the Canadian Seed Growers' Association is, as its name implies, an organization of seed growers who, for their own protection, banded together many years ago for the primary purpose of establishing standards of seed production and marketing under the name of the association that would be a guarantee of quality. Not only of quality of seed, but, especially, of purity of variety. To provide prospective seed purchasers with such a guarantee, it was necessary that some way be found to inspect the seed and to preserve its identity for the purchaser.

Registration Guarantees Quality

Thus it was that the registering of the seed with the association came to mean the best guarantee of quality and purity, because the work of the association was so much in line with what governments had for long been trying to do, that every co-operation has been afforded the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, even to the field inspection of registered seed by government inspectors. This field inspection is of great help both to the association and to the government, because it is of much assistance to inspectors who are called on to inspect grain offered for

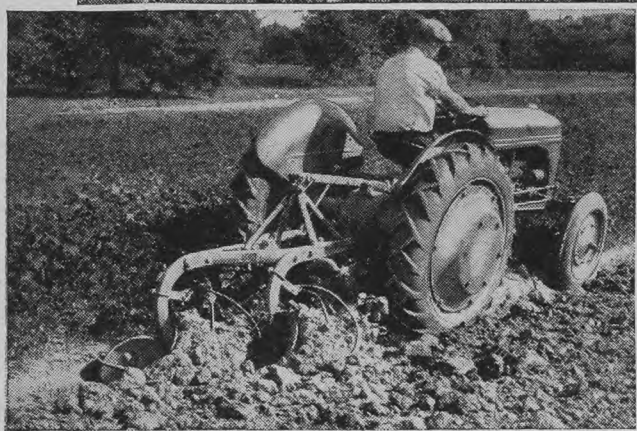
seed, to have also seen the crop growing in the field.

To get a clear idea of the relationship between registered seed and other seed it is as well to begin at the bottom of the grades for quality. The Seeds Act refers to the ordinary commercial seed of all crops as the "general seeds of commerce." These are divided into three grades, No. 1 seed, No. 2 seed, and No. 3 seed. Purity and germination standards are provided for these grades and, in addition, they must be (1) well-matured, plump, sound, sweet and well-cleaned and graded to remove small shrunk, immature and broken kernels and inert matter; (2) at least equal in general appearance to standard grade samples that may be fixed by the minister (of agriculture) from season to season; and (3) not lower than the minimum standards as set forth for each grade of each kind of seed in the regulations. Copy of the Seeds Act and regulations may be had by anyone on application to any office of the federal department of agriculture.

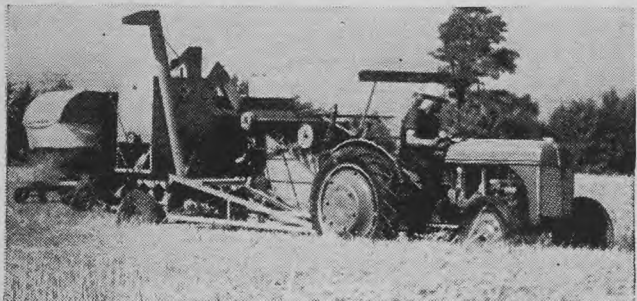
A step above commercial seed grain in purity and general quality is what is known as "certified seed." These grades also are established by the Dominion government and are defined under the Seeds Act. There are two grades of certified seed, Certified No. 1 and Certified No. 2, and with respect to both grades, the term "certified" means seed graded in accordance with the standards set up under the act. It also means that this seed must be sold in containers with seed inspection certificate tags and seals attached, bearing the Arms of Canada as stipulated. Certified seed can only come from crops that have been inspected in the field and for which seed crop certificates have been issued by the plant products division, production service, after reports have been received following field inspection. The standards for crop inspection for certified seed are based on purity of variety, trueness to type, freedom from disease and noxious weeds.

Registered Seed Standards High

Now we are ready to discuss "registered" seed. This seed is also defined under and covered by the Seeds Act, but it is important to note the distinction between registered seed and certified seed. Registered seed must also conform to standards and be sold in containers with seed inspection certificate tags and seals attached, showing the Arms of Canada in the manner specified: But—registered seed can only be derived from approved varieties, the crops of which are inspected and for which crop registration certificates are issued by the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, based on records and reports of crop inspections made in accordance with standards fixed by the association. That is, the standards for registered seed are not only higher than for certified seed, but they are controlled by the



The low-cost Ford Tractor has ample traction to pull two 14" bottoms easily under average conditions.



Power take-off operates combine, binder and similar power-driven equipment. New type governor maintains steady speed.



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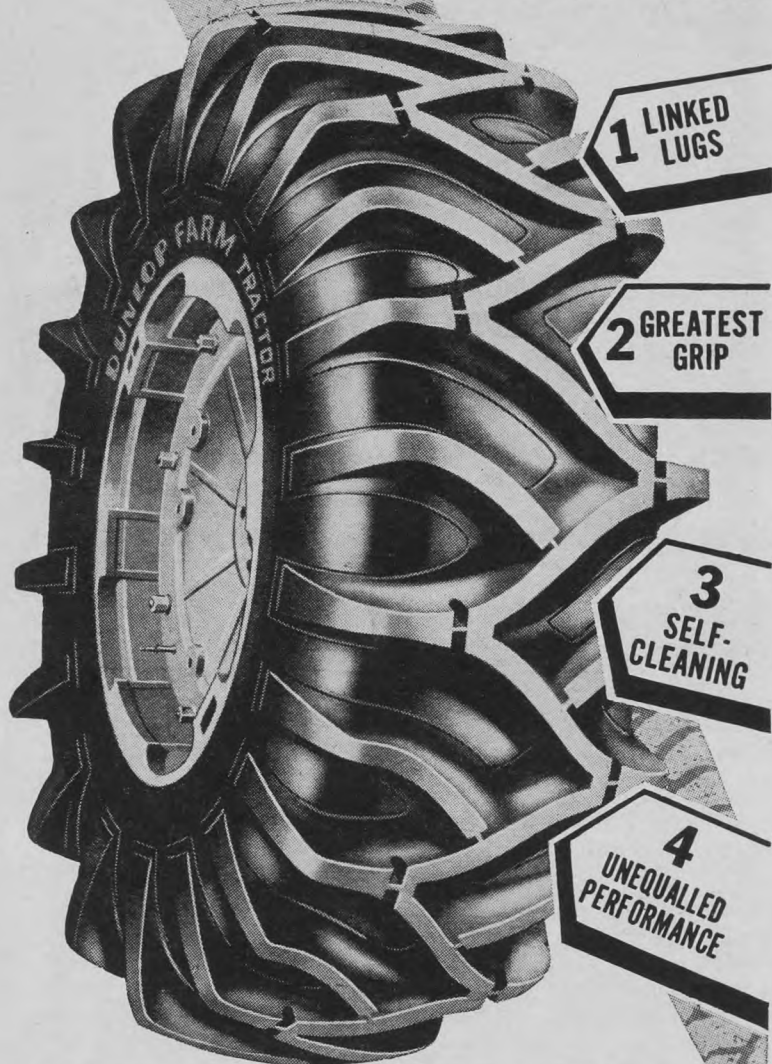
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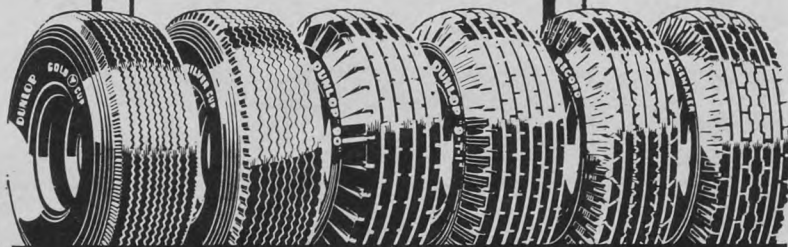
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2

C.S.G.A., whereas certified seed represents a purely government standard of quality. What happened was that the C.S.G.A. aimed so high in its standards of quality, that many producers of seed much superior to ordinary commercial grades, but not yet good enough for registration, were in danger of being penalized, and certified grades were set up to recognize this middle ground.

Becoming a registered seed grower is not just like walking in the front door. It is not that easy. In the first place, it is necessary to be accepted as a member of the C.S.G.A., who is entitled to grow seed for registration. This is never hard for a good seed grower, but never easy for a poor one. As a member seeking this right, he must agree to submit statements to the association covering the facilities at his command for the handling of registered crops. Second, he must explain in what way he controls his land and if he does not own or lease it, he does not meet the requirements of the present regulations. Third, he must provide assurance that he is in control of the production of the crops which he proposes to register. The by-laws of the association also provide that any member who is producing any plant propagating stock for registration, automatically accepts it as his duty to keep the records required by the association and to submit to such regulations and findings of the association as may be deemed in the interests of all the members.

Once over these hurdles, the grower is then in the position to make good his promises. It should be mentioned that registration is now provided for three classes of crops, namely, cereals (including wheat, oats, barley, flax, field peas, field beans, and rye); forage crops (including field corn, alfalfa, grasses, clovers, millets, mangels, swedes and soy beans); and third, vegetables.

Inspection in the Field

It has already been explained that a crop presented for registration must have been inspected in the field by an inspector approved by the association. The instructions, regulations, and policies of the C.S.G.A. are far too numerous for complete explanation here, and full information is available in detailed form from the head office of the association at Ottawa or from any seed inspection office. Two or three paragraphs from the regulations are worth noting, however, and are quoted below:

"To maintain the eligibility of a given stock from generation to generation in the possession of the same grower, annual field inspection and crop registration are necessary, but seed inspection and sealing are not necessary, unless the seed changes ownership.

"It is important that the grower furnish the inspector at the time of crop inspection, with complete information as to the pedigree, etc., as called for in the report of crop inspection. . . . All rogue plants should be removed from the crop before the visit of the inspector, because the inspector has instructions to report everything he finds in, or connected with a field for registration that may affect its purity. Removing the rogues after field inspection, while very desirable, does not improve the status of the field, because the report of the inspector is final. If a grower asks for a second inspection, a second inspection fee is levied on the basis of actual cost, so it is well for the seed grower to be sure that his fields are clean before the inspector arrives. When a field contains so many rogue plants, that their removal requires a lot of time and expense, the best thing to do is to withdraw the field from registration and get new stock.

"A crop to be acceptable for registration must be grown in an area separated from other cereal crops, by a distance sufficient to prevent contamination through any mixing that may result from production operations. A rye crop to be acceptable for registration must be grown in an area separated from other rye crops by a distance of a quarter mile, unless the adjoining crop is of the same variety, strain and pedigree.

"A crop must not be grown on the stubble of a different variety or of an unregistered variety of the same kind. A crop grown on stubble of the same variety will rank at least one generation

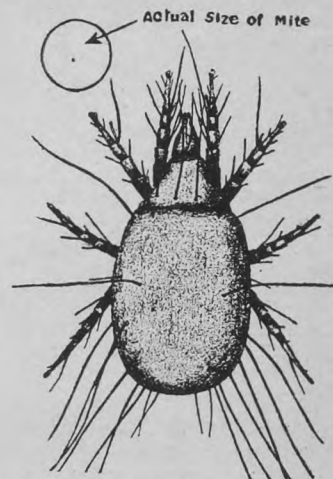
lower than the crop which produced the stubble.

"A 'registered crop' is a crop upon which a crop registration certificate has been issued to the grower, by the association. A registered crop is produced by multiplying the progeny of (a) foundation stock, (b) elite stock, or (c) registered stock, for which the proper crop registration certificate has been issued to the grower by the association. When grown from foundation stock, or elite stock, the first crop is designated first generation, when grown from first generation registered stock or seed, the crop is designated 'second generation,' and so on. There is no limit to the number of generations which can be registered. The use of the term 'stock' includes properly graded seed of the classes referred to in this definition."

While thousands of seed growers throughout Canada are producing registered seed of different grades and kinds, it is, of course, not necessary for the producer of commercial crops to grow or even to purchase registered seed, unless he believes it to be to his advantage to do so. Certainly the purchase of registered seed each year is comparatively expensive; and if the grower is desirous of improving the quality of his seed, he may start with enough registered seed to sow a plot of a few acres and multiply it in a short time to the point where he will have enough first-class seed, after it is thoroughly cleaned, to more than meet his needs. The mere fact of the seed being registered when he first buys it, however, is not enough to guarantee its purity in after years, unless he is careful to sow it on clean land and rogue it carefully, thresh it separately so as not to contaminate it, and later to clean it thoroughly. By this process alone, the quality of the seed used and the average yield in western Canada of cereal crops could be substantially improved in a very few years, if it were generally adopted.

Keep After the Mites

It is most unfortunate that grain mites should have become so serious a threat to stored grain in western Canada just when there is so much of it to be damaged, but of course this is largely



A grain mite magnified from its actual size shown approximately by the dot in the circle. Reproduction from a circular issued by the Alberta department of agriculture.

a matter of cause and effect. Unfortunately, also, there can be no letting up in the vigilance to be exercised if mites are to be prevented from doing damage during the summer months.

Grain mites, as described by the Alberta department of agriculture in a recent leaflet on the subject, are tiny, pearly-white, soft-bodied, wingless, insect-like creatures, that are almost invisible to the naked eye. They have eight legs and their bodies are provided with numerous long hairs. The female mite lays eggs among the grain or dust, and the number of eggs runs from 20 to 30. These hatch in a few days and the youngsters reach maturity in about three weeks under favorable conditions. If conditions become unfavorable for the mites they can change into a small, hard-crusted stage and in this form they can be blown about in the dust, or be carried about on insects or animals again when conditions suit them.

When the mites are eating the kernels they are not always easy to detect.

The kernel may be hollowed out and numbers of the mites may be found inside the kernel. During the summer it should always be remembered that while mites thrive best in grain with a high moisture content, they require a considerable degree of heat for maximum activity.

For these reasons, all grain should be inspected every two weeks during the summer and the inspection should be thorough. Even with a small magnifying glass it is sometimes difficult to detect the mites if they are not in motion, but if they are active they may be seen with the naked eye, if the dust from the grain is spread on a smooth, black surface. The best method is to tie a thermometer on a stick and take the temperature of the bin at various depths and in various parts of the bin, allowing the thermometer to stay in the grain for ten or fifteen minutes so that it will accurately record the temperature. Take samples of the grain—perhaps a pint—from those portions showing the highest temperature and after letting them warm up at room temperature, examine them on a smooth black surface, as suggested. Watch also for a sweetish, musty odor, which is characteristic. If the mites are there, the grain will deteriorate quickly in warm weather.

Screening the grain and burning the screenings is best, but in any case it must be turned over frequently, either from one bin to another, or by shovelling.

Late Sown Corn

On June 15 we sowed five acres of Gehu corn in rows three feet six inches apart. We cut it with the grain binder, two rows at a time, bound it in sheaves, and stacked ten big loads of fodder off the five acres. The corn grew five feet high.

We think Gehu the best corn to grow for fodder or for feeding from the sheaf. It is all leaves and fine stalks, and is eaten without any waste.

In this district of Manitoba south of the main line of the C.P.R. it is safe to sow corn for fodder any time in June and you will always get a crop. May sown corn must be cut just before threshing begins at the biggest rush of the season. June sown corn can be cut after threshing has finished. The sowing and the cutting do not interfere with any of the operations of small grain growing.

Corn is the safest and surest fodder crop for this area. It yields more feed per acre than any other annual crop. It is the one crop that in fifty years has never been a failure. It is the best summerfallow substitute. This year again our wheat on corn land yielded as high as that on summerfallow, was freer of weeds, and there never was any danger of soil drifting. In this section of Manitoba any kind of black summerfallow is always in first class condition to drift. One big wind storm may spoil a good crop.—Gordon McLaren.

Mustard, Mustard Everywhere

Summer never seems to be very far advanced before it is possible to see fields here and there that seem to have been deliberately seeded to mustard, so thick does it stand and so thoroughly are the fields covered with the yellow blossoms. It has been calculated experimentally that a heavy infestation in a field of oats, means a loss of about one-seventh of the crop. This is bad and if you find it hard to realize how bad it is, calculate your income for a year and then write out a cheque for the one-seventh of the amount and give it away to the first person you meet. You won't do it, of course, but it won't do any harm to imagine how pleased you would be if you did.

Now that mustard has become so very common, more or less heroic measures are required to get rid of it. Many different methods have been tried, but the most satisfactory is to spray the crop with a three per cent solution of copper sulphate, applied at the rate of about 70 gallons per acre. This kills practically 100 per cent of the mustard in the crop, but does not kill the grain. Dusting with calcium cyanamide dust at the rate of 100 pounds per acre gives equally good results. Cyanamide is a nitrogenous fertilizer and the Dominion experimental farms system advises that

"the increased yield of grain resulting from its application often pays the cost of the treatment." Other methods of treatment may be tried such as harrowing the fields when the grain is young, or increasing the rate of seeding, but they are not nearly as effective as spraying or dusting.

About Crested Wheat Grass

So far, 1941 does not promise to be a particularly dry year, but one never knows. The Dominion Range Experiment Station at Manyberries, Alta., recently reported an interesting experience with Crested wheat grass in a very dry year, which it would be well to keep in mind, especially since the acreage in forage crops will be increased this year in all probability.

"In 1936," so we are told, "one of the driest years on record, an abandoned farm field near this station was sown to Crested wheat in the early spring. Throughout the remainder of 1936 and during 1937, which was another dry year, not a sign of a stand of the grass could be observed. Almost miraculously, in the early summer of 1938, a perfect stand appeared, and it has done well ever since. The stand developed so rapidly in 1938 that it was suggested that the small seedlings were probably established the previous year and escaped detection."

Crested wheat grass seedlings are very small, fine and inconspicuous when they first come up; and if the crop is sown in trash, stubble or weed covers, they may be even harder to see. When quite small, pasturing will cause damage to the seedlings from the livestock trampling over it, so that it is best to wait until a stand has been assured.

A Note on Sudan Grass

Last month we published a short article on sudan grass as a pasture crop and noted the fact that, fed under certain conditions, it is poisonous to livestock. Here is a further note on this point from the Wisconsin College of Agriculture:

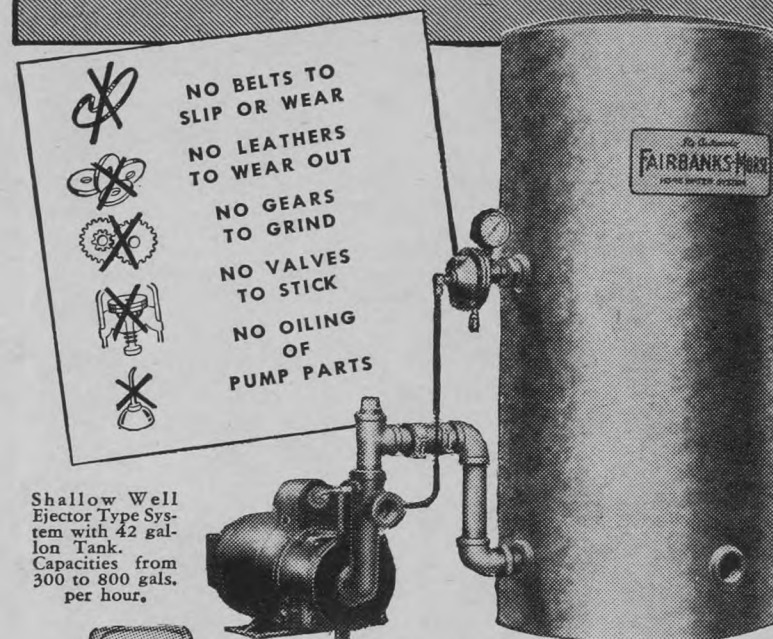
"Although sudan grass is a high yielding palatable grass, it is considerably more valuable as a source of succulent mid-summer pasturage, than as a source of hay. Sudan grass is hard to cure for hay even in hot dry weather. This is especially true if the yields are heavy. Owing to the coarseness of the stems, they do not dry out as quickly as the leaves, and unless care is taken, the hay may be stacked or placed in the barn before it is dry. If sudan grass is not dry when stored, or if it becomes wet from rain, or other moisture accumulations, it not only is apt to mold, but it may develop other poisonous qualities.

"The prussic acid content of sudan grass is not materially affected by drying. Sudan grass which is poisonous at the time of cutting, will be poisonous if fed as hay or silage. However, there is little or no danger of prussic acid poisoning, to livestock fed sudan grass hay, because cutting is usually deferred until the plants are two feet high or higher. The prussic acid content of the plant is very low at this advanced stage in its development. The poisonous qualities which may develop in improperly cured, moldy sudan-grass hay, are not the same as prussic acid poisoning."

Sawdust-Concrete

Recent tests at Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other colleges indicate that sawdust-concrete so widely recommended for barn, hoghouse, and poultry floors is an uncertain material and must be handled very carefully to give satisfactory results. Sawdust from Norway pine, jack pine, spruce, and aspen gave good results; while that from cottonwood, oak, fir, birch, maple, and red cedar was unsatisfactory. Mixing proportions should be about one part of cement to three or three and a half parts of sawdust. Richer mixtures are stronger, but lack the desired qualities of lightness and insulating effect; while leaner mixtures lack strength and may wear badly or even go to pieces. No sand should be used in the mixture. The cement and sawdust should be mixed dry to a uniform color, after which only water enough should be added to make a workable mix, which will permit some cement paste to show under vigorous tamping and troweling.

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"Just because they're twins—she spoils them twice as much!"

The twins' grandmother learns there's a difference between "spoiling" and modern child care

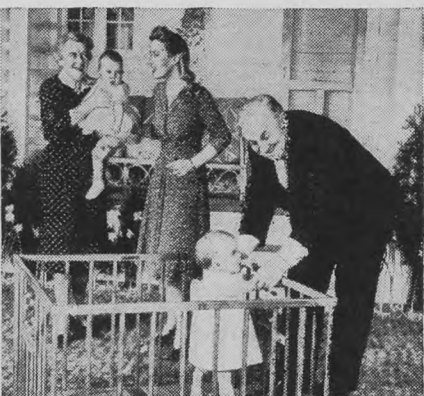


1. My mother-in-law was off on her favorite subject again! "I'm not one to meddle," she was saying, "but *someone* ought to tell Joyce that if she doesn't stop kow-towing to these twins they'll be spoiled for life!"



2. "Now, mother," Dad Jones said, "you let the children bring up their babies in their own way," "Why, I wouldn't dream of interfering," my mother-in-law exclaimed. "But—my word! Special foods, special soap, special this and that . . ."

3. "And *even*," I interrupted, "a SPECIAL LAXATIVE! Pinkie's going to get some of it right now. I'm not spoiling the twins, Mother Jones, I love them too much for that. I'm bringing them up exactly as the doctor told me to!"



4. "The doctor says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies *need* things especially designed for them. So of course they need a special laxative, too. The doctor recommended Castoria."

5. "The doctor said I'd find Castoria thorough—yet it's always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. What's more . . . the twins are crazy about it. Watch this!"



6. Pinkie took her Castoria and licked the spoon! But Winkie howled 'cause he wasn't getting any! So Mother Jones grinned and said if *that* was the modern way, she's see to it that *all* her grandchildren get Castoria from now on!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

The chief ingredient of Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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CASTORIA

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Story of a Gland

By-products of the abattoir make indispensable drugs

By EDWARD BOOTH

IT is recorded in history that the warriors of certain tribes of primitive men, having vanquished their enemies in battle, thereafter ate the hearts of the more valiant of the fallen. The belief was that the victors might thus take to themselves the qualities of bravery or courage that had distinguished their foes. It was considered that the heart, being about the centre of the human body, was the seat of the emotions, notably the abode of courage. To just what extent the aboriginal man was on the right track in seeking to secure for himself the qualities which he believed the organs of his enemy to contain, is difficult to say. Yet that he had at any rate a glimmering of truth seems rather borne out in the modern system of medicine known as "Organotherapy" or the perhaps more commonly understood "glandular therapy." With increasing understanding men have discarded the idea of using human organs or glands in a medicinal sense, and have turned instead to the organic structures of domestic animals killed for human food. Further, if such a quality as courage is sought in modern medicinal use of animal glands, it is as by-product, to be hopefully anticipated as following upon improved conditions of the body, and not as a direct objective as with primitive man in his gory orgies.

The vital importance of the thyroid to man has long been known, and the serious consequences of its injury or removal well understood. As far back as 1874 Sir Walter Gull definitely connected wasting of the thyroid gland with loss of hair, thickening and dryness of the skin and great loss of mental and physical vigor; and in 1894 another British physician showed the remarkable curative effects of a glycerin extract of fresh animal thyroid glands in a case of this sickness, which had become known as Gull's Disease. Soon thereafter continued research and experiment showed that thyroid substance whether fresh or dried, was equally efficacious whether administered by mouth or injected hypodermically.

Modern day importance of the thyroid has in the general mind to do largely with the all-too-common goitre, or its relation to widely abnormal states of body overweight, and its functioning as related to the element of importance, iodine, in the body.

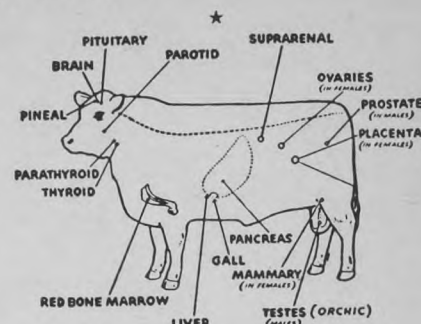
Iodine in the Thyroids

It was only in 1895, authorities state, that iodine was announced as a normal constituent of the thyroid gland, and it was soon thereafter shown that the medicinal value of thyroid is in direct proportion to its iodine content. An interesting thing was here discovered: There was a marked seasonal variation in the quantity of iodine stored in the thyroid gland. This was shown in course of an investigation extending over two years, and it was at once apparent that a like fluctuation might be expected in the medicinal values of thyroid, according as the glands were taken for use in the period of full iodine content or at the time of its greatest depletion. In a word, when cold weather sets in over the parts of this continent lying approximately at the United States-Canada border, the iodine content in animal thyroids falls sharply, reaching a minimum in February or March.

Iodine storage in animal thyroids is most abundant in summer and early autumn. These findings were on the thyroid glands from domestic animals killed for food by man; there is every reason, it is declared, to believe that a similar fluctuation might be anticipated in human thyroids if it were possible to study normal glands in the human.

"Thyroxine," an active principle of thyroid, was isolated, but as a medicinal agent has no advantage over the dessicated thyroid. As a matter of fact it is inferior; dessicated thyroid by mouth is practically a perfect replacement therapy, and less expensive than the more fancy thyroid products.

In manufacture of thyroid prepara-



tions, the glands must be selected for their suitability, and assayed and blended so that the total organic iodine content of thyroid powder is 0.30 per cent as specified in the regulations under the Food and Drugs Act. Likewise, relative proportions of thyroxine and iodine compounds of the gland must be maintained at the same approximate level the year round. Despite drug store sale of thyroid in one form or another, it is insisted that thyroid tablets, used extensively by the medical profession for many purposes, should only be taken under a doctor's direction; their improper use may entail serious consequences.

In preparation of thyroid tablets, the fresh glands are dissected out under government inspection, and transferred to the laboratories where material such as fat and connective tissue is removed. The clean glands are minced finely, spread on enamelled trays and dried immediately under high vacuum at temperatures below that of the body. After dessication the dry glands are washed with proper solvents to remove the fat naturally present in the glandular tissue. The dry fat-free material is reduced to powder form, and sifted.

Packaged Ready for Market

It is now ready for the assay laboratory where careful iodine and thyroxine determinations are made in order to establish its exact properties. Several lots of powders are collected and blended before the tablet maker prepares his mixture for granulation. Thyroid powder cannot be compressed into tablets as such—it must first be brought into small granules. For this purpose it is mixed with a suitable material, such as milk sugar, and moistened sufficiently to become crumbly, like pie crust, then passed through a screen which determines the size of the granules. These are then dried.

At this stage a representative sample of the granules is sent to the laboratory for another iodine assay. When the laboratory reports show the mixture to be of the correct composition and potency the production superintendent gives instructions to have the tablets made. This process is accomplished by specially constructed tablet machines. By compressing the granules many points of contact are made. The granules are dovetailed so to speak, so that if the pressure is correct they form a solid, smooth unit, a tablet.

During the run the tablet maker measures and weighs a number of individual tablets to ascertain that the size and weight are in conformity with the specifications for that particular size of tablet. The tablets leave the machine at a rate of from 200 to 1,000 per minute. When the run is completed the tablets are stored temporarily in suitable sealed containers in the quarantine room until the laboratory has completed a final assay on the finished product.

The tablets are next transferred to the counting machine which automatically fills the required number into clean, dry sterile bottles. A strip of sterile cotton wool is placed by another machine on top of the tablets to keep them stationary until they reach the apothecary's shop or the patient. The bottles are capped and labelled by machine and are ready for the trade.

Thyroid tablets are very stable and will retain their full potency over a period of years if kept well stoppered in the medicine closet or under ordinary conditions prevailing in the home.

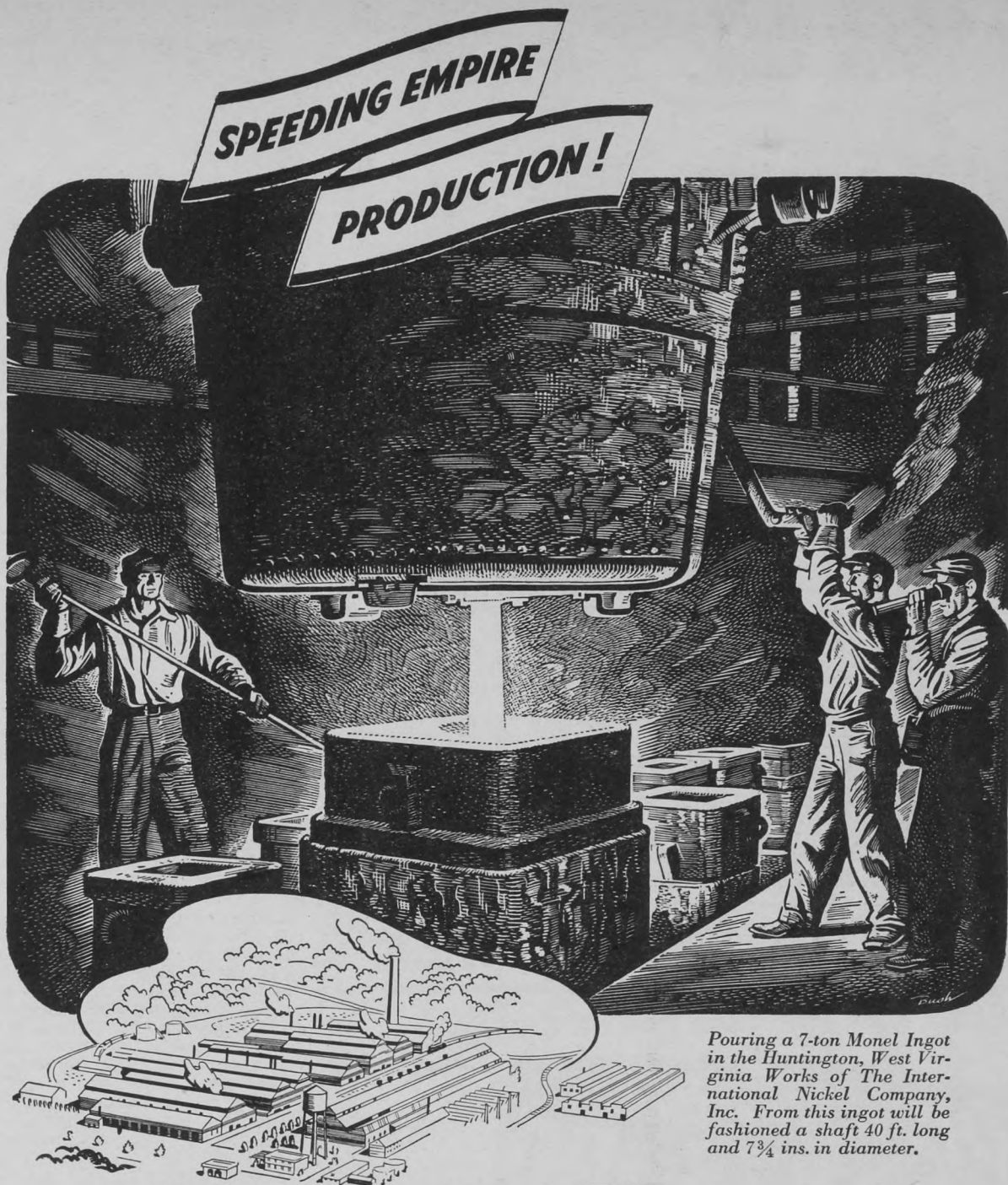
BOOSTERS FOR WHITE BREAD

Continued from page 9

whitening our flour were, until very recently. About 1916 the word "vitamins" acquired magic in the eyes of the public. People who did not like lettuce began to eat it; and farmers began to feed cod liver oil to chickens, along with liver. Public health officials and dairymen also began to take an intelligent interest in milk as a food. About that time, too, Dr. E. V. McCollum and his associates of Johns Hopkins University, discovered a vitamin that was soluble in water and this became known as water-soluble vitamin B. A little later an important study on the nutritive value of wheat showed that the germ of wheat was rich in this vitamin B; and in 1922 it was discovered that while this was true, only about 15 per cent of the vitamin B in the wheat kernel was in the germ, owing to the smallness of the germ itself. It was also shown that our modern flour, which utilizes only about 70 per cent of the entire kernel, carries only about 10 per cent of the vitamin B in wheat; and that the balance of the vitamin was to be found in the bran and inner coatings of the kernel.

But the more scientists discovered about this vitamin, the more they found that they still had plenty to learn. Gradually it has been learned that the water-soluble B vitamin really consists of an unknown number of vitamins. Consequently, the whole group is now commonly called the "vitamin B complex," until such time as it is possible to isolate and identify the component parts of the group. Some of these individual vitamins have been isolated, named, and their characteristics studied. Dr. Tisdall explains that: "There are nine vitamins that have been shown to be essential for human nutrition. Of these, four belong to the so-called vitamin B complex, namely, thiamin (or vitamin B₁), riboflavin (or vitamin B₂), nicotinic acid, and pyridoxine (or vitamin B₆). In addition to these, there are six other members of the vitamin B complex which have been shown in animal studies, to be essential for life, which means it will probably be only a matter of time before they are also shown to be necessary for human nutrition."

PERHAPS at this point it would be well to explain something about vitamins and their purpose in food. Let us take this vitamin B₁, called thiamin, as an example, since we are told that most of the vitamins have somewhat the same general purpose. That is to say, they are enzymes, catalysts, or catalytic agents, the function of which is to help in one or more of the chemical processes that go on in the body. They are themselves chemical substances, which, by assisting in the chemical processes, at the same time aid in the complete utilization of food in the body. In the case of thiamin, we appear to be dealing with a vitamin directly related to the releasing of the full energy value of food. Bread is an outstanding food, largely because of its value in providing energy. To release the energy in bread, the carbohydrates (starch) must be transformed during the digestive processes, into sugar; and then the sugar must be burned up, so to speak, before the energy can become effective. Thiamin or vitamin B₁ is an oxidizing agent. It helps the "burning" process, and thus releases the energy in the food. When it is not present in sufficient quantity, we get in our bodies something comparable with a smudge fire when what we need is to have the fuel burned. Dr. Russell M. Wilder, a member of the Mayo Clinic, is recognized as the chief spokesman for the United States government on matters of nutrition and is chairman of the committee of food and nutrition of the U.S. National Research Council. Dr. Wilder says: "The milder degrees of nutritional deficiency, although they are neither fatal nor completely incapacitating, constitute the nub of the problem of malnutrition. They wreck courage. They undermine



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the will to do. They interfere with sleep, so that rest is disturbed. They seriously depress resistance to other disease and, in women, contribute to the occurrence of complications during pregnancy. The undernourished are unable to hold jobs if they find them; they become unemployable. These are some of the things that can make us unhealthy, when we are not "sick."

DR. Tisdall verifies the comment of Dr. Wilder in these words:

"A survey recently completed on a group of office workers showed that no less than 22 per cent had measurable evidences of eye changes produced by a lack of ribo-flavin or vitamin B₂. Dr. Ebbs, here in our clinic, has recently shown in a most dramatic fashion, that pregnant women receiving a poor diet, as compared with those receiving a good diet, had many more complications during the prenatal period labor and during convalescence. Thirteen deaths occurred amongst the children born of the mothers receiving the poor diets, as compared with no deaths in a comparable group born of mothers whose diet had been improved. And so it goes. It is now recognized that there is no one single factor which so affects our health as the food we eat."

HAVING discovered how comparatively ignorant we have been as to the real food values inherent in the wheat kernel, the problem naturally arises as to what is to be done about it. The solution of the problem is not so easy. On the one hand, it is possible to mill flour which will retain more of the germ and branny layers of the kernel and thus make our bread more healthful. It is possible to add the pure vitamins to the flour. It is possible to add it to bread in the form of high-vitamin yeast. It is possible to add it in the form of wheat germ. It is also possible to solve the whole problem simply by eating wholewheat bread.

It is possible to do all these things, but it is not practicable. Wholewheat bread, for example, has been known for years and advocated by many people, but less than two per cent of the bread sold is made from wholewheat. If wheat germ is added to the flour it tends to destroy its keeping qualities and, moreover, there is not enough wheat germ available to add to all bread. If vitamin B₁, for instance, is added to the flour, either in its pure form or in yeast, what about the other vitamins which are also important. The inclusion of more branny layers in the flour, by lengthening the milling process, not only tends to make trouble for the baker, because it appears to change the baking qualities of the flour, but the resulting bread is darker in color and the flour will not keep quite so well in storage. Millers and bakers generally, tend to favor the method more or less accepted in the United States, of "enriching," or "fortifying" bread, by adding the desirable vitamins to the type of flour already being manufactured; and they argue that it is quite as practicable to add a dozen vitamins to the flour, if it is found that so many are needed, as it is to add one.

Dr. L. H. Newman, as Dominion cerealist, was asked by the government to prepare a memorandum on the subject. Consultation with the committee on nutrition of the Canadian Medical Association immediately followed. This committee, through its chairman, Dr. Tisdall, had taken the lead in Canada in investigating the problem and, from the first, had held strongly to the view that it was especially desirable to explore every means of retaining as much of the natural B complex in flour, during the milling process, without rendering white bread unpopular as a result of its changed appearance.

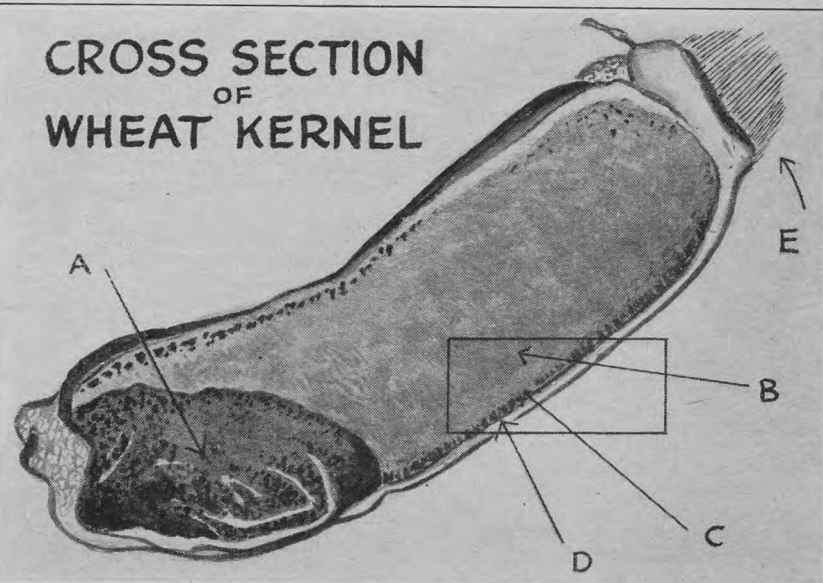
In November, 1940, Dr. Tisdall requested that the cereal division be permitted to take over the work involving milling investigations and milling practices; and since that time a number of promising investigations have been conducted. A statement by Dr. Newman not long ago expressed confidence "that the miller has it in his power to produce a flour carrying an appreciably higher vitamin B content than is carried by our present baker's white flour, and without seriously impairing the color." "According to assays made of baker's white flour," said Dr. Newman, "the latter ordinarily contains approximately 150 international units per pound. The goal set by the medical people is a bread carrying at least 200 I.U. per pound. This would require that the flour must contain over 400 I.U. per pound. If it is possible and practicable to produce a white flour containing, say, 300 I.U. per pound, this would mean that the desired minimum standard could be secured by adding about 100 I.U. per pound, in the form of the synthetic B₁ product, thiamin, or a yeast of high B₁ potency. The idea of trying to step up the natural B₁ content of our white flour, in order to reduce the cost of the loaf, naturally appeals strongly to the bakers, many of whom, otherwise, may find it difficult to absorb the extra cost of using this expensive type of yeast."

A MORE recent statement by Dr.

Newman indicates that a good deal of work has been done lately, not only in the laboratory of the cereal division, but in co-operation with a number of millers and bakers. Information given to The Country Guide by Dr. Newman, states that the first commercial baking was made about the middle of April, of two flours, one containing 365 I.U. of B₁ per pound, and the other flour containing 470 I.U. per pound. "These flours," said Dr. Newman, "were made according to methods which we have found likely to give us a flour higher in B₁ content than that ordinarily produced. A loaf baked from each of these two flours was sent out to about 100 people in Ottawa along with a questionnaire in order to get their reaction. It is quite evident that this bread was well received, as there are practically no serious criticisms of either. The crumb is a little darker than the average white flour, but no one seems to object to this."

Great Britain has officially adopted fortification of bread as a means of maintaining health and morale during

CROSS SECTION OF WHEAT KERNEL



A cross-section of a wheat kernel, or berry, showing: (a) the wheat germ; (b) the starchy endosperm. (c) the aleurone, or inner branny layers; (d) the bran; (e) hairs.

wartime; and after June 1, 1941, all flour manufactured in Canada for shipment overseas, must be improved by the addition of specified quantities of vitamin B₁ (thiamin) and calcium. The decision was arrived at months ago, but lack of sufficient supplies of thiamin, and other difficulties, have prevented its being made effective until now.

In all probability some legal requirement will be formulated in Canada before long, but whether it will be in the nature of a modification of the milling process, or a formal approval of straight fortification, as in the United States and Britain, is by no means certain. It is calculated that the people of the United States now spend \$40,000,000 annually for vitamins, in the form of drugs and other purely artificial forms. Anyone can now buy thiamin, or vitamin B₁, pills in Canada, but there is a great deal to be said for taking our foods as nature evidently intended us to take them. Whether our prejudices and ultra-civilized tastes will prove in the end to be too much for nature's method, remains to be seen.

Western Canada will be especially pleased with the fact, which seems to be emerging from the many studies and experiments now under way, that our newer rust-resistant wheats seem to be richer in the important factors in the vitamin B complex than the older varieties. Since these rust-resistant varieties are now rapidly replacing the older varieties and promise to completely supersede them in the course of time, especially in the heavy wheat-producing areas where rust is most damaging, this is of noteworthy importance. If we may safely assume that our daily bread is due to be reinforced by the nourishing factors which it has lost since the days of our fathers, it may easily mean a substantial increase in bread consumption, in Canada and elsewhere. Figuring the normal extraction of flour to be 74 per cent, an average yield of 90 loaves of bread from a 98-pound sack of flour, and a population of 11,500,000, Canadian domestic consumption of wheat would increase by five million bushels per year if the increase were only a single slice per day per person.

FROM ARMS EMBARGO to LEND, LEASE and DELIVER

Continued from page 8

designed to give agricultural products the same purchasing power in terms of manufactured commodities that they had in the five-year period, 1909-14. The wheat "parity" price for this year is calculated at \$1.13½. The government, therefore, will loan wheat producers up to 85 per cent of that price (about 96.2 cents per bushel) on all wheat they withhold from the market for orderly selling. But they must contract to reduce acreage and production on the basis of a three-year previous normal average for their respective localities. In addition, the farmers also receive "adjustment" payments for marginal land taken out of production, for soil-conserving crops, works against erosion, etc.

These three factors coupled together, it is estimated, will put the market price of wheat, Chicago basis, at "parity" of \$1.13½. Farmers who will not come into the scheme are allowed a small acreage for home use wheat production. Any wheat, the "ins" or the "outs," sell above their allotments is subject to a penalty. At this writing, the penalty figure is still under debate—probably 50 per cent of one-half the parity price.

This is oversimplification of an intricate plan and cited merely as representative of the general scheme of production and price control as part of the defense program. It is an essential part of the United States arming for war, forced into alien economic practices.

The United States proposes to induce its wheat growers, as it has many cotton growers, from producing further unsaleable wheat surpluses to producing more readily consumable and exportable food—hogs, chickens, eggs,

butter and dairy products—for shipment to beleaguered Britain under the terms of the lend-lease bill. It boldly recognizes there can be no return to free agricultural economy in America while Hitler rules Europe.

Thus, the U.S. department of agriculture has bought, and is daily buying, hundreds of millions of pounds of pork meat products, lard, butter, eggs, chicken, cheese, apples, biscuits, cornstarch and other essential foods on the open market. Denying price-fixing, the department maintains it has put a "floor" under prices to encourage farmers to produce surpluses for Britain—paying \$9.00, Chicago basis, for hogs per 100 pounds; butter, 31 cents; chickens, 15 cents; eggs, 22 cents.

THESE prices were calculated on the original bill providing "parity" loans of 75 per cent for the five basic crops—they have a direct relation to corn used as feed. As House and Senate have now agreed to raise the loan percentage to 85, this means some addition to the prices paid by the department for hogs, chickens, eggs butter, etc.—probably about 10 per cent in order to encourage farmers to turn to that type of production.

This is a straight war measure—Americans recognize Hitler has killed most of their export markets; they are anxious now to adjust their food raising economy to help kill him. But the artificial price levels require barriers to keep out foreign competition. Under section 22 of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the U.S. tariff commission investigates any increase in competitive imports affecting the supported prices; recommends quotas to hold such foreign imports to a previous three-year average. That is about to be done now in the case of Canadian wheat imports.

Obviously, the American attitude toward the war is conditioned if not controlled by such factors. The American people cannot, despite their overrated isolationist complex, rest content while German submarines and bombers send the products of their farms, as well as those of their armament factories, paid for out of their pockets, to the bottom of the ocean. The very thought offends the deep, unconscious American instinct for economic self-preservation.

Thus, major opinion has steadily backed the president in all his warlike moves. Certainly, not one man, even of Mr. Roosevelt's great stature, nor any dozen nor hundred leaders could swing this great, confused but sound feeling people of mixed racial extraction—including German and Italian—toward the enormous sacrifice of war by words alone. The leader has merely vocalized the instinctive feeling of the people. That is why the isolationists grow more and more helpless despite their vociferous clamorings.

AMERICANS recognize that their economic troubles were made catastrophic by the German plotting for a war of revenge all through the 1920's. They poured money like water into Europe to soothe the savages. But money could not replace the loss of American authority when they washed their hands of European political responsibility. They know now that the European collapse engineered by the Germans pre-saged the great American depression; that the steady fall of American farm prices all through the 1920's as European markets gradually constricted under the pressure of insane nationalism was the herald of that collapse and depression. Every desperate economic expedient has been tried by American political minds to cope with its results but at the very best they have been palliatives and not cures.

Americans instinctively feel that this whole business is fundamentally wrong; they are beginning to understand where the blame belongs; they are having vivid proofs in the sending of their money and the products of their laborious efforts to Davy Jones' locker. They are rolling up their sleeves, pulling in their belts, taxing themselves to agony, putting away thoughts of new cars, refrigerators, homes; they are hammering their plowshares into swords as a terrible wrath deepens and grows in their hearts.

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Pests in the Garden

ONCE the vegetable garden is planted in the spring, it seems no time at all until it is necessary to make war on numerous pests that attack vegetable crops. There seems to be an eternal conflict for survival in nature, between life in its various forms.

Aphids, cutworms, wireworms and caterpillars are busy from early spring to autumn in some cases. June is a very troublesome month, owing perhaps to the fact that growth is more vigorous during June, with the result that insects have gradually adapted themselves to reach this period of most abundant food, just when that stage in their life history is reached when the greatest amount of food is required.

The beet webworm, which appears as a slim, active caterpillar, one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch long, green to yellow in color, with dark lines or circles, is likely to attack all of the common vegetables through June, July and August. It eats the leaves and if the worms are numerous, the plants may be completely defoliated. The plants and the surrounding weeds should be sprayed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of arsenate of lead to 40 gallons of water. If Paris green is used, from one-half to one pound of Paris green to 40 gallons of water will be required; and it will also be necessary to use two pounds of hydrated lime for each pound of Paris green used, in order that the foliage will not be burned.

If the worms are not present, protection can be furnished by digging a trench around the garden, or making furrows in which are placed dampened fresh pigweed, mixed with arsenate of lead at the rate of 50 pounds pigweed to one pound of arsenate of lead. If the worms are moving in, in large numbers, a trench filled with water, with a film of used crankcase oil on top, will stop them.

When making arsenate of lead spray or other poison sprays, it is well to remember that they should be kept well mixed; and the best way of preparing the spray is to mix the poison with water to make a thin paste, and then stir the smooth thin paste into the water.

Poisons Are Dangerous

One of the first things the gardener learns about controlling insect pests in the garden, is that the same poison will not be satisfactory with all pests. Aphids, for example, must be killed with a contact poison that must hit the body of the insect. Leaf-eating insects on the other hand, and all others that chew their food, must be attacked with something that will act as a stomach poison.

Poisons, as everyone knows, must be used carefully on plants that are being grown for human food; and with certain vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflower or lettuce, this is particularly true. Most poisons are dangerous on such vegetables after the heads are formed. Consequently a poison like Derris is a very useful poison to have on hand, because it is not dangerously poisonous to humans and it can be used either as a stomach, or as a contact poison, for insects. One part of Derris containing four per cent of rotenone, and four parts of flour, sulphur or other inactive carrier, mixed together thoroughly by shaking in a closed container, makes a dust ready to apply. All leaf surfaces, top and bottom should be covered. Sometimes the dust is put into a cheesecloth bag and while the bag is held over the plants it is tapped with a stick. If this dust is to be applied for contact insects, it should be applied during the warm part of a calm day. If for a biting insect, it should be used when the plants are wet from dew or rain.

The Currant Fruit Fly

An insect that is giving an increasing amount of trouble in prairie Canada is the currant fruit fly. Like a great many other fly pests, this one lays its eggs in the body of the young fruit and these hatch out into maggots which infest the currant berries. Of course the most certain method of control is to enclose the currant bushes with cheese cloth or wire fly screen to keep the flies off. Many will not care to do this unless there is only one or two bushes.

Fruit and Garden

Spraying can be very effective if well done, but two applications of arsenate of lead are required. The first one should be applied when the lilacs are in full bloom and the second one about a week or ten days later. The arsenate of lead is applied at the rate of one and a half pounds to 40 gallons of water, which is the same as three ounces for each five gallons, or one ounce of arsenate of lead to a gallon and two-thirds of water.

The second spray will kill all currant worms that are present; and if the poultry is allowed the run of the fruit plantation after the fruit has been picked, they will help to lessen the numbers of the pest.

Nicotine Sulphate

Aphids give a lot of trouble with all sorts of plants, vegetables, fruits, house plants and even trees and shrubs. Being sucking insects, they require a contact spray or dust and for the control of aphids, nicotine sulphate is frequently used. Twelve ounces mixed with ten pounds of hydrated lime, or for small quantities, two teaspoons to 12 ounces

of hydrated lime, provides the proper proportions. Effective mixing is obtained by shaking the two substances together thoroughly in an air-tight container; and if a few pebbles are put in with the mixture to be shaken, they tend to prevent balling, and help in the mixing.

Nicotine sulphate spray is made by dissolving one ounce of soap in warm water, allowing to cool and adding one and a half teaspoons of nicotine sulphate. These quantities call for one gallon of water. Thorough mixing is, of course, necessary. Ten gallons of spray call for two ounces of nicotine sulphate and eight ounces of soap.

The aphids, or plant lice, as they are often called, are injurious in both the young and adult stages. Most species of plants that are attacked by aphids have their own species of the insect; and these suck out the vital juices of the plant and cause the leaves to curl and the plants to wilt and become unthrifty. The aphids are usually found in clusters and are small, soft-bodied insects appearing green, grey or black in color.

Something About Sand Cherries

WHENEVER one meets a western Canadian who is discouraged with the prospects for growing fruit on our prairies, there are nine chances out of ten that he has been growing seedling sand cherries, and seedling sand cherries only. On every hand one finds the women folk disliking the sand cherry and leaving it unused, and the farmer pulling out the plants or planning to do so. And no wonder, for when a sand cherry is of low value it is of very low value, just a stone with a little astringent skin around it, and the least bit of flesh with a poor flavor.

The most easily obtainable sand cherries are Sioux, Champa, Mando, Manmoor, Brooks, and Black Beauty. Sioux has a fruit of medium or smallish size, very mild in flavor, so mild that some people think it flat. The plant tends to prostrate habit which may be a gain from the standpoint of protection from rabbits, but entails extra trouble in weeding and propping up the branches in summer. Champa, probably not quite pure in blood, is very high in quality, but ripens late, in September, and the upper fruit buds weaken after a severe winter. It should be bent down under snow cover in many districts. Mando and Manmoor are Morden Station introductions that may be taken to represent advances in their class. Brooks is a very large cherry, but the flavor, though not unpleasant, is rather strong. The plant grows slowly, considerably more slowly than Champa, for instance, but the leaves seem to be entirely free of mildew. This feature may betoken some Jap plum blood, and should be an advantage in humid districts. Black Beauty is a Chipman variety that has not yet fruited for me, but is doubtless worthy of a place in our gardens.

The choice between one named variety and another is a small thing compared with the choice between any

named variety and the average seedling, let alone the low grade ones. All the foregoing sorts may be taken as worth the money asked for the plants, and the start of big things if one intends to propagate for himself.

How the idea became broadcast it is hard to imagine, that good sand cherry plants could be grown from seed. Everyone knows that if he were planning to start an apple orchard in B.C. he would choose his variety with the utmost care, and buy only grafted or budded plants of the greatest uniformity obtainable. Perhaps it is because we are wheat growers, and know that with this self-fertilized crop if we sow Marquis seed, or Thatcher seed, we will get Marquis or Thatcher according to our sowing. But cross-fertilized plants are very different. Every seedling is a new variety. The chance is ninety-nine out of a hundred or more that it is of less value than its parents, but poor or good, it must nevertheless be regarded as a new variety, with an individuality all its own.

One should never buy a seedling sandcherry—it is too much like buying a pig in a poke. Neither the buyer nor the seller knows anything of its worth until it has fruited, and no stable, self-respecting business can be built on such a basis. If there ever was a time for the dissemination of seedling sand cherries, it is now over. We now have plenty of named varieties of the sand cherry, that are superior to the average seedling just as commercial apples are superior to chance crabs. If we cannot afford to buy all the budded or grafted plants we need, we should buy one plant of each sort we choose, and learn to propagate for ourselves. To try to substitute seedlings is to run the risk of a disappointment that may keep us from realizing for many years the possibilities in home-grown fruit, and so miss many advantages.—Percy H. Wright.



Many dirty berries are prevented and moisture is conserved in hot dry weather, if the straw-berries are mulched with straw, lawn clippings, or other fairly fine cover.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "THE GUIDE"

Questions

Q. (M. Rogasky, Ruthenia, Man.): How should I transplant sand cherries and raspberries and when? Also how far apart should the sand cherries be?

A. Sand cherries and raspberries transplant successfully. The earlier in spring this operation is performed, the better for the plants. After transplanting, the cherry bushes are cut back to about a foot from the ground. The raspberry canes are cut back to a height of four inches. Sand cherries should be spaced six feet by eight feet, or wider. Dig the plants carefully to save as much root as possible. Plant in a large hole, spread the roots out widely, set about two inches deeper than the plant grew before, tramp moist top soil in firmly with the heel of your boot.

* * *

Q. (Mrs. A. F., Brooks, Alta.): For some years my sweet peas have a soft green fly on the vines that practically kills them. Is there anything one can do for it?

A. It is good policy to rotate your garden crops. In case of sweet peas, root-rot troubles are likely to increase if planted year after year in the same soil. The aphids, or green flies, may be destroyed by spraying with nicotine sulphate, or Black Leaf 40. Use one tablespoon of the poison in two gallons of soapy water, and spray the foliage thoroughly. Only the insects actually hit by the spray will be killed. Repeat the spraying in four or five days' time.

* * *

Q. (Mrs. A. F., Alta.): I have a low place in the lawn which I would like to fill up. Can one remove the sod carefully, fill up with dirt and replace the sod?

A. Your scheme for levelling your lawn is excellent. Cut the turf with a circular grass edging tool, or with the back of a sharp spade, in strips about a foot wide and in two or three-foot lengths. Some gardeners prefer to make the strips into 15-inch squares. Then skim the grass off with a flat turfing tool or sharp clean spade to a depth of about two inches. Pile the sods on top of one another to conserve soil moisture. Then fill in the depression with rich soil. Pack and fill to the desired level. Relay the sod, roll with a heavy roller and then soak with soft water. The grass should immediately re-establish itself. The safest time of the year to do this re-sodding is probably in mid-September when the period of hot winds is past.

* * *

Q. (W. H. P., Grayson, Sask.): Where is the proper place for young spruce in a windbreak of one row of willow, two of maples and one of elm, spaced four feet by four feet, being planted this spring, and how far should they be spaced from the other trees?

A. Spruce is a long-lived tree and should be planted so that it will not be brushed by the branches of other trees in the neighboring row. For that reason it seems best to have spruce placed at least 8 to 12 feet from broad-leaved trees, on the inside of the shelter-belt. Spruce do well in cultivated ground and may be planted from 4 to 12 feet apart. Four, five or six feet apart means that the branches of adjacent trees will soon meet. Close planting encourages trees to put on rapid growth in height. Wider spacing means more extensive spread of branches and a tendency to grow in height somewhat more slowly. There are some very good plantings in Manitoba where trees were set over 40 years ago as close as two feet apart in the row.

* * *

Q. (Mrs. T. E. C., Sask.): Tomatoes are badly infested each year with a small black fly.

A. Psylla are jumping plant-lice. They may be destroyed by contact spray, such as nicotine sulphate, kerosene emulsion, and probably lime sulphur. Dry lime sulphur can be purchased from at least some of the seed houses in western Canada, and from some of the hardware stores and drug stores. It might be well to try some of your tomatoes in a different position, and at the first sign of plant lice spray your plants even if it is only with a stream of finely divided cold water.

The Farm Flock

Marketing the Broilers

YOUNG poultry will do much better if the pullets are separated from the cockerels at an early age. The cockerels can be forced then for early market. This rule applies even more so to the light breeds of poultry such as Leghorns because of their nervous temperament.

A good many poultry keepers purchase pullet chicks to avoid the unnecessary expense or trouble of rearing the young cockerels, others kill the Leghorn males just as soon as they can be identified.

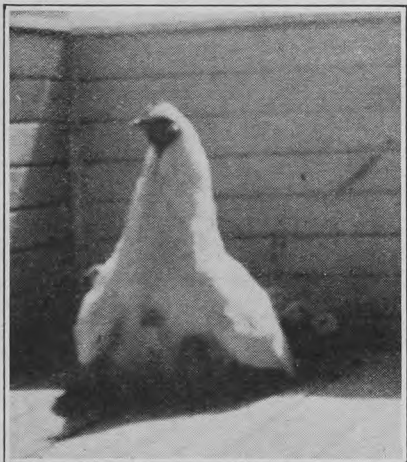
Leghorn cockerels intended for market purposes will command more money for the feed used if sold as broilers at an age varying from 8 to 12 weeks and weighing 1½ to 2½ pounds. After that period they become restless, troublesome to the pullets and become staggy. They also consume more feed for each pound of grain made than they do during the early stages of growth.

In some sections of the country a few have caponized these young cockerels, hoping to produce a table bird weighing, when finished, 3½ to 4 pounds and designed for the British market.

The British housewife favors a percentage of small finished chickens and this requirement is harder to meet with the heavier breeds of poultry. However, this project is only in its infancy and more general information will be required before it should be adopted as a policy by Canadian poultrymen.

Putting the Capons to Work

Last summer I wrote you about capons and said I would try and send you a picture but I never got one that suited me. This capon in 1939 mothered 57



Capon mothering chicks for Mrs. E. A. Woodman, North Edmonton, who says he mothered and raised 57 chicks in 1939 and three batches in 1940. She sold him to a man who expects to use him in 1941.

little chicks and raised them all, and then mothered a second batch. In 1940 he mothered three batches. I sold him to a man with a batch of little chicks and he expects to use him this year again.—Mrs. E. A. Woodman, Alberta.

Clean Eggs Are Better

The Dominion government received, from the British Ministry of Food, a special order for 5,400,000 dozens of eggs, for shipment during the month of May. The eggs were to be 60 per cent grade A and 40 per cent grade B. It is probable that further substantial orders for Canadian eggs will be received and poultry producers should give even closer attention than they have heretofore, to the quality of eggs marketed, especially since much improvement in quality can take place without adding anything to the cost of producing the eggs.

The matter of cleanliness alone is important, since many eggs that would ordinarily grade A must go into grade B because they are soiled. If the entire order from the British Ministry of Food, amounting to 180,000 cases of 30 dozen each, could have been supplied as Grade A, it would have been more acceptable to the British government and the price to the Canadian producers would have been about two cents higher.

Many eggs are soiled because the hens are allowed to run about muddy yards and come back to the nests with muddy feet. Since the majority of eggs are laid

in the early part of the day, it helps to keep eggs clean, if the hens are not allowed out until later in the day. If they have a chance to range for two, or three, or four hours before going to roost, they can get sufficient green feed to keep them in health. Clean litter in the henhouse also makes for cleaner eggs.

Once eggs are soiled it is not very satisfactory to attempt to clean them. Dirt can of course be washed off, but surprising as it may seem, cleaning off the dirt tends to hasten spoilage of the eggs. Dirty eggs should, of course, be cleaned, but it simply means that they will not stay fresh as long as eggs that were not allowed to get dirty.

Cool Eggs For Quality

Authorities state that perhaps the greatest factor in maintaining the quality of eggs is temperature. The body heat of the egg should be eliminated as soon as possible; and of course the best way to do this is to gather the eggs fairly frequently and store them immediately in a room with a temperature as nearly at 50 degrees as possible. It is not desirable to store eggs at temperatures much below 50 degrees, owing to the fact that they may sweat heavily when brought out into higher temperatures later.

Perhaps the most effective preventive of the effects of temperature is to keep the males away from the hens during the hot weather, since fertile eggs start to germinate when the temperature gets to about 70 degrees. It is surprising how long it takes to cool eggs from the body heat down to a temperature even slightly below the germinating point. If you have three layers of eggs in a wire tray for example, the centre eggs will require three hours to cool to a point below 68 degrees.

It is authoritatively reported that an egg in the centre of a wire basket containing 156 eggs required five hours to cool; and an egg in the centre of a galvanized pail also containing 156 eggs, required ten hours to cool.

Mites in the Hen-House

It is a matter of simple common sense to believe that hens cannot lay so well, if they are troubled with mites and lice. A good way to handle the lice is to paint the underside of the roost occasionally with nicotine sulphate.

Mites are indicated when, around the cracks and crevices of the roosts, nests and walls, greyish-white deposits are to be seen. If the mites are filled with blood they will be red, and if they are allowed to get numerous in the henhouse, they may have the effect of stopping egg production altogether. If they are noticed, therefore, it is time for a henhouse cleaning. The most satisfactory way to do this is to be as thorough as possible with it. Clean out all the litter and dust from the house, wash the walls and fixtures and fill all the cracks and crevices with a strong coal-tar disinfectant.

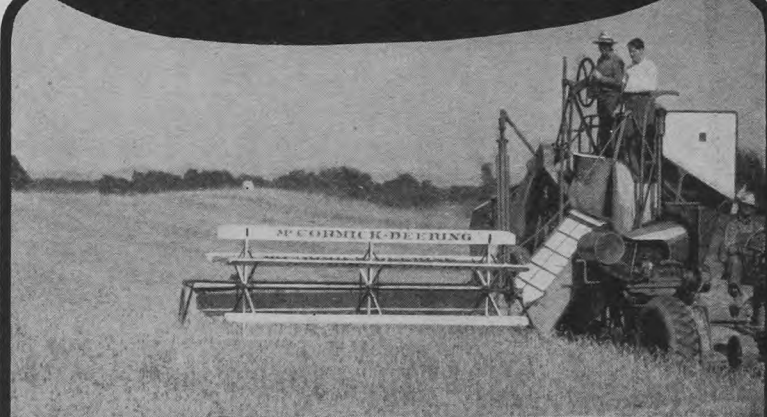
The Broody Hen

Some hens are persistent mothers and insist on going broody long after the season when their co-operation may be required for this purpose. If a hen once goes broody and is given enough time to really make up her mind that she wants to sit, she may be kept out of production for several weeks.

If the nests are looked at each evening when the hens should be going to roost and any hens found in them removed, it is possible to break up the broodiness in two or three days. Perhaps the most satisfactory method is to put them immediately into a special cage with slat bottom and wire sides, so that the air has a chance to circulate around and under them all the time. This is discouraging to the hen and she gives up the idea fairly soon as a rule.

Some hens get the idea fairly frequently and the best thing to do in that case is to get rid of the hen. If a colored leg-band, or even a colored string is put on the hen the first time she goes broody, and a string of a different color used for the second time, it is easier to tell which hens to cull out of the flock when the time comes, or when something is wanted for the pot on Sunday.

These Quality Combines Put MORE Grain in the Bin AT LOWEST COST



WITH A NEW McCormick-Deering Harvester-Thresher working in your fields this year, you will be using a smooth-running, dependable machine that does the *most efficient* job in the grain. Makes no difference whether the crop is tall or short, straight or tangled, *each acre puts more grain in the bin, and more easily*, when one of these time-tested outfits handles the harvest.

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on the No. 31-RD, 12 or 15-foot cut (shown at top), and the No. 22, 8 or 10-foot cut (right), make them the year's combine bargains. Look them over, along with the 6-foot No. 61 and the 4-foot No. 42, at your International Harvester dealer's.



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One man, using this 4-foot combine, can harvest all threshable crops with surprising economy.



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SURE-GRIP gives maximum traction in any soil . . . saves you money. Ask your Goodyear dealer about the special Type X SURE-GRIP for low-cost changeover from steel to rubber . . . it will modernize your tractor.

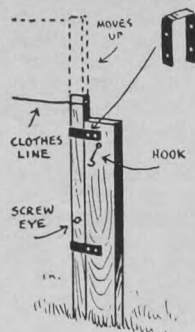
FP7



Gadgets for Summer Use

They come in handy around farm and farmyard

Adjustable Clothesline



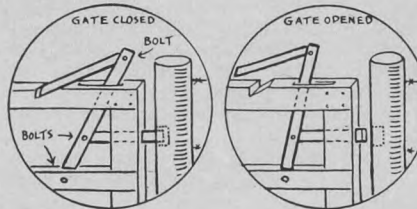
A clothesline must be fairly low to hang the clothes on, but it often is a source of inconvenience when not in use. To make it adjustable in height it is fastened to two hardwood bars which slide up and down in U-shaped metal pieces. It is held up by an ordinary screw hook.—D. H. Edgeworth.

Bending a Pipe

It is known that to bend a pipe successfully is not as easy to do as to bend a solid rod. It has a tendency to cave in, or bend flat, even if it is hot. To prevent this, fill and block the pipe hard with sand and heat red hot. Then the pipe will bend nicely and round in the place, and to the shape required. When cool shake out the sand from the pipe.—M. Pilichowski, Rama, Sask.

Horseback Girl's Gate

The only iron on this gate latch is three bolts and a piece of strap iron for

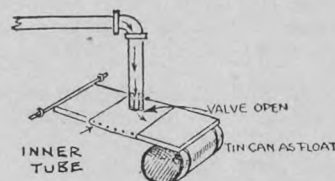


the upright. The gate may be closed and opened from the saddle. It is much handler if the gate is made to swing both ways.—Horseback Girl, Northmark, Alta.

To Mend Cracked Window

You gave a simple way to keep the glass in a cracked window by sewing two buttons outside and in together. A neater job can be made by using two pieces of strong clear mica or celluloid, either round or square, and fastening them together by fine wire. The wire will not rot and the celluloid is scarcely noticed.—W. Spence, R.R.1, Port Arthur, Ontario.

Simple Control Valve



This is a simple way to make a valve to control the flow of water from a tank to a trough. It brings in another use for the well-known inner tube. A bit of board is hinged as shown. To it is attached an empty tin can of say a gallon capacity. This presses the rubber against the end of the pipe and shuts off the water when the trough is full.

Waterproofing Tank

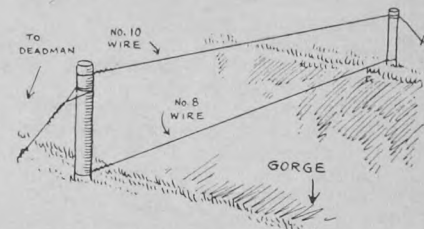
A reader had a concrete tank which he made two feet higher. It now leaks through the new part, he says. Since the original tank did not leak and he probably used the same care in building the new part, the water no doubt leaks through the joint between the old and new concretes. Painting over this joint on the inside with water glass should stop the trouble; or you can get good commercial concrete waterproofing paints through your paint dealer.—I.W.D.

When Weighing a Pig

I would like to make this suggestion in regard to hog weighing which I found very satisfactory. Place on the scale a large horse collar with the side coming next to the shoulder on top. Lay the hogs with their backs in the collar and they will lie still.—J. J. Sawatsky, Box 30, Arnaud, Man.

Wire and Post Bridge

An emergency foot bridge was set up quickly across a gorge by setting a post on each bank, bracing it securely, then running a No. 10 wire from post top to post top and a No. 8 wire from each post at ground level in the manner indicated.



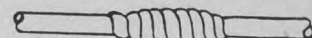
The wires are quite taut and it is an easy matter to walk across on the lower one, by holding on to the upper one to maintain balance. This is probably the simplest type of suspension bridge which can be left for use for a long time.—Dale Van Horn.

To Prevent Paint Creeping

Painting a straight line on wood, composition material or metal is made easier if the line is first scribed with a sharp knife blade. The cut forms a barrier beyond which the paint does not spread easily. The scribed line should be very light, just enough to break the surface.—Norman Harris, Edgeworth, Sask.

Temporary Pipe Repair

A handy way to make temporary repairs for cracked or leaky pipes is to wrap a strip of tightly stretched inner tube around the pipe over the break and fasten with friction tape, heavy cord, or soft wire. This will hold until



the pipe can be replaced or a permanent repair made, and may save throwing the water system out of use at an inconvenient time.

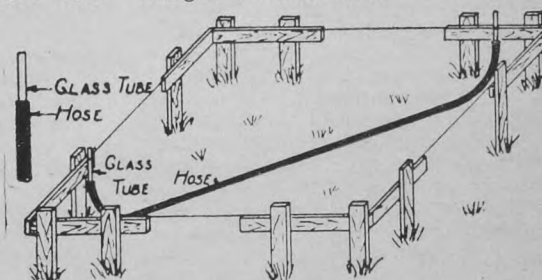
Child-proof Gate

Our little girl got the habit of going out through the garden gate and getting into danger. I stopped that by putting an ordinary snap on the gate and a ring in the post. By the time she is big enough to undo the snap she will be more able to take care of herself.—Geo. Ray.



Levelling Foundation

The diagram shows clearly how to use a garden hose to level up a building foundation. Use a 50-foot section of garden hose and insert a steam engine water glass in each end, fastening them in place firmly by means of friction tape. Now fill the hose with water, hold one glass against the batter board at one corner and the other glass at the opposite corner or at any other desired point. The water lines in the two glasses will give an exact level.



LAYING OUT GROUND FOR FOUNDATION



Neighborhoodly News

FROM THE
FRIENDLY ELEVATOR

PROVINCIAL LOCAL NEWS,
WHEAT BRIEFS AND FEATURES
OF GENERAL INTEREST TO
SHAREHOLDERS AND CUSTOMERS



UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

"THE ORGANIZED FARMER IN BUSINESS"

VOL. 3

JUNE, 1941

No. 3

Wheat Movement Has Been Large

If one were to count up the number of bushels moved one mile the movement of Canadian wheat during the month of May must have been one of the greatest on record. Wheat was flowing steadily from farms to elevators, from elevators into railway cars, in railway cars to the terminal elevators, through terminal elevators into Great Lakes vessels, down the lakes to eastern ports and across the Atlantic. At times wheat shipments were being made from eastern ports in trans-Atlantic vessels consigned to Great Britain, at the rate of more than one million bushels a day. Such a rate of course is far in excess of British requirements for a year. In part the heavy movement is doubtless designed to accumulate reserves of food in Great Britain as precaution against any period in which food arrivals might be shut off for a time by an invasion attempt or more successful blockade measures. In part, too, the heavy shipments are possibly preparation against a time when the flow of munitions from this side of the Atlantic will be so great as to leave less space for the transport of wheat.

This heavy movement overseas combined with the emptying of a good deal of eastern elevator space during the last winter, left large gaps in storage accommodation. To fill those gaps there, heavy shipments of wheat have been going down the Great Lakes. Here again, war necessities dictate speed. Later on it may be the case that many lake vessels will be transferred to ocean service to take the place of vessels sunk by enemy action. Other vessels may have to be diverted to other traffic, especially the movement of iron ore down the Great Lakes from Minnesota ports. Canadian vessels are, as a rule, precluded from taking part in that traffic on account of the coastal shipping laws of the United States when cargo is going from one American port to another. But to speed up the American armament program, it is now proposed to allow Canadian vessels to take part in that trade. It has been important therefore to get wheat forward with all speed before there can be any chance of interruption of the flow.

As terminal elevators at the head of the lakes have been emptied, there has been more room for grain to be shipped out of country elevators and this in turn has created room for receiving more deliveries from the country. Farmers have been glad to take advantage of the opportunity of delivery even during the rush of seeding time and daily deliveries have been exceptionally heavy for this season.

Practically all wheat delivered by farmers of late has been for account of the Canadian Wheat Board. For a considerable time the open market price was somewhat above the Wheat Board initial price. Many farmers on that account sold their wheat outright instead of delivering it to the Wheat Board. The greatest advantage of the market differential was on lower grades and in the provinces of Manitoba

Need for Scientific Research Into Agricultural Problems

What is Canada's wheat policy going to be in the future? No one can say right now, of course, because no one knows what wheat trade is going to be possible in the world that will follow the war. And until it is known what the wheat policy of the country can be it is difficult to say what the policy of the country with respect to western Canada as a whole will be.

But the intelligent policy concerning wheat, and concerning western Canada will have to be based on two essential principles. These are:

Restore as completely as possible Canada's formerly great export trade in wheat.

Reduce as far as possible the dependence of the West on the export of wheat for human food by providing what alternative sources of income are possible.

The most important step towards the first of these objects is to win the war. Only by doing so will it be possible to establish conditions under which the agricultural produce of Canada can find a satisfactory market. After the war is won there will be much more to be done, but just what it is is difficult to say until we have discovered in what kind of a world we shall then be living.

But so far as the second object is concerned, there is no need to wait until after the end of the war. The country has had impressed upon it just how vulnerable its position is when it depends so exclusively as western Canada has done upon one source of income. Whatever the future is to bring, whether the export wheat trade is to be prosperous or depressed, the country needs a broader base for its economic foundations than it has had in the past.

Those are general principles with which most people would agree. They can be applied in several different ways. The one way to which this article will direct attention is the promotion of scientific research into the agricultural possibilities of the West.

Back in April the National Farm Chemurgic Council held its seventh annual meeting at Chicago. Two representatives of United Grain Growers Limited attended in order to see just what is being accomplished in the United States by the application of chemistry to the problems of agriculture. It is not necessary to report on details of the meeting, for many of the discussions necessarily dealt with aspects of the agricultural problems which are special to the United States, and are not found in Canada. But one problem is the same there as in Canada, that of agricultural surpluses, and it is interesting to note just what advances in chemistry are doing both to solve and to intensify such problems.

As a result of the activities of the National Chemurgic Council the department of agriculture of the United States government has set up four regional laboratories, each costing over a million dollars, to endeavor to find industrial uses for agricultural surpluses. These have just

Increased Demand for Hog Products

Effective on April 18, 1941, a limited system of rationing consumption of pork products in Canada came into effect. To secure the quantity of such products required for export to Great Britain, packers are now compelled to restrict their domestic sales of such products to the quantities sold during corresponding periods in 1940.

That situation indicates a great change from conditions as they appeared some months ago to some officials when there was anxiety lest there should be an overproduction of hogs in Canada which would result in accumulation of surplus products in Canada, and there was care not to give any advice to farmers to increase hog production. Several factors have contributed to the change, most important of which of course has been the willingness of the British authorities to take increased quantities of bacon from Canada, and the ability to supply shipping space to move it. Also important has been an increased consumption of meat in Canada, by military forces in training, and by the civilian population. The food purchasing capacity has increased as more and more people have been absorbed in employment. To some extent also exports of Canadian hogs to the United States has contributed to clearing the country of surpluses.

Great Britain, of course, can use vastly greater quantities of meat than are at present available there. Home production has dropped because of the scarcity of feed-stuffs. Imports are limited by the amount of cargo space that can be spared for them, and they are cut down also by the quantities, inevitably large, which are sunk at sea. How long the United States might have need of imports from Canada cannot be predicted. That depends both on the appetites of consumers there, and the speed with which farmers can increase production. But the United States government hopes to be able to keep the price of live hogs up to a basis of nine cents a pound at Chicago, and that is sufficiently higher than the basis now prevailing in Canada to make practicable continued movement of hogs from some areas in Canada to some areas in the United States.

It was because of this increased demand for Canadian pork products that the British government, in order to make sure of a continuous flow of supplies, increased the price to be paid for Canadian bacon. The Canadian Bacon Board passed this on by way of an increase of \$1.00 per hundred pounds of bacon, and in turn that has had its effect on the market price of hogs.

These developments are of particular importance in western Canada, where farmers, deprived of the opportunity to obtain their usual income from wheat, are seeking earnings from other sources. There is a large increase all over Canada in hog production, and more particularly in the West. Western farmers are also devoting a much increased acreage to feed grains, induced not

Continued on Page 32

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Wheat Movement Has Been Large

Continued from Page 31

and Saskatchewan. In Alberta the Wheat Board price was comparatively better because Wheat Board prices are based not on freight rates to the head of the lakes but on lower freight rates to Vancouver, and the Wheat Board bears the extra cost of freight when wheat actually has to be moved to lakehead terminals as for a long time has been the case.

On April 22, however, elevator companies had to give up the practice of buying wheat in the country. Open market prices still remain nominally above the Wheat Board level because they are pegged and transaction below pegged prices are forbidden. Occasionally for a brief period open-market price has risen slightly above the pegged price. Frequently it has been possible to sell considerable quantities of wheat at the pegged price and, on the other hand, there have been long periods when no buyers were available at pegged prices. Consequently all that could be done for farmers desiring to sell on the open market was to give them an opportunity to list their grain for sale, if and when an opportunity for such sale should arise.

Wheat Board initial prices, with the addition of farm storage charges, are now substantially above the basis of 70 cents per bushel, basis No. 1 Northern in store at the head of the lakes or Vancouver. On August 1, however, the Wheat Board initial price will revert to the 70-cent basis, again to be advanced from time to time during the crop year by addition of farm storage charges. On August 1, also, a strict quota system will come into effect limiting deliveries of wheat that can be made throughout the crop year

1941-42. No farmer, therefore, can afford to carry over wheat he desires to dispose of after that date. Every effort is being made to see that farmers have an opportunity of delivering all old-crop wheat before July 31. Large additional storage space which has been provided by annexes to country elevators and which is now being provided by annexes to terminal elevators at the head of the lakes, together with rapid movement of wheat out of lake-head terminals, makes it probable that this can be accomplished. But there can be no assurance that country elevators at many points will not remain plugged for some considerable time, or that space will be available exactly when farmers wish to haul wheat.

To avoid inconvenience, farmers should watch closely the situation at their own elevator points and be prepared to take advantage of space when it can be secured. Customers of United Grain Growers Limited are urged to keep in touch with their elevator agent and let him know just what quantity of grain they still have to deliver and when they wish to haul it. That will help in making best possible arrangements to take care of their needs. At the end of the current crop year, there is going to be very little empty space in country elevators and many country elevators and their annexes are almost certain to be completely filled. It is going to take the most careful consideration of the needs at each individual point, and the greatest care in assigning railway cars for shipments from different elevator points to make sure that inconvenience is avoided.

Need for Scientific Research Into Agricultural Problems

Continued from Page 31

got under way, and although one of them seems to have made important progress in studies of the manufacture and use of sweet potato starch, it may be some little time before there are important accomplishments. The moral of this is that such developments take time. One of the laboratories is studying the production of and use of industrial alcohol. There has been a good deal of argument as to whether or not it is economically sound to expect that a considerable percentage of the motor fuel of the future will be alcohol derived from agricultural products, and if so what those products will be. There has been a good deal of doubt about it for a country so well supplied with oil as the United States is at present, but evidently the argument is not settled as yet.

Then at the convention one heard a great deal about the soya bean, which now produces an annual crop of something like 100 million bushels in the United States. The soya bean is very rich both in proteins and in oil, and some important uses for the oil are developing. One of these is in manufacture of plastics which replace or substitute for metals in manufacture. It is quite possible, for example, that before long, plastics will replace steel in the manufacture of motor car bodies, and some use of plastics to replace aluminum in the building of airplane bodies is commencing. In spite of these uses of the soya bean for industrial purposes, it is still produced mainly for food and feed. Whether such remains the case, or whether the soya bean becomes primarily a source of raw material for industry was not the matter of chief concern for the Canadian representatives. They reflected that in alfalfa and in the soya bean, United States agriculture is provided with two wonderfully valuable leguminous crops, crops which have the faculty, as no non-leguminous crops have, of adding to the richness of the soil by extracting nitrogen from the air. Western agriculture needs, and needs more every year, a corresponding crop to be included in rotations in western Canada. Both alfalfa and the soya bean have been grown to some limited extent, and in parts of western Canada sweet clover has been found of some use in this country. But

there are few parts of the West which would not profit by growing vastly more of such types of crops, or from having a leguminous crop more suited to their needs than has yet appeared. Here is a field for scientific research which should not be neglected. The western farmer can demand of research institutions that they provide him with a leguminous crop suitable to his climatic and soil conditions, and that they show both agriculture and industry how the products of such a crop can be used to best advantage.

A new fabric was shown, spun from the casein of milk, with many of the properties of wool. Anyone inclined to scoff should remember how artificial fabrics, some made from wood and some from cotton, have largely replaced silk, wool and cotton fabrics formerly used. A new fabric is coming into the market, which looks like silk, and in some respects is better than silk, and millions of pairs of women's stockings have already been made from it. And it is made mainly from coal. It is impossible to say yet whether that new fabric will injure most the interests of silk producers, of cotton producers, or of wool producers. But evidently it is going to work against the interests of some agricultural producers. Considering that fact, and the fact that science, in developing oil fuels that have destroyed the formerly existing demand for feed for horses, one comes to the conclusion that if the farmer has not already got chemistry working for him, it is high time to do something about it. That thought is even more impressive when developments are described under which the Germans are either producing, or hope to produce, both animal and human food from wood wastes.

From another source a different development of chemistry is of interest to farmers. For some years scientists have been teaching the public about vitamins, mysterious chemical substances of small bulk, found in some food products and not in others. One of these is known as vitamin B₁, found importantly in the germ of wheat, which is removed in milling. Science is now manufacturing this as a chemical known as thiamin chloride, and the govern-

ments of both the United States and Great Britain are now demanding that this chemical be added to flour. Canadian flour exported to Great Britain is now being so fortified.

There is good reason to believe that agricultural products of western Canada are stronger in many necessary vitamins than food produced elsewhere. Science needs to be put to work on this problem in the interests of western agriculture to see that full advantage is taken of whatever opportunities exist to supply the needs of the world for vitamins, and that an essential part of the food market of the world is not lost.

These, of course, are not new thoughts so far as United Grain Growers Limited is concerned. Several years ago when this company first advocated the establishment of a Canadian Wheat Institute, one of the functions proposed was encouraging research into industrial uses of farm products. And in presenting the Wheat Institute plan to the Royal Grain Inquiry Commission the company's representative pointed out how a valuable use in Newfoundland for Canadian flour had been lost because it was found that the people there were suffering from a vitamin deficiency. This was corrected by supplying them with a specially prepared flour milled in England, largely from wheats grown elsewhere than in Canada, which this country might just as well have supplied had necessary steps been taken in time.

Now that the whole agricultural future of western Canada is under earnest discussion, the need for intensified scientific research on problems of the farmer is growing steadily more apparent.

Increased Demand for Hog Products

Continued from Page 31

only by the government bonus for such increase, but also by the need of more grain for their feeding operations, or the desire to substitute a cash income from coarse grains for the wheat income they used to count on. Practically every farmer asks what the market prospects are for his coarse grains and for his hogs.

No one can give a satisfactory answer, because no one knows how the battle of the Atlantic is going to develop during the coming months. If the submarine menace can be sufficiently curbed, and if air attacks on merchant ships can be driven off, it is not improbable that Great Britain will want all the Canadian bacon that can be supplied. There is hope in that connection not only in the efforts of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, and in the steady expansion of the Canadian Navy, but also in the determination of the United States to see that the munitions supplied by that country reach Great Britain in safety. Whether or not that determination will lead to participation of the United States navy in the war, and if so, how soon, are matters much discussed as this page goes to press. Certainly the sooner the Atlantic is made safer for shipping, the greater will be the quantities of Canadian food which cross it for British consumption. When a wheat cargo is sunk, it may be said that another wheat cargo will be shipped to replace it because wheat represents the most economical form in which Britain can import food. But when a shipment of bacon goes down it does not mean that more bacon will be required to replace it. Rather it means that the housewife in Great Britain must get along with less bacon for her family, not only the bacon that has been lost, but other bacon that might have later been forwarded by the same ship.

To say this is simply to emphasize once more the fact that the whole future of Canadian agriculture is at stake in the present war. When a German torpedo is discharged, it is aimed at a ship with the object of the starvation of Great Britain. The result, if successful, would also be the ruin of Canada.

Whether, therefore, feed grains seeded this spring will be profitably fed to livestock or profitably sold by producers to other farmers who will feed livestock all depends upon the course of the war during the coming months.

ALLIANCE—Herefords Brought Distinction.

E. P. Remick again brought distinction to this district in exhibiting a class of registered Hereford bulls at the Calgary spring show, receiving top prices. Breeding registered stock is a hobby of Mr. Remick, his ranch being a show-place to those interested or otherwise in pure-bred stock or farming operations generally. A place for everything and everything in its place is gospel at Iron Springs' Ranch—something one reads about but very seldom sees.

HUXLEY—Valuable Red Cross Aid.

During the recent War Services Fund drive, the hamlet of Huxley secured donations amounting to \$151. The local Huxley Recreational Community also put on a play in an effort to put the Huxley Community Hall in better financial circumstances. As the result of their efforts they cleared some \$70.

The names of those taking part were: Director, Mrs. S. Fawcett; players, Shirley Fawcett, Geo. McRae, Marshall McRae, W. Irving. Rolland Ward, Gordon Campbell, Mrs. Gordon Campbell, Mrs. Geo. McRae, Mrs. Jack MacArthur, Mrs. Robt. McKinnley, Miss R. Oak. The show was such a success that the neighboring town have invited the troop to their hall, and I understand the proceeds are to be split, each donating their respective share to the Red Cross local.

J. McNiece reports very favorable results from his bulls at the Calgary Stock Show. Mr. McNiece is an old-time breeder of pure-bred Shorthorn cattle in the Huxley district. J. Cummings also had a good showing at the fair.

Ed. Heer seems to have been the first farmer in this district to start seeding wheat this season. Mr. Heer is one of the best farmers in Huxley district.

RYCROFT—Splendid War Services Effort.

The drive for the War Services Fund was well over the quota mentioned for this point. Mike Delay collected around 360 bushels of wheat in the Greenway territory (all Ukrainians). The metal drive also went over the top. The first donation received on the site provided by the N.A.R. was 1,420 pounds from Geo. Roska.

All committees in connection with War Services Fund are having wonderful success, and the following is a list of committees operating:

The War Services Fund was taken over by the Agricultural Society.

J. L. Hanna, president; Geo. Potter, secretary; T. Stout, M. A. Anderson, southeast; Oscar Vogel, northwest.

J. L. Hanna, Geo. Potter, southwest; Mike Delay, northeast.

Mrs. W. S. O. English collects from the town.

FOREMOST—Organize a Salvage Corps.

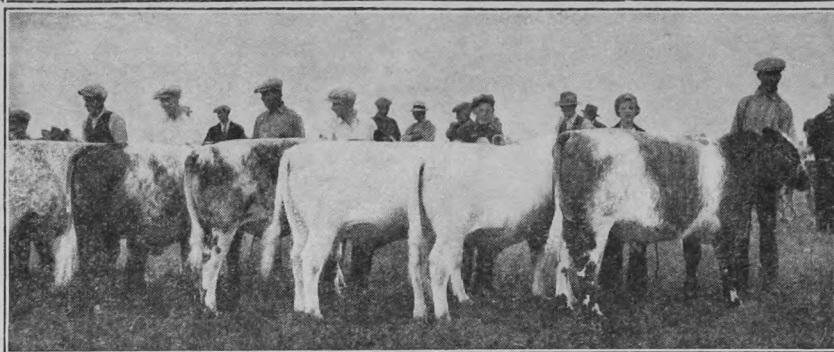
A meeting to organize a town and district salvage corps was held in Foremost, the appointed committee being D. A. Brown, chairman; F. Ball, secretary; with Messrs. F. Medhurst, J. Hood and G. O. Brownlee. It was estimated that 200 tons of scrap iron will be collected. Any person with any type of scrap iron was requested to bring it into town, where it would be unloaded. Anyone having some scrap and no method of delivering it was requested to contact any member of the committee, and arrangements would be made to have it brought in.

The committee realized that there was a lot of work attached to this campaign, but hoped with the co-operation of the farmers, that it could be put over. By the time this is published their expectations will no doubt have been fully realized.

WESTLOCK—Fine Red Cross Achievement.

Westlock district residents are not boastful about their war service record. At the same time, they would like to hear of any similar Alberta farming district with a better record than their own.

Thirty-nine years ago the Westlock district was a thick forest area 50 miles north of Edmonton, without population. Today it is a fine farming community, embracing the thriving villages of Clyde, Picardville, Pibroch, Dapp, Jarvis, Faw-

Heigh, Ho, Come to the FAIR

Once again it is the season of the Summer Fairs—the big social get-together event in the farmers' year. Alberta Summer Fairs promise to provide a feast of entertainment, education, competitive interest and enjoyment for farmers, their families and friends. The usual big features—racing, midway, livestock exhibits and the various achievements in the best that the farm and home can produce—will be seen. There will be very few families not represented and big crowds of visitors and friends from points beyond our provincial borders and across the international boundary line will doubtless be present. Remember the dates:

CALGARYJuly 7 to 12 incl.	VERMILIONJuly 24 to 26 incl.
EDMONTONJuly 14 to 19 incl.	VEGREVILLEJuly 28 to 30 incl.
LLOYDMINSTERJuly 21 to 23 incl.	RED DEERJuly 31 to Aug. 2 incl.

Provincial News Notes

ALBERTA

cett and Flatbush, with Westlock as its centre, the latter having a population of 534 persons. And here is its war service record since the beginning of hostilities in 1939:

Cash contributions to Red Cross, \$1,600; purchase of an ambulance, \$1,750; War Services 1941 campaign \$1,000; mobile kitchen contribution, \$3,100. In all a total contribution of \$7,450.

War savings stamps and certificates are well over 100 per cent pledged and a 1941 Patriotic Sports Day is in prospect for July. Working on this is a committee composed of T. Armstrong, postmaster; D. M. Torrie, druggist; H. G. Curlett, mayor; and Rev. Father Rooney, president of Westlock Sports' Assoc. As the committee puts it: "We are blitzkrieging and we are going to continue to blitzkrieg until the war is won and our liberty and freedom is assured."—D. H. Tomlinson, commissioner.

PREVO—Heavy Pea Production Likely Next Year.

As the farmers who handled peas last year had a very good return from them, there is considerable added interest being shown this year. Some 700 to 800 acres are being sown in peas in this district this year. The seed is supplied from the Brooks area and they are all handled by the Grimm Alfalfa Co. of Brooks.

COMPEER—Record Crowd at Dance.

The big annual spring dance held at Compeer attracted a record crowd. Proceeds from the dance which amounted to \$21.50 were turned over to the War Services Fund. The number and success of these events held all over the province show that good entertainment is all the more enjoyable when it has a win-the-war motive.

Mr. York, of Compeer, who has attained 93 years of age, celebrated his birthday at his home recently. A number of friends and well-wishes joined in the celebrations.

Mr. York was born in Ontario, Canada, came out West in 1911 and soon afterwards moved to the Compeer district. He has lived here ever since.

HEINSBURG—Crop Gets Good Start.

Seeding early became general in this district, and with ideal weather to date, including heavy showers, everything points to a good start for a new crop.

E. A. Sawatsky and family have been transferred to Willingdon, where Mr. Sawatsky will be an assistant with the Imperial Lumber Company. He has been in charge of the Imperial Lumber Company here for the past year. D. Botwell, from Elk Point, has taken Mr. Sawatsky's place at Heinsburg.

The North Saskatchewan river is the lowest it has been for a number of years, and as several ferries east and west of

here cannot carry any load, the local ferry has had extra work.

The 18-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Kuziw was run over by a car while playing in the farm yard at their home recently. The driver of the car was John Matlock, who had just driven into the yard and apparently did not notice the child. The baby was at once taken to the Elk Point hospital, where at time of writing he is progressing nicely.

IRETON—Spring Farm Sales.

Quite a number of farms have been sold in the Ireton district this spring. The average price seems to be around \$35 per acre.

The farmers have reduced their wheat acreage about 35 per cent in this district.

RIMBEY—Oat Club Reorganized.

At the organization meeting of the Rimbey Oat Club the following officers were elected for the season: President, Earl Eadie; vice-president, D. Broderon; secretary, R. McCullough; club leader, O. A. Davis.

Members of the club this year are: Earl Eadie, Vernon Spooner, Wayne Davis, C. K. Hansen, R. McCullough, Bruce Watts, Bert Watts, Robt. Whitesell, Howard Troutman, John Troutman, T. Mellis, Eric Hawkins, Gordon Carson and Dennis Broderon."

Four Brothers Join War Service.

Fred Simpson, 27, is the last of the four sons of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Simpson, to enlist with the Active Service Force. He joined the 2-78 Artillery Unit in Calgary. His three brothers are in the army or connected with war work as follows: Bill, 1st Div. Ammunition Co., R.C.A.S.C.; Cyril, with the British Imperial Army; Charles, on government work in Britain.

Cattle Shipments.

During a recent busy day at the Bentley C.P.R. station, ten cars of fat cattle were loaded for shipment. They were consigned to A. V. Lampaert, Wash., but four cars will go on to California. There were 188 steers and 56 spayed heifers.

The total weight was 255,000 pounds and they were sold at a flat rate of eight cents. Eight cars were offered by A. B. Haarstad and one car each by Carl Haarstad and the E. Haarstad estate.

This is the largest shipment of cattle made from this point at one time since 1936, when 17 cars were shipped by seven owners.

A. B. Haarstad has five carloads to be shipped at a later date.

Continued on Page 34

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July 7th to 12th, or

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July 14th to 19th

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News Notes continued

**BENALTO—Exploding Bomb Causes Sad Accident.**

News has recently been received that Capt. V. A. Jones (shown at left), of Edmonton, has returned to Canada after having been involved in a motor-cycle accident, caused by an exploding bomb, necessitating the amputation of a leg. Capt. Jones is well known in the Innis-fail and Red Deer districts.

Many friends of the Clive, High River and High Prairie districts will recall Dick Butterworth (shown at right), who was U.G.G. agent at each of these points for some time. Butterworth enlisted around the same time as Jones and both went overseas together. The snapshot shows the two lads taken together two days previous to the accident.

COCHRANE—Conducts Variety Test Plot.

Mr. Hempel, of the U.G.G. Calgary office, was at this station recently, when he and Mr. Rushfeldt placed the government variety test plot on the farm of E. Craig, where it has been conducted for the past three years.

Last But Not Least.

The small village of Cochrane, Alta., is showing the right spirit. The ladies who have good reason to be mentioned first have their Red Cross meetings once a week with an average attendance of approximately 12, but other members who are unable to attend carry on their work just the same. These ladies, so far, have forwarded to the Red Cross main branch 1,187 completed articles, of which 430 were knitted. The Red Cross organization at Cochrane have collected more than \$2,000, of which the ladies did a great deal to help collect through concerts put on by them.

The objective for Cochrane in the War Services' campaign was set at \$400. The thoroughness of the work done brought in a total of \$578 with more promised.

TROCHU—Collect \$100 More Than Asked For.

Trochu went over the top on War Savings' drive, having collected over \$400. The allotment for the town was \$300.

There will be about 20 per cent decrease in wheat acreage in this district this year, with a slight increase in coarse grain and several hundred acres of flax, and a big increase in summer-fallow.

GRANUM—"Sunny Alberta."

J. S. Donahue, a large scale farmer of the Granum district, and better known to his many friends as "Bud" proves that oft repeated statement that "Sunny Alberta" is just what it means.

Mr. Donahue has created a record that in the opinion of many will be hard to beat. In April, 1940, he started to seed wheat and in every month since then has been on the land seeding either wheat, oats, rye or Crested wheat grass. In May, of 1940, he completed his seeding of wheat. In June and July he seeded oats for cover crop and every succeeding month since then, up to and including March, 1941, he has seeded not less than 100 acres a month to either rye, oats or Crested wheat grass on the Granum Airport as a cover crop to stop soil drifting. In April, 1941, he commenced seeding wheat and up to the month of May, had seeded and worked on the land the past 14 months with the whole summer ahead of him to add to this record.

Mr. Donahue is well known and respected in the community and farms on a large scale with the latest modern machinery. His home is modern in every detail and his many labor-saving devices in the home and on the farm are of his own design and make.

MYRNAM—Another Diesel Powered Flour Mill in Alberta.

The steam engine that has been rendering steady and dependable service for the past 12 years in the flour mill of W. R. Wiebe and Sons is now being replaced by a modern power unit—a D13000 Caterpillar Diesel. The old power unit, like all other machinery of any age, was becoming obsolete, but in its day was probably as admired as the Diesel is now. It had been in service, in all, 44 years, and would have given good performance for a few years yet, but not with the economy found in the Diesel D13000.

The new power unit develops 125 horse power and requires about one-quarter of the floor space required by the old unit, and also develops more power than the latter. This unit is the same as the one installed earlier in the year in W. R. Wiebe & Sons' mill No. 1 at Vermilion. The change was made in view of economy.

ST. PAUL—Increase in Honey Crop Expected.

St. Paul and district are going to have plenty of honey this year. Several hundred hives more than last year are set up throughout the country. Mr. Brassard is getting his apiary in fine shape and has over a hundred hives.

Richard Larkin is going to be a chicken fancier. With a start of White Leghorns he won in a contest last winter, he is heading in the right direction.

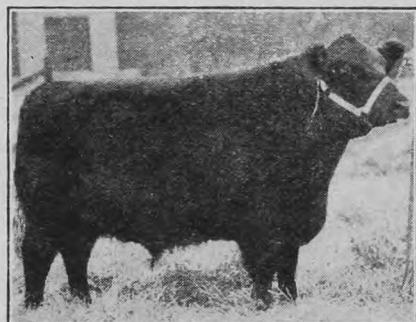
The Junior Chamber of Commerce were rewarded by the very large attendance at the banquet in honor of Wm. Sutton, of St. Lina, who sold a two-year-old bull at the Calgary stock sale, receiving the second largest price in history.

At a meeting held in the Assembly hall of the school, of the Agricultural Society, it was decided to hold a fair in St. Paul on the first Thursday in August.

A rural Mutual Telephone Company has been organized for the farms west of town. Those appointed are: President, Joe Belzil; secretary, Rudolph LaFrance; organizer, M. F. McMahon. These officers will work to put telephones in all the farm houses west of town.

BARNWELL—A Warning to Others.

What could have been a very serious accident occurred on the Harris Brothers' farm, two miles south of Barnwell. While proceeding with their seeding operations the cap off the fuel supply tank attached to the gas engine became lost. By coincidence one of the bung caps from a fuel drum fitted perfectly, and they placed this cap into position very tightly. Having no air vent the gas accumulation soon expanded the supply tank out of shape, a development which they noticed in time to run some distance for safety. The explosion was terrific and immediately enveloped the whole engine with fire causing damage and delay. The Harris Brothers have been customers of The Friendly Elevator for a great number of years.



All primed up for the Summer Fair

WILLINGDON—Joins the Canadian Forces.

John Gushaty, a 100 per cent customer of United Grain Growers Limited, has joined the army and is moving to Calgary with his family. Relatives and neighbors met at his home to give Mr. and Mrs. Gushaty a farewell party. The farm which Mr. Gushaty owns has been rented out.

Wheat Prices in the United States

Wheat prices at Chicago have lately gone over \$1.00 per bushel. Allowing for differences in value of money and in quality of wheat it would take a price of over \$1.15 a bushel for No. 1 Northern wheat at the head of the lakes to be equivalent. The Chicago price is not of immediate concern to Canadian farmers. Canadian milling wheat is shut out of domestic consumption in that country by a duty of 42 cents a bushel. If that should not be sufficient new barriers would be created. But it may have an indirect effect, because of its tendency to increase the prices of other farm products, including both feed grains and meat, some of which may be exported from Canada. Conceivably it could have a later effect on the price of Canadian wheat, by setting a standard which might influence government action in Canada or even wheat transactions between the Canadian and British governments. If and when the United States is fully in the war, as seems a probable development of the near future, such considerations would be more important than at the present time, as there would be a tendency to make policies of allied countries alike in many respects.

The principal influence on wheat prices in the United States is Congressional action in advancing the basis on which government loans are made on wheat to farmers who participate in the government's soil conservation plan, which in essence is a plan for controlling wheat acreage. Such loans are almost, although not quite, the equivalent of government purchase of wheat. The farmer who borrows money on his wheat can pay the loan off, and again obtain control of his product if he desires to do so. Otherwise, he can let the government take possession when the loan becomes due, and his obligations are fully discharged.

Branch Lines Not to Be Closed

During the past month the Board of Transport Commissioners for Canada has rejected applications from the railways for permission to shut down operation of a number of branch lines in western Canada. The most recent of these to be announced affect the Canadian National line from Hallboro to Beulah, a distance of 75 miles; and Canadian Pacific lines from McGregor to Varcoe, 54 miles; Hamiota to Miniota, 20 miles; Wolseley to Reston, 122 miles. These judgments will give a great deal of satisfaction to farmers in the areas served by the lines in question. They can also be a source of satisfaction to shareholders of United Grain Growers Limited throughout the West because this company took a prominent part in opposing the proposals to close these branch lines. The company's traffic manager not only appeared in person and presented a brief on behalf of United Grain Growers Limited at the hearings held with respect to each of these branch lines, but he also assisted very largely in preparation of briefs filed by municipalities and others interested. Each of the judgments handed down by the Board of Transport Commissioners contains numerous references to the briefs filed by the Company. There can be no doubt that the work of United Grain Growers Limited in this respect was an important factor in maintaining the services of these branch lines for the benefit of the districts affected.

Grain Mites in Coarse Grains

Grain mites may attack any of the coarse grains contrary to the opinion of many people that they live in wheat only.

Although mites are usually found in wheat, other stored grains may be infested, and farmers who have stocks of oats and barley in storage on the farm would be wise to inspect them from time to time.

Grain which was threshed this spring should be watched carefully, especially if it happened to be dampish when put in the bin. By giving these bins plenty of ventilation and by watching for any sign of heating the presence of mites can be detected and possible damage avoided. Badly infested grain is valueless for stock feed, therefore, every precaution should be taken to detect mites in all grains.

SEED NEWS

Roguing Necessary To Keep Seed Pure

Many farmers throughout western Canada have sown a few acres of registered or certified seed this year. They hope to harvest enough seed to supply their own needs for next year and after that to have some seed to sell at a premium over the market price for commercial grain.

These pure seed plots should be thoroughly rogued as soon as they are fully headed out. Roguing consists of pulling out all plants of other kinds of grain which may appear in the growing plot, also all foreign looking plants of the same kind of grain. It is impossible to sow pure seed and harvest it and maintain its original purity without careful roguing.

If the farmer wants to be in a position to sell pure seed he should apply to the Plant Products Production Service (Seed Branch) in his province and have his crop field inspected every year. In this way he can maintain the standard of his crop as registered or certified as the case may be. The high standards set by the Canadian Seed Growers' Association for Canadian registered seed can only be reached by thoroughly roguing the seed plot.

DECREASED WHEAT ACREAGE

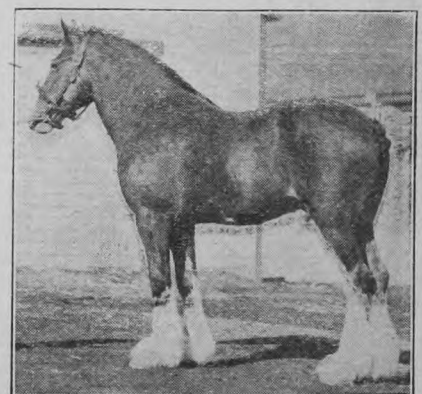
The following bulletin on wheat acreage reduction on illustration station farms in Manitoba was issued by the Brandon Experimental Farm recently:

"Illustration station farms in northern and eastern Manitoba have an average of 240 acres under cultivation. The mixed farming rotations now practised place only 23 per cent of the land in wheat compared with 28 per cent in coarse grain, 20 per cent in hay and pasture, 23 per cent in summerfallow and six per cent in sweet clover and corn as fallow substitute crops. On nine farms operated under similar arrangements in the southwestern part of the province an average of 340 acres per farm is under cultivation. Of this area 33 per cent is annually devoted to wheat, 18 per cent to coarse grain, 12 per cent hay and pasture, 26 per cent summerfallow and 11 per cent in sweet clover and corn as fallow substitutes.

"Records show that since these farms changed to cropping systems which substantially reduced the wheat acreage, revenue from livestock, poultry, small seeds and garden products has gradually increased. Here is an interesting comparison from recent years. In 1937 48 per cent of cash revenue was derived from the sale of grain, 30 per cent from cattle, 7 per cent from hogs and 6 per cent from poultry. In 1940 grain accounted for only 24 per cent of cash income, while cattle increased to 45 per cent, hogs remained at 7 and poultry climbed to 13 per cent. The decrease in wheat acreage has not greatly influenced the cash revenue on these farms."

JOFFRE—Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bailey, highly respected pioneers of this district, recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They were married in Hamilton, Ont., on April 29, 1891.



See me at the Summer Fair

RED EARTH

Continued from page 7

the roof. The door of the morada had opened, and a bent figure stumbled out, to fall face downward before the door.

Full in the shaft of yellow light that broken figure lay—an aged man with white and thinning hair. His shirt had been torn from him, and Douglas could make out long welts crisscrossed over his naked back. The light dimmed as figures began crowding to the door, leaving the morada, passing the prostrate man without a glance.

Their shuffling footsteps died away, the light within the morada burned lower, no sound or any motion now—only that still figure sprawling in the fading light. For a half-hour Douglas waited, then very cautiously he let himself down, his feet striking the ground with a soft thud beside the fallen figure, and he asked in Spanish, "Can you stand?"

"It burns!" the voice moaned.

"Stand, my father. I can help you." Lifting the old peon in his arms, Douglas guided him inside the morada and gently placed him in a chair.

Raising his head, the old man looked into Douglas's face, then jerked back with a convulsion of fear. "Juan Douglas! You must go from here! Pronto, pronto!"

"Softly," Douglas's arm steadied him. "There is no one here—only you and I."

But again with mounting terror that quavering voice rose: "I knew your father, Juan Douglas. For sixty years I have known the masters of Miracle Mesa, and I would have no harm come to you. It would be death to find you here."

DOUGLAS made no move. "Why did they punish you, my father?"

"Let us not talk of reasons. Let us go quickly." Painfully, desperately, he pulled himself to his feet, while the light from a lamp on the wall grew dimmer. He was about to speak when a sharp sound came from down the trail, and the old man's body stiffened in fear just as Douglas's hand closed about the burning wick, throwing the room into utter blackness.

Outside two horses had come to a halt, and to Douglas's listening ears the voice of Paul Bodine came through the darkness. A low laugh followed, and with a start of amazement Douglas realized the other rider was Alison Neale. At his side he felt the old man tremble, and with something akin to horror Douglas sensed that the girl's presence had evoked in the peon a spasm of abject fear. Almost at once the voices ceased, and one of the horses moved down the flinty trail.

"It was she!" the old fellow quavered, and with a little sigh fell limply at Douglas's feet.

With one stride Douglas was at the door. Outside in the moonlight Paul Bodine sat his horse, and now as Douglas's tall figure framed the doorway the artist turned with a quick start.

"There's a man inside here badly beaten," Douglas began, and Bodine slipped from his horse. Lighting a match, the artist entered and, going to the small oil lamp on the farther wall, coaxed to existence a low flame. Together they raised the prostrate form to a chair.

Bodine looked at Douglas with his quiet smile. "Don't tell me you've already joined the Brotherhood, Douglas," the ironic voice drawled at last.

With mildly startled eyes Jack stared about the room. "So this is the home of the Brotherhood?"

The smile broadened. "Did you think by any chance it was my uncle's church?"

"I had not really given thought at all to what this place might be." His accent was soft with Spanish sibilants, while inwardly he wondered if the outline of his revolver showed beneath his coat. "This man, I found him moaning beside the trail, his back caked with blood. I helped him inside just as the light went out. Then you came. At first when you came I did not even breathe." Douglas laughed nervously. "I thought

you were of the band who had beaten him and were returning. That would have been a—how do you say?—tight place for me; no?"

The little man nodded. "It is a tight place for you, Jack Douglas. Few people come here except those of the Brotherhood—even my uncle avoids it."

"But you?"

"I happen to be one of the few who have little to fear from these swine and their fantastic rituals. How did you get here?"

"After you left my hacienda I decided to go at once to the upper ranch and learn what more I could of Baker's death. Halfway up the canyon trail I heard this man crying in pain."

MAKING no comment, Bodine stooped over the peon and with his flexible fingers lightly touched the broken skin.

"He is not hurt too much," he said at length. "But that devil who wielded the lash did it with gusto, eh?" He leaned over the peon: "Cheer up, old one. You have nothing to fear. Your playmates will not be back tonight. I suspected something like this when I passed a group of them leaving the canyon. One of them called out to me not to ride this way."

"You came up in the face of that warning?" Admiration and wonder blended in Douglas's voice.

"I have one life to lead, and I plan to lead that in the freedom of my own soul," Bodine answered. "If I were a rancher I might feel differently, but I am an artist and have nothing to do with brotherhoods."

Doubtfully Douglas nodded. "I suppose you are right. But there is always such a thing as caution."

"There is," Bodine agreed, "and tonight you do not seem to have exercised it greatly. Where is your horse?"

"Behind a clump of pinons."

"Good. Then we can ride together. My house is not far away."

"But it is so late."

"For me no hour is late—sleep is one of the things I am unable to command. I often sit up all night. Besides, there are one or two things I would like to say to you."

Doubtfully Douglas looked down at the beaten man. "What will become of him?"

"For tonight at least he is safe. Those precious rascals who flogged him are scattered over the desert by now, going their respective and respectable ways." Bodine crushed his cigarette beneath his foot. "Strange! Tonight some fanatical fools meet in this morada and whip an old man to unconsciousness. One of them may be your own stable-boy or the sheep herder who lifts his hat to you beside the trail. Some of them may be forest guards working for your friend the ranger. Quiet, peaceful, not too intelligent, but adequate enough for the little tasks of the day—and above all the very pictures of respectability. Only at night, as members of the Brotherhood, the brute in them raises its head."

He threw a silver dollar upon the table. "This will take the bite from many a lash, old one," he said in Spanish, "and within an hour someone will come to bandage that torn back of yours."

Outside, the two men mounted and together rode down the narrow trail. Douglas glanced at the artist riding so silently beside him, but that air of abstraction was impregnable. There was no way of appraising him. Suddenly, with an unpleasant start, Douglas remembered Alison's voice outside the morada. Could she be involved with the Brotherhood? And was Bodine trying to protect her by saying no word about her presence there?

Leaving the canyon, they skirted a narrow neck of the desert, making at a fast trot for the opposite range of foothills, where Bodine led the way over a steeply winding trail until they emerged upon a flat promontory several hundred feet above the level of the valley. There Bodine pointed through the moonlight.

"My casa," he said. "This, my house, is yours."

In admiration Douglas looked up at the massive three-story granite building dominating from the cliff's edge the valley beneath.

"It doesn't remind you greatly of the border, does it?" Bodine asked. "That's because I built it partly to annoy my

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uncle. The old fellow loves his home-grown architecture so abjectly I couldn't resist giving him a shock. But tell me, do you like it?"

"I am enchanted. Truly. Lola had written me about it, of course, but I never dreamed of a castle like this. You are a marvellous architect as well as painter."

Obviously pleased, the man answered, "I dabble at many things—too many. Painting, mining, engineering—perhaps I am too versatile for my own good." He called, and in answer a servant, heavy with sleep, ran out of the darkness. With a few words of instruction, Bodine sent him back to care for the old peon, but, as he left them, the artist looked quizzically at Douglas. "You notice that rascal knew perfectly well where the morada is? He may even be one of those who assisted in the flogging. What a mad country!"

TOGETHER they followed a broad flag-stone path flanked with feathery shrubs, and at the castle's entrance Bodine threw open a heavy oak door. Down a lighted hall he led his guest into a tile-floored studio where glass windows opened out on the moonlight night. Dozens of canvases in all stages of completion leaned about the walls, piled on the piano and against the stone fireplace. Facing the north window stood a tall easel, and toward it Bodine pointed. "That picture will interest you most of all."

Bright moonlight streaming through the glass fell on the half-finished portrait of a girl, and Douglas recognized Lola, looking out at him from the canvas with those same slanting, half-awakened eyes. A negligee of shimmering green had slipped low over the left shoulder, revealing the upper part of her breast unbelievably white in the moonlight. Something more than a mere likeness the artist had caught in that picture which brought a vague displeasure to Douglas, but he only smiled, and his voice never sounded more light nor more drained of all emotion:

"My little cousin makes a perfect model, no?"

"She is perfect in many ways." Bodine switched a light on the half-finished canvas. "I shall be desolate when this is done and I cannot see her so often." Then, at a sudden recollection, he bowed. "But I ought not to say this to you, for it is whispered you are the lucky man who some day will marry her."

"My aunt must have told you that. It has been her one conspiracy since Lola first came as an orphan to the hacienda."

"Lucky for you to have such a far-seeing relative. But sit down." He pointed to a comfortable chair before the fireplace. "It is good to have you back, Jack Douglas. My hope is that we shall be good friends, you and I. We have much in common, and tonight I want to impose on this much-hoped-for friendship by giving you a word of advice."

"Please do."

"**A**S you know, I am a painter. Except for this studio and the mine, I live apart from the world, and the price of beef or horseflesh does not interest me. With you it is different. You are a rancher, the most important rancher in the valley. It was foolhardy of you to be in that morada tonight. Suppose one of the Brotherhood had found you. They would have thought you were spying on them, and that is something they resent. It was foolish, too, for you to ride alone at night so near the scene of Baker's murder. It is always possible raiders might be abroad, and then—" Bodine made a significant gesture. "This, of course, is useless advice if you have really come back to fight them."

"Why should I want to fight? I am a rancher, not a soldier of fortune." Douglas raised protesting hands. "But you are all so warlike here. I have only just returned, yet you talk to me always of fighting. Even that girl from Rainbow Ranch—Lola's friend—" He looked vacantly up.

"Alison Neale."

"Surely. I am hopeless at names. She too preaches that I must fight."

Even as Douglas spoke he realized that on those very passing moments might rest his whole future destiny,

for here was his first opportunity to test out the plausibility of the new role he had elected to play, and in open appeal he turned to Bodine: "I need advice. What would you do, frankly, in my case?"

There was something completely disarming in Douglas's helpless indecision and, going to a closet, Bodine poured out two glasses of wine.

"Doesn't it all depend on what you want?" he asked. "You see, when the valley learned you were coming back everyone believed your sole purpose was to join the ranchers together in a fight against the raiders. The whole valley has its eyes on you, Jack Douglas, waiting to see what you will do. If fight is what you came for you have ahead of you a death struggle. You cannot avoid it. But what is there to gain? After all, Baker's death was not a blow at you. He defied them; they would have killed him had he belonged to any other ranch."

Again Douglas asked, "What would you do?"

"My sincere advice to you is—wait. Why go out of your way to seek enemies? I am older than you and perhaps cooler-headed, and I have one suggestion. It is in a sense a selfish one, but it is one from which we both may profit. I have, as you know, an interest in the Cobre mine. We are in full operation, running night shifts, but the work is badly hampered for lack of water. We have drilled, but we sink only dry shafts. Two people alone can help us—you and Alison Neale. You

Alison's voice. But why? Douglas moved impatiently in the saddle—there was nothing tangible, nothing to come to grips with, but he had at least learned the need of playing his masquerade against them all. . . .

CONTRITE for long neglect, spring in the next few weeks began its yearly task of coloring desert, foothill, and valley. Out over the brown sands cactus and acacias made the world gay with brief, vivid flowering, and the valley was newly carpeted in waving greens.

During those weeks the raiders ceased all activities. No foothill ranch was visited, no barns burned, no word of any depredation reached the valley. It was as if they were waiting to see what might be the effect of the sudden return of the master of Miracle Mesa.

Over at Cobre and up in the foothill mines men worked at fever heat wrestling the red metal from the earth, blasting deeper and deeper, while the smoke from dozens of mine stacks hung black and heavy against the blue desert sky. The Verde Copper Company was flourishing.

Twice Bodine had pressed him to let the mine have part of the water in Douglas's reservoir, but both times Douglas pleaded his inability to come to a decision—not yet was he ready to show his hand.

And during those weeks the people of the valley—ranchers and vaqueros, even the lowliest sheep herders—were forming their own estimate of Jack Douglas. Here was his most exacting tribunal,



"John cut my allowance last month so I took this night job he had advertised."

both have water on your property close enough so that we can flume it down to Cobre. Alison has the traditional dislike of a rancher for the miner, and will not let us have a drop." Bodine's eyes were very earnest. "Water we must have—it is the lifeblood of the mine. You have more than enough in your reservoir up in the foothills. Share it with us. In that way you gain the copper interests as your ally and you strengthen your hand immeasurably if you have to fight the raiders."

From somewhere a clock struck three and Douglas rose. "I shall think carefully over everything you have said."

But as he rode homeward through the waning moonlight his thoughts raced back to the old peon at the morada and the man's abject fear at the sound of

these slow-spoken, keen-eyed riders of the desert, and it was against these, Douglas knew, his work of deception must succeed if it was to succeed at all. Impelled by this knowledge, no actor ever studied his part with greater care than did Douglas those first weeks of his home-coming, for behind the effectiveness of his disguise lay not only the success of all his plans, but his one chance for life. The impetuous Jack Douglas of other days had vanished. "It must," they said, "be the effect of living in Spain." One thing only seemed greatly to amuse him—taking photographs.

He began with a small box-type camera that had belonged to him before he went away, but soon after his arrival three large parcels arrived from Santa

Fe, and Douglas proudly exhibited a motion-picture camera provided with innumerable feet of film and with equipment for developing and printing. In a wing of the hacienda he fitted up a darkroom, where for nights at a time he spent the entire evening, leaving orders he was not to be disturbed.

It was about this time that Douglas banished the servants from the hacienda after nightfall. "Some of them are morally certain to be connected with the Brotherhood," he explained to Paxton and his aunt.

And yet, had anyone been watching at a late hour many of those evenings, he might have seen Douglas let himself softly to the lawn from out his darkroom window and, crossing to the stables, ride down the mesa and across the valley toward the desert or into the foothills. Some of those lonely night rides were far from fruitless—he had watched the dim figures of the Brotherhood gathering at the morada, and later with scrupulous care followed them back to their *casas*. Within a month he knew more about their secret membership than anyone outside the cult itself, but not once among those who went to and from the morada did Douglas find the bent figure of the peon.

OFTEN in the dead of night he went to the ranger station for hurried talk with Record. On such visits he would sometimes lay a pile of photographs on the table and the two men would lean intently over them in the light of the lamp.

"Who are these?" Douglas would ask.

"That's old Andy Drew and his boy—used to be a miner. What about him?"

"The boy is a member of the Brotherhood. Who is this?"

"Miguel Rincon. Sheep herder, has a homestead back on the National Forest. Is he a member, too?"

"He has been to at least three of their meetings."

"But don't they mind your taking their pictures?"

Douglas laughed. "They adore it. I follow them back from the morada, and a couple days later I show up at their *casas* with my camera. Sam, in a month I'll have a rogues' gallery the border never dreamed of."

"And what will you do with it? I thought it was the raiders you were after."

"I am. And it's the Brotherhood that will lead me to the raiders."

Record gave a low whistle. "You mean they're the same outfit?"

"I mean this: Part of it is only conjecture, but it's beginning to square with everything I've learned. Two years ago these raiders appeared in the valley. They found here a ready-made organization, the Brotherhood, composed of fanatical peons, herders, and border Mexicans. The raiders couldn't hope to get this class of men to join them—in fact, they didn't want them; they wanted only fighting men—but if they could control the Brotherhood they could use every peon in the country as a potential spy. That's what they've done—that's why everything a rancher does or says is known almost at once to the raiders. I've seen men ride up to the morada who I know are not members of the Brotherhood, but they're dealing with the Brotherhood, and I'm pretty certain they belong to the raiders themselves."

SO for weeks Douglas's strange dual life went on: by day a quiet, abstracted figure, wandering with apparent aimlessness about his broad acres, but at night a fleet shadow across the desert, a tireless watcher of the Brotherhood.

"You sleep so much," Lola protested when, yawning and heavy-eyed, he would come down to a late breakfast. "You might as well be back in Spain, so little I see of you. In the morning you stay in bed, at night you play with these everlasting pictures, and all day you ride with that big, black camera. Juan, even the peons will laugh at you."

But Douglas was not to be separated from his beloved toy. The camera went everywhere with him.

Among his own vaqueros the hopes they had held were fast disappearing, and angrily his American riders swore, while the Mexican vaqueros shrugged

philosophical shoulders. Meanwhile, the ranchers of the desert and foothills, the men who from earliest days had learned to look for leadership to Miracle Mesa, lost heart as the days passed—there would be no resistance—the Brotherhood held the land.

Even the Cobre miners were inclined to agree with that verdict the day Jack Douglas rode through the little mining town, clicking his camera to right and left, asking innumerable questions of Paul Bodine, who had consented to be his guide. When Douglas last saw it six years ago, Cobre had been a ghost city, long deserted.

There was nothing lovely even today about Cobre. The fifty or more odd dwellings that made up the place had not improved greatly from their years of abandonment. Many new buildings had been erected since then, and now, unpainted and dirty, they dotted themselves among the older dwellings, adding their own note of repellent squalor.

Huddled bleakly in the shadow of the gulch, the town's one narrow street climbed and zigzagged up to where the great cup of the copper mine framed the upper end of the canyon. A dozen narrow smokestacks poured their yellowish-black spirals of smoke into the air, and, from above the dull thud of machinery, the scream of steel on steel told of activities in the mine itself.

To the right of the road a wooden store advertised "GENERAL MERCHANDISE." Beside it, painted a vivid green, two swinging doors announced a saloon, and a few yards farther up the gulch a sign read, "ASHBY'S DANCE HALL—OPEN ALL NIGHT." It was a sprawling, rickety, two-storied structure with closed doors and shuttered windows, and before it saddled horses stood tethered to a hitching rack.

But it was towards the mine itself that Bodine and Douglas rode. The great Cobre mine occupied the upper end of the gulch. From out the hill a desultory trickle of water flowed down the gulch and out through Cobre to the desert, where it disappeared.

"That has been our one great obstacle to getting more production," Bodine said, then pointed toward a three-storied red building just above them. "The new stamp mill. They built it a year ago and it's been operated only about a third of the time. They use it to separate the copper from the bigger masses of ore, but it needs so much water they can operate it only in the rainy season. You see"—he nodded toward the ore cars running down a narrow-gauge track toward the stamp mill—"they make no attempt here to do more than break down the copper ore into small sizes and pick out the useless material. There was some talk at first of building a railroad into Verde, but it's much cheaper to use trucks." "You know so much about it," Douglas murmured.

"Why not? It's the biggest development the border country has ever had. Would you like to look at the mine itself?"

They skirted the stamp mill, threaded their path between trucks and ore cars, to come at last to the black entrance, where both the truck trail and the narrow-gauge tracks disappeared into the bowels of the hill. Beyond that portal, dimly illuminated with electric lights, lay the Cobre mine, and with quickened interest Douglas entered.

QUICKLY Douglas's eyes grew accustomed to the semigloom, until he could make out the low vaulted ceiling and the narrow drifts extending from the main shaft.

"It is all so different," he said at last. "Not for years have I been here, but now I would not know it."

"They've taken out a good many tons of ore since then."

A loud hiss drowned their voices.

"The air compressor," Bodine shouted in his ear. "The shaft ahead follows the tip of the lode, and they're using this air compressor for drills on the levels beneath." He led the way to the edge of a steel platform surrounding the main shaft. A hoist supported by a heavy cable stood before them, and Douglas could feel on his cheek the gentle uprush of air caused by distant ventilating fans. "The copper around here," Bodine was saying, "is found in shattered schists and in the granite.

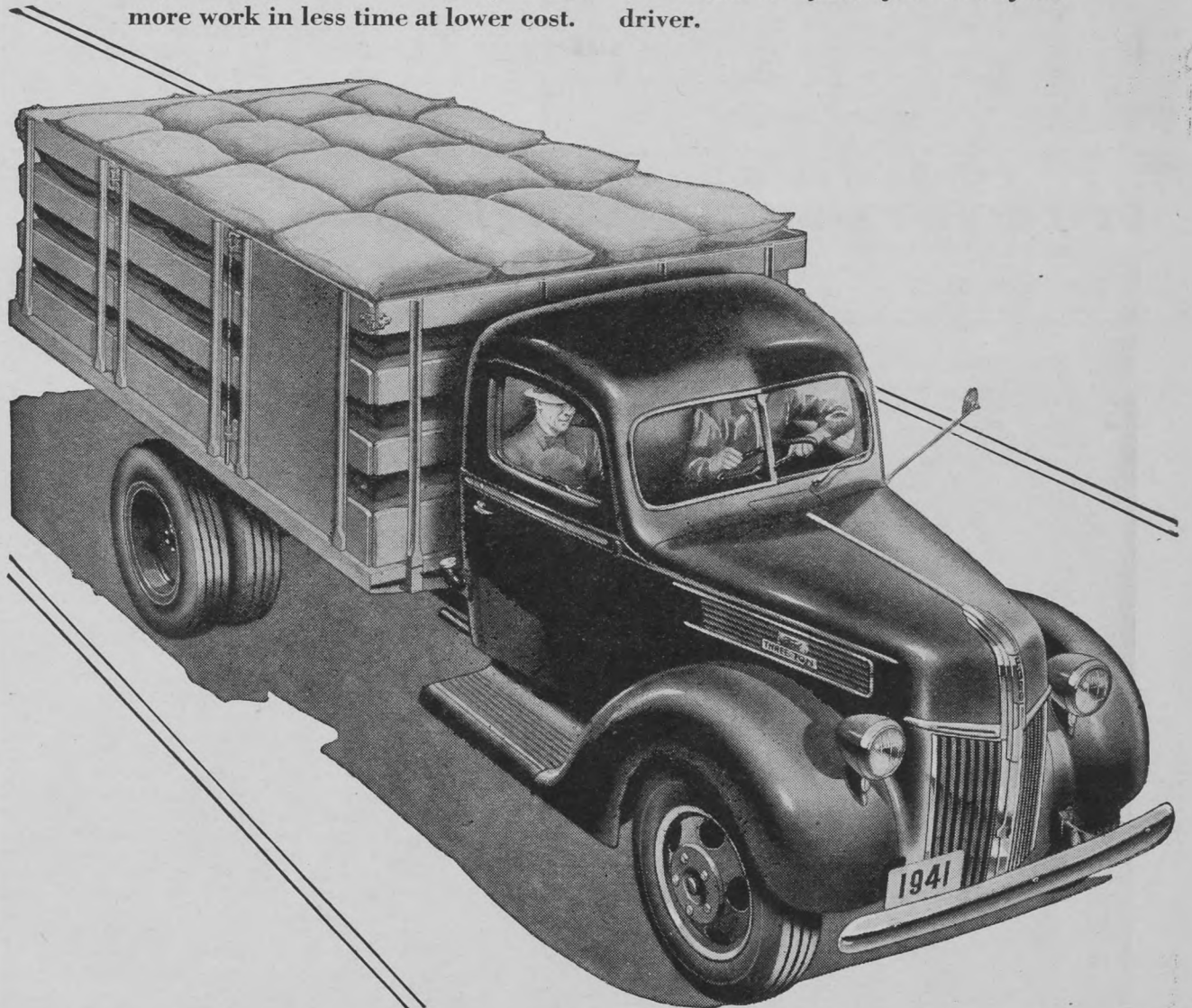
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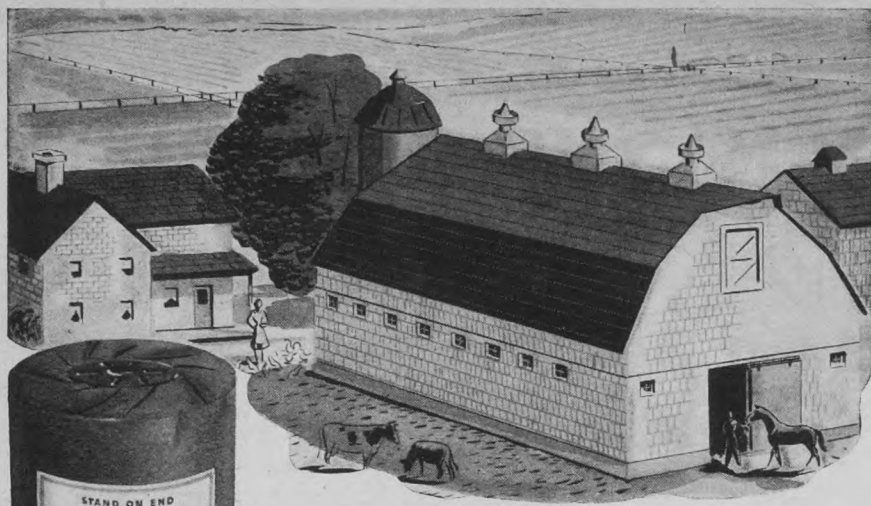
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"I have heard you intend to open other mines through the foothills. Is that true?"

"Probably. We hold options on a great deal of land, and we're backed by eastern capital."

"And it will all be in control of one company?"

"There's not a shaft along the border that isn't owned now by the Verde Copper Company. Two years ago not one of these mines was paying, but with cheaper means of production there's been a great rush to buy up claims, and the company has been able to keep outsiders away. Unlike most copper country, there are not many surface deposits, and it takes money to develop underground ore, so the company hasn't had much trouble in buying out the little fellows. You ranchers are the real thorn in our side—you hold control of the water."

Ignoring the implication, Douglas asked, "What happens to the ore?"

"It's taken to the smelter in Verde and later shipped East. The copper from the Cobre mines is used almost entirely for electrical materials and requires a high degree of purity. Even a minute amount of contamination makes it unfit, and for the final refining we send our copper to Montana, where they put it through a process of electrolysis."

"Why not do that here?"

"Water." Almost angrily the little man snapped back the word. "Give us water, and I'll cut production another cent and a half a pound."

Douglas smiled in open admiration. "For an artist, you have these statistics at your finger tips." Thoughtfully he walked out of the mine, back into the bright light of day. . . .

It was a few days later—a day in early summer—that Douglas, astride a sleepy little mare, reined in before the ranger station. Bespectacled, clasping his beloved camera to his breast, he presented a tableau that was rewarded by a burst of profane admiration from Record.

"I'll have to hand it to you, boy." Tears of laughter were bright in the ranger's eyes. "You look like a cross between a travelling horse-doctor and the Verde undertaker. Why, even that moth-eaten cayuse is ashamed to carry you." And once more Record threw back his head.

But actually there was more of relief than of amusement in the ranger's laughter. Ever since Douglas's return Record had lived in daily dread for his friend's life, for, better than Douglas himself, he had cause to know the absolute ruthlessness of the Yellow Killer. He had known friends shot down beside the trails, and, remembering Douglas's hot, tempestuous impatience, it seemed impossible that he could last long here where he was being held on very strict probation. But now, as Record watched him, he felt the first real hope that beneath such a disguise Douglas might find at least temporary safety. So it was with a vast relief that Record regarded the incongruously pacific figure and his demurely patient mare.

"You're an actor, if I ever saw one." Very unctuously Douglas bowed low. "The senior forest ranger overcomes me with generous words." And Record grinned to hear the lisping Latin accent. Throwing his leg over the saddle horn, Douglas rolled a cigarette. "Is anyone inside the ranger station?"

"Not a soul. Shall we go in?"

"Better talk here." No trace of hesitation in the voice now. That veil of apathy and the indifferent slouch were gone. The whole character of the man had changed and given place to instant alertness.

Record looked anxiously up. "What's new, Jack?"

"A great many things. Do you remember that old peon with the scarred face I found wounded outside the morada? I've been on the lookout for him ever since."

"What luck?"

"None—except that one of my vaqueros remembers that just such a peon once worked on the Neale ranch."

Thoughtfully he added, "And he's never been seen since. Sam, I keep thinking of his terror that night. There's a conspiracy against all human life here. Ranchers are leaving every week. You can't hire herders or riders—they're terrified of the raiders and of the Killer. In two more years this valley, the most fertile spot on the border, will be abandoned. That's what we're coming to. Last week I tried to borrow money in Verde: the bankers are afraid to lend to anyone in the valley. We're being squeezed out. Our only chance is to run down the Killer."

"What about Paxton? Has it ever occurred to you he comes nearer to being the size of the Yellow Killer than anyone else?"

"You mean that it might be an American masquerading as a Chinese?"

"Why not? It's been done."

"I've thought about that—I think Baker suspected Paxton of something. Certainly he has no spare love for me. At first he was wary of me, but now he is convinced I'm only a negligible imbecile. Besides, he owes everything to my aunt, and she swears by his loyalty. That reminds me—Tonight I am having Alison Neale at the hacienda. I may even show some of these terrible motion pictures of mine. Be there—it may be interesting."

"What's it all about, Jack?"

"I want you to see something. But there are other—"

With unbelievable swiftness Douglas's whole posture changed. Not a muscle seemed to move, but now he was slumping listlessly in the saddle, and his voice had taken on its old, fastidious mannerisms.

"But there is so much to be done on a ranch," the ranger heard him complain. "I do not get half enough time for my pictures. Fences break down, cattle stray—"

Following Douglas's eyes, Record caught sight of a Mexican shepherd boy herding his flock through the pines, and behind him, seated astride a burro, rode a fantastic figure that sent a sudden electric shock through Douglas's body. Thick-set, great legs lolling below the burro's belly, the man's face was obscured by a broad-brimmed sombrero of rough straw, but now as he raised his head Douglas found himself looking into the slanting eyes of a huge Chinaman. A giant of a man with heavy shoulders and deep chest, but as his slanting eyes caught sight of Record his face beamed and he nodded his head rapidly in salutation.

"How's Lin Foo today?" the ranger called.

"Vellee good; oh, vellee good." The voice was high and liquid.

"Finding any gold?"

A vigorous shake of the head and an abashed laugh were the answer, and, turning, he rode down the trail.

DOUGLAS seemed hardly to notice the Chinaman, but, as the boy stood hesitant near the cabin, Douglas with open delight hailed him in Spanish:

"Do not move, friend. Stand there, in that patch of light a moment."

Hurriedly he climbed down from the back of his sleepy-eyed mare and photographed the herder among his sheep. "This should be of my best." He threw the boy a coin, then, as an afterthought, "Boy, have you seen any cattle with my brand back in the hills?"

"No, senior."

Douglas sighed. "They left my range yesterday. If you find them, bring word to my vaqueros."

"Yes, senior." Driving his little band of sheep before him, the boy disappeared down the trail, but the two men did not speak again until his figure had been lost sight of among the pines.

But now Douglas's eyes were bright with excitement. "Who is this Lin Foo?" he asked as the sound of the burro's passing died away.

"That's Alison Neale's cook. He's not much for looks, is he? For the past year he's got the prospectin' bug—wanders over the country for signs of gold. Once in a while he brings me a pie."

"Would you say there is any possible connection between this fellow and the Yellow Killer?"

Record laughed outright. "Lin Foo is the most amiable chap in the world—he wouldn't kill a jack rabbit."

"Probably not—but would you be will-

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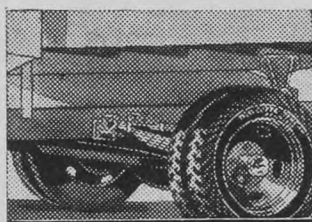


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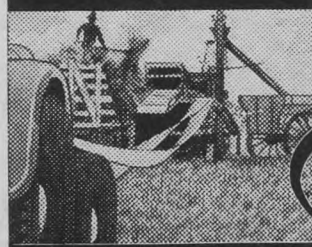
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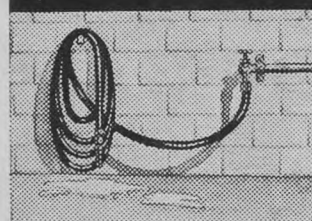
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pages 60 and 61

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SAVAGE

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ing to swear the figure you told me you saw in the moonlight wasn't Lin Foo?"

Record hesitated. "I'd say it was pretty unlikely," he said at last. "Still —" Then he laughed again. "It just couldn't be old Lin Foo. . . . But why did you take that herder's picture? Is he one of the Brotherhood?"

"His father is." A note of impatient anger deepened Douglas's voice. "I grow tired of this watchfulness that never ends. Each day the temptation is greater to gather my vaqueros and raid the morada at their next meeting. Unless I'm mistaken I'd get my hands on a raider or two."

"You can't do that, Jack, not yet. You'd only catch the small fry and show your hand to no good purpose."

But Douglas's jaw was still tight. "Well, give me another month, Sam. One more month and I may know who is friend and who is enemy here." Abruptly he mounted. "You will be down tonight?"

"Count on me" . . .

EVEN in the old days Record had never felt at home in the big hacienda of Miracle Mesa, and during Douglas's absence he seldom made any occasion to visit there. So it was for the first time in years that the ranger entered the big living-room that evening, to find, to his delight, a sheet draped across the farther end of the wall and in the centre of the room a projection machine. Douglas was hovering over it solicitously, and at his friend's arrival his right eye drooped a little.

"Tonight you are to have entertainment," he called. "It is in honor of Lola's birthday." Douglas nodded in the direction of the patio as Lola entered, arm in arm with Alison Neale.

"It's a long time since you've looked in at my ranger station, Miss," Record said to Alison. "Was the coffee so bad?"

"Don't scold me, Sam. It's a long time since I've been anywhere. Life is one long grind of mending fences and trying to keep banks from foreclosing."

But now, like an anxious host, Douglas was waving them all to chairs, and with the mysterious air of a magician he pointed to the projector. "It came only this morning, and tonight you shall all see my entertainment."

To Record, at least, it was more than entertainment. He alone could appraise the consummate art of Douglas's buffoonery and the deadly necessity that lay behind it. A superb exhibition of fatuousness so convincing that even Record felt uncomfortable as he watched Douglas at the projector airily exhibiting those indistinct, blurred scenes and interjecting delighted comments in his soft Spanish accent.

"I took this the day of the grass fire," or "Here is something you will know—good, is it not?"

Slowly the reel neared its end, and Douglas turned to his little audience: "One more scene I have for you—a surprise. I wager not all of you will know where it is, although it lies within ten miles of this hacienda."

The film clicked on, showing, first, the deep walls of a canyon, then, as the camera lowered, the roof and front of the morada stood out in bold outline.

"Do you know where that is, Lola?"

Indifferently the girl shook her head.

"How about you, Sam?"

"Passed it a hundred times," the ranger answered.

A little crestfallen, Douglas turned to Alison: "Of a certainty Miss Neale has never seen this place."

Without hesitation the girl answered, "You are wrong. It is the morada of the Brotherhood."

This time disappointment was plain on Douglas's face. "So you too know? And I had always thought it a dangerous place."

The girl's eyes were still on the squat outline of the morada. "I go wherever the business of being a ranchwoman takes me."

"But you are fearless," Douglas marveled. "You might have come upon one of their secret meetings. Lucky for you those meetings are at night." Then, as a kind of afterthought, he added, "Even with your courage you would not go there at night."

The words, so carelessly spoken, caused the ranger to lean forward, for with causal indirection Douglas was forcing the girl to admit her presence

at the morada or else disclose she had reason to conceal it.

For a brief instant the girl hesitated, then calmly she looked at Douglas. "No," she murmured; "I shouldn't relish going there at night."

"Of course you wouldn't," Douglas laughed back in quick sympathy, "and I will tell you a secret—neither would I."

But when the little party had dispersed for the night, Douglas walked with Record out to the stable, and to the ranger he seemed for the first time depressed.

"She lied." Even then Douglas seemed reluctant to admit it.

"You're dead sure she was there?"

"Absolutely. I heard her voice. I remember the peon's panic at the sound of it." He watched the ranger mount. "Why did she have to lie to me?"

REGRET that was akin to pain lay in Douglas's voice, and understandingly the ranger leaned forward in his saddle. "This isn't a kid's game, Jack. You've got to be hard-boiled. It doesn't matter what she looks like or how you feel about her."

Record turned his horse toward the foothills and, head bowed in thought, Douglas walked back to the hacienda.

The evening had made his problem more difficult rather than less, for it presented new complexities and offered no solution. More than ever he inclined to the belief that the raiders were working through the Brotherhood, and even yet it seemed too fiendishly fantastic for belief that Alison Neale should be in league with a band of killers.

He stood for a time lost in thought, until the sound of a horse approaching caused him to raise his head. A rider was hurrying down the lawn and, as he drew up in the light of the open doorway, Douglas recognized Paul Bodine. The little man seemed to be laboring under intense excitement, for at sight of Douglas he dismounted and hurried to his side.

"A late hour to be calling"—he looked up into Douglas's face—"but it's important I see you for a few minutes tonight."

"Come in." And Douglas led him to the office.

(To be continued)

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The Country Boy

The Whirling Balls

TWO small wooden balls and a spool. That's all this unusual device is made of, with a string to hold them together. Yet when you know how to use it, the spheres can be made to travel in opposite circles, and at the same time! There's only a little trick of knowing how—have the string ends of uneven length—and then some practice.

The balls may be salvaged from some indoor game. They should be from one to two inches in diameter. If you cannot find a pair of wooden balls you can

planks with crosspieces for foot-rests and seats, and enjoy a Shell Race the next time you go for a swim.

Each shell is made from two 2x12-inch planks each 12 feet in length, and 18 feet of 1x6-inch material. Point one end of each plank with an axe and lay them alongside each other, one foot apart. At a point 1½ feet from the pointed ends, nail a three-foot length of the 1x6-inch material to serve as a foot rest. Three feet farther along, nail two of the boards for the front seat. Construct the foot-rest and seat of the second rower in the same fashion. Be sure that all nails are driven below the surface of the boards and that they are well clinched on the under surface. Construct one or two more such shells, following the drawing as a guide.

Whittle out two or three pairs of paddles from soft-pine boards, each 1x8x60 inches in size. Go over each paddle and sandpaper thoroughly. It will be well to give each a protective coat of shellac or varnish. If you wish you may paint each shell and set of paddles a distinctive color to add to their attractiveness and to the general color of the occasion.

After placing the shells on the water, arrange them in a row, each shell being managed by a rowing crew of two. Have the finishing point some distance up the lake or river or decide upon a turning point and return to the starting place. At a signal given by the starter, each shell is driven forward, one of the crew rowing on one side and the other on the opposite side. The guiding of the craft will depend largely upon the rear occupant. The shell will row rather slowly and loggily, and some difficulty will be experienced in keeping on the slippery seats. Numerous duckings and spills will only add to the fun.

Iodine Writing

The tincture of iodine in the medicine cabinet is quite a powerful chemical and will attack most metals, including iron. You can use iodine to "write" on metals; it is, in fact, a kind of etching.

Warm the metal surface you want to write on, and then drop a bit of hot candle grease upon it. Hold the lit candle to the spot until the grease has run and completely covered the surface with a thin layer. Let this cool and, with a pin, scratch your initials or other writing in the grease.

Now pour on a drop of tincture of iodine. Let it stand awhile. Rub off iodine and wax, to disclose the initials clearly etched into the metal itself.—Youth Today.

What Makes 18?

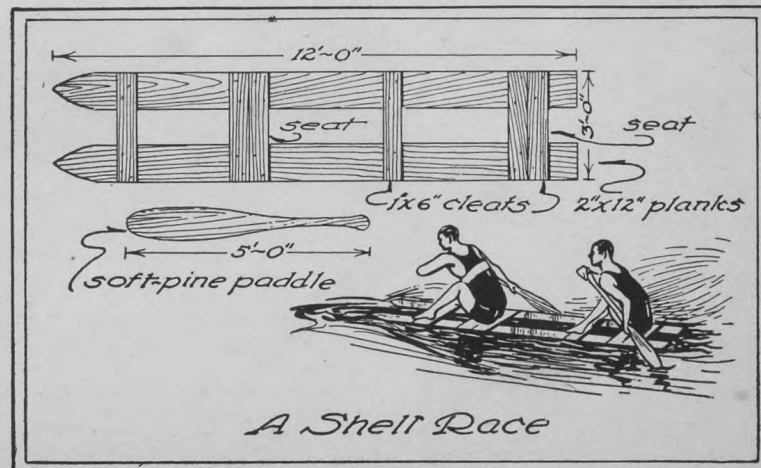
Here is an interesting little problem, and not at all difficult. Take the numbers from 2 to 10 and arrange them three in a row, keeping the 6 in the centre, so all the rows across, down and up, and diagonally from corner to corner will add up to exactly 18. Each numeral must be used but once. The diagram will be like this:

0	0	0
0	6	0
0	0	0

A Shell Race

A rowing contest is exciting, no matter whether you row a skiff or a dory. Make two or three "shells" out of

If you have to give up, look on page 58.—Youth Today.



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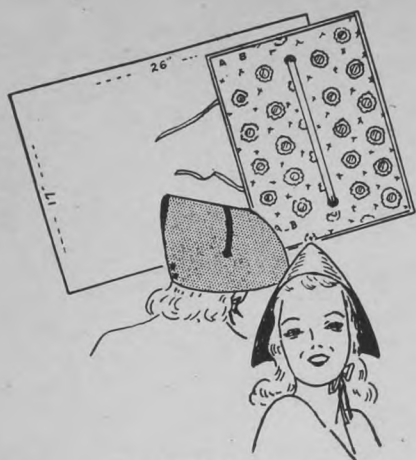
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WHY NOT YOU?

Girls' Corner



Sunbonnet Days

ULTRA-violet rays are all-well-and-good, but when we insist on having fun in the sun every day during the hot summer months, we know right well we can't turn a peaches-and-cream complexion or even a well-tanned face to our gallant dancing partner after the sun has done a full-day job.

For that important reason if nothing else, we have taken to wearing huge wide-brimmed hats, and sunbonnets have been revived from grandmother's day and are latest news on our modern beaches.

This one will be a favorite because it can be run-up on your machine at a minute's notice.

A piece of quaint printed gingham 17 by 26 inches, is folded over and sewn up on the wrong side leaving the one end open. Cut a piece of cardboard the same size as the folded gingham and put it in the fold as you would a pillow in its case. Bind all four sides with plain colored bias binding.

Four inches from each end and in the centre, make a small hole and finish it off with a button-hole stitch. Run a tape through this to tie under your chin.

Sew two dome fasteners at A and B, snap them together and it's ready to wear.

When work we must in back yards and gardens, the carboard itself or even heavy wrapping paper simply pinned at the back and tied on in the same way, serves the purpose quickly.

Or better still for front lawn sunning when passers-by may peep, a strip of oilcloth in one of their many new and novel designs, will discourage the most stubborn case of freckles.—Eunice Speare.

Let's Have a Rainbow Party

IN the springtime when rainbows are frequent have a "rainbow party." On

A Bridal Shower Game

Make forms like the one below and explain to your guests that they are to fill in the spaces appropriately with words beginning with the letter in the extreme left column. Fifteen to 20 minutes is allowed to complete the contest.

	Flowers worn by the bride	Love songs sung at wedding	Cities visited on honeymoon	What she first used in new home
B				
R				
I				
D				
E				

Naturally each person will have different answers in some of the spaces. To mark each fairly have the papers exchanged; ask for the first answer. If only one person has the word "bluebell" she should be given ten marks; if two people have it, they should receive nine marks, if three, eight marks, and so on. If another flower beginning with B is used it should be marked the same way. Add up the scores to find the winner. It will be a quick witted person, indeed, who has every space filled with a suitable answer.

Typical Answers

	Flowers	Songs	Cities	What she used
B	Bluebell	Because	Bombay	Broom
R	Rose	Rosary	Regina	Roaster
I	Iris	I love you Truly	Indianapolis	Iron
D	Delphinium	Drink to Me Only—	Detroit	Dustpan
E	Edelweiss	Estrilita	Edmonton	Electric iron

your invitations write the following lines from Byron:

"Be thou my rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray."

The remainder of the invitation should read: "Rainbow Party (date, name of organization, and place)."

For decorations use colors of the rainbow—violet (purple), indigo (dark blue), blue (light), green, yellow, orange, and red. A large rainbow may be made from crepe paper or cheesecloth with a covering of white gauze to blend the colors.

Everyone naturally associates a pot of gold with the rainbow. Use this in a rainbow chase. Hide in some out-of-the-way place in the room a thimble representing the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Have the players hunt for it. As each player finds it, have him take his seat quietly not disturbing it or not letting the other players know where he found it.

For a contest give the guests paper and pencil. Use the following questions which may be answered by words beginning or ending in "bo," "bow," or "beau."

1. A bow found in the Old Testament? Boaz.
2. A Hallowe'en bow? Bogy.
3. A bow truly unconventional? Bohemian.
4. A bow found in South America? Bolivia.
5. A sausage bow? Bologna.
6. A bow without deceit or fraud? Bona fide.
7. A bow rich in wealth? Bonanza.
8. A military bow? Bonaparte.
9. A bow which we always like to receive as an extra dividend? Bonus.
10. A half starved bow? Bony.
11. An acid bow? Boric.
12. An animal bow? Bovine.
13. A bow who is out of luck, a wanderer? Hobo.
14. A bow who is a dandy? Beau Brummel.
15. A bow known to be a dangerous weapon? Bowie knife.

For favors make use of the old cob-web idea. Wind long pieces of string intricately about the room. Let all strings lead to the end of the rainbow where a prize of some sort is found tied to the string.

For refreshments serve striped candy, sandwiches, and pink lemonade. Make use of the rainbow colors wherever possible.—J. H. Jollief.

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MADE IN CANADA

With Guide Juniors

June Bug

By MARY E. GRANNAN

THE funniest thing happened out our way. Peter Pinder got to the ball game after all, and all on account of a big June Bug. Peter had been kept in after school you see, to finish something he hadn't done. The boys were waiting on the vacant lot. They couldn't play baseball without Peter. He was the best all-round man on the team . . . the best pitcher, the best shortstop, the best outfielder. Oh yes, Peter could play baseball, and now he was kept in after school.

"It's just mean. That's what it is," said Jimmie Dale. "It's just mean. Peter knows all that stuff. He just didn't get it finished, that's all. He was likely feeding some stray cat or something, or getting a fly out of a spider's web. He's always doing things like that and forgetting his homework. And now he's kept in and can't play baseball."

The June Bug paused in his noisy flight. Peter Pinder kept in after school? The boys were right. That was mean. Why, it was Peter Pinder who got him away from that yellow cat, only last night. It was Peter Pinder who had told the cat she should be ashamed at worrying a poor harmless, black June Bug. If it hadn't been for Peter Pinder, June Bug would not be out in the summer sun. So June Bug flew closer to the waiting boys on the vacant lot, and listened to their worried chatter.

"I'd go ask Miss Spense to let Peter out, if I thought it would be any use. But it wouldn't," said Jimmie Dale.

"No, it's not a bit of use," said Jimmie's friend. "She'd just say, 'Peter knows he has tasks to do, and he must learn to do them. The ball game can wait.'"

"Yes," said Jimmie, "it can wait, and our team will be beaten. That's what'll happen, just 'cause Peter didn't finish his sums. Well, there's nothing we can do."

"But there's something I can do," said June Bug to herself. "And I'm going to do it." Lifting her big black wings, she turned toward the schoolhouse and its restless little prisoner, Peter Pinder. It was not hard for June Bug to get in. All the windows were wide, each with a flower pot on the sill. June Bug turned off her motor and silently coasted into the room. And that was smart, for June Bug must think out the very best way to get Peter Pinder out to the game. Miss Spense was standing with folded arms, looking like she'd stay until supper time.

"Peter," she said, "you may as well forget ball games today. Your arithmetic is going away behind and you must catch up."

"But not tonight, Miss Spense. Couldn't I catch up tomorrow, Miss Spense. Tonight's special. And the boys are waiting for me to pitch. Miss Spense, how will you feel if the ball team across the lake wins the cup. How'll you feel then?"

"I'll feel very sorry that it was Peter Pinder's fault. If Peter Pinder had done his sums, he could have won the game and the cup for our school."

"Ah, what's the use," muttered Peter to himself. He knew she was right. She was always right. But . . .

And then a loud buzzing filled the room . . . a sound like as if a big plane had loomed from the sky.

"June Bug," laughed Peter.

"Oh! . . . June Bug!" cried Miss Spense. "Oh! . . . Oh! . . . I don't like the things. Chase him, Peter. Get him out of here."

Somehow Peter felt suddenly glad. Somehow he felt a friend had come. He left his sums and started the chase. He ran over desks and crawled under chairs, he made flying leaps at the darting bug. But he had no luck. And that bug seemed to like Miss Spense a great deal. Every two seconds he flew right close to her nose . . . every two seconds he dashed through her curly golden hair.

"Oh dear!" she screamed . . . and she ducked. June Bug ducked too. And if you could have looked into June Bug's black little face, you could have seen she was laughing.

"ZZZZZZZZZZ," she sang and she dived and spun.

"Peter," said Miss Spense. "Peter, I think this bug's come for you. I guess we'll leave the sums today. We'll finish them tomorrow." And she laughed a little.

"Yes, Miss Spense. Goodnight, Miss Spense." And away ran the happy freed little Peter. A June Bug was flying close to his ear.

"Thanks, Pal," he said. "I knew you were doing it just for me, and we'll win that ball cup just for you." And he did.

And everybody laughs when they hear the story. Oh, there's lots of funny things out our way.

Toads

Always be kind to toads as they are very useful little creatures, destroying many different kinds of worms and harmful insects. These must be in motion or the toad will not see them but when he does he catches them by darting out his long sticky tongue.

Though the skin of a full grown toad is very warty do not believe the foolish story that if you touch it you will get warts. There are glands in a toad's skin that give off an irritating liquid which serves to protect it from its animal enemies, but this is harmless to people.

Toads shed their skins several times a year, neatly disposing of the outgrown suit by swallowing it. They sleep through the winter in holes in the ground, snug dry cracks between rocks or similar places. They may reach 30 years of age.

When female toads are about four years old, they begin laying eggs—from six to ten-thousand every year—in ponds or pools by the roadside. Toads lay their eggs in long strings, forming double files in straight jelly-like tubes. These hatch in a few weeks into tadpoles which, after several months, become tiny toads.—Elsa Baker.

Dumb, the Pet Hawk

One evening about five years ago my oldest brother, when looking for the cows, came across a groundhawk's nest. Thinking a hawk would be nice for a pet, he took the largest one. It was about the size of a baseball, just a little round ball of fluff, of a whitish-grey color.

Never having had any experience in keeping birds of prey, we tried to picture in our minds what the mother hawk would feed him and decided it would be best to feed him gophers and mice. But when we tried to feed the gopher to him, he didn't seem to have any idea of how to eat it. That is why we called him "Dumb." We had to tear the gopher into small pieces, and feed it to him. After a while, he seemed to know what to do himself.

We kept him in a box with some feathers in one corner, which he would creep into at night. He thrived on the diet we gave him and feathered into a beautiful brown hawk. Soon he learned to fly and would sit on the high branches near the house, so that he could be on the lookout for food. Mother would bring his food to the door and call him by his name, and he would fly down and take the food from her hands and fly off with it to eat it.

Unfortunately for me, I have bright colored hair, and every time he saw this head, he would swoop down at me and I would scream with fright as I was not very brave then.

When other hawks flew over, Dumb would fly after them, either to chase or accompany them, we didn't know which. But he always came back. One day towards fall Dumb was missing from his perch and we didn't see him any more, until one day coming home from school, we discovered his dead body beside a telephone pole. We all missed Dumb because it had become a habit to wonder what pranks he would be trying next. He was an amusing pet while he was with us.—Dorothy L. Johnson, Lea Park, Alta.

Junior Clue Word Contest

Only boys and girls under 20 years may have a try at this puzzle. Three prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00 will be paid respectively for the three best solutions. In the event of a tie the money will be divided.

All entries must be in the mail by June 30, addressed to the Junior Page Editor. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the contest. The decision of the judges will be final. The names of the winners of the puzzle in this issue will be published in the August issue.

Contestants who have won two prizes in the Junior Clue Word Contests since January, 1939, will be automatically excluded from further prize lists.

April Prizewinners

Congratulations to:

Bob Butterworth, Benalto, Alta.; Donald Hill, Box 368, Lacombe, Alta.; Mary Small, Box 100, Wilcox, Sask.; Harvey Jahnke, 1625 Ottawa St., Regina, Sask.; Betty Lyle, Minnitaki, Ont.; and Ned Waterman, Sub P.O. 23, Edmonton, Alta., who sent in solutions containing only one error and who will divide first, second, and third prizes equally.

Correct Solution (32A)

Across

1, valiant; 7, al; 9, cu; 10, loudly; 12, Texas; 14, R.O.; 15, root; 18, pile; 20, blurt; 22, hue; 23, ea.; 24, flare; 26, ran; 27, aid; 28, stick; 29, reed; 31, ole; 32, roadster.

Down

2, ace; 3, lux; 4, also; 5, no; 6, turtle; 7, al; 8, lye; 11, do; 12, tip; 13, are; 16, O.B.U.; 17, treacle; 19, leader; 21, tanker; 22, he; 24, farm; 25, lie; 26, riot; 28, sod; 30, do.

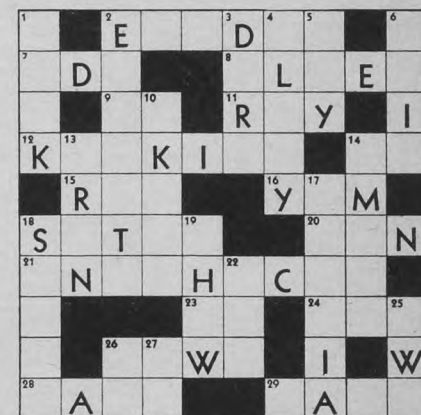
Key to June Puzzle (34A)

Across

2, escapes; 7, strange; 8, to go (French); 9, we; 11, a king (Spanish); 12, part of the verb "to kick"; 14, sergeant major (abbr.); 15, boy's name; 16, another name for a sweet potato; 18, to have satisfied the appetite; 20, this is often called tin; 21, not according to ethics; 23, not off; 24, dead letter office (abbr.); 26, not up; 28, wool; 29, achieve.

Down

1, a door or gate usually has one; 2, teach; 3, to mend—as a sock; 4, a mournful poem; 5, cunning; 6, neat; 10, a kind of trapshooting or shotgun target practice; 13, most of this territory was formerly called Persia; 14, little; 17, the first name given to Nova Scotia; 18, sullen; 19, kind of ship much used in Indian Ocean and Arabia; 22, tavern; 25, possess; 26, doctor (abbr.); 27, same as 23 across.



To The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.

I agree to abide by the judges' decision.

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I certify this picture was colored by me. _____

My age _____ My address is _____

CORN IN EGYPT

Continued from page 12

of timber before it will grow anything. It is only good for shiftless trappers and hunters—not for thrifty farmers."

Young Boone said nothing more, but slowly there arose within him such a feeling of happiness and exultation as he had never known before. He felt like a lonely traveller who has been journeying in far countries and at last knows he has reached his home. He kept his eyes and ears alert. Nothing escaped him of the magic of this strange new land.

At the foot of a steep hill he saw his first spring. The water bubbled from beneath a green mossy rock, and around the limpid pool delicate maidenhair ferns trembled upon its brink. They drank; it was cold and sweet. They watered the tired horse. It was here that Boone noticed a dim sort of trail leading away from the spring through the woods.

"Let us follow it," said Uriah Bruckhauser; "these settlers here in the forest are few and far apart. Let us try to reach one of their dwellings before nightfall. I have heard there are panthers and bears here."

"I would watch through the night, Father," Boone laughed, patting his long rifle. "I want only a chance of shooting something larger than rabbits, wild pigeons, or prairie chickens."

It was almost dusk when they came out of the woods suddenly into an open space of perhaps two acres. Giant forest trees had been ringed and killed by the axe, and under their bare and leafless branches tall, rustling stalks stood, thickly covering the clearing.

"Corn!" cried Uriah. "It's true, then! They raised a fine crop here!"

He eagerly examined the dry stalks standing nearest, but the ears had been pulled from them. The trail skirted the corn-patch. On the farther side of it were several rows of low strange plants.

Uriah stopped to look at them. "Cotton, flax, tobacco! This settler dallies with plants from the South! I knew not that these would grow north of the Ohio."

But Boone, leading their horse, had hastened on ahead. He had glimpsed, on a little knoll above the corn patch, standing amid the tall oaks with its back squared away towards a rocky bluff, a large double log-cabin. A faint column of smoke slowly curled from the massive mud-bedaubed stone chimney and hung like a pale blue scarf in the evening air.

When he and Uriah approached the broad door, shadowed by a cypress vine, it was closed and barred, and no human voice or sound answered their knocks and halloos. There were no windows through which they might peer. Only small square openings at intervals in the log walls high above their heads, openings through which the barrel of a long rifle might protrude.

"The family cannot be far," said his father; "the fire is yet burning. We shall wait."

"I smell something cooking," Boone wrinkled his nose as he tied their horse to a sapling. "Smells good."

"Look!" said Uriah; "there by the barn."

A crib made of sapling logs, raised from the ground a yard or more on posts, showed its full burden of variegated corn through every open chink.

"We shall have to travel no farther," said Uriah, with satisfaction; "here is corn aplenty for us to buy."

But young Boone had wandered on.

At one side of the log-cabin, in a little open glade, someone had planted a flower garden. Beds were edged with colored stones laid in neat borders. There was the foliage of shy wood violets, native ferns, the brambles of a wild rose; and, even at this late season, gaudy clumps of hollyhocks and sunflowers stood blooming still in a blaze of autumn glory.

Boone stooped to smell the topmost flower of a tall red hollyhock. A late bee, buzzing angrily over being disturbed, flew out of the blossom with such force

that it banged him in the face. He clapped his hand to his cheek and leaped back.

At once, high above his head, he heard a peal of silvery laughter. Hand still on cheek, he looked up. In the gable end of the cabin's loft an opening had been cut, wider than it was high, and level with the floor. A girl sat cross-legged on the puncheons before it, a long rifle laid across her knees. She was rocking back and forth with laughter—laughing at him!

"You needn't laugh so loud," he said; "it didn't sting me."

She sobered long enough to say, "But you looked so funny, you was shore surprised!" and she was off again in another tempest of merriment. "Don't mind me," she begged, wiping away the tears of mirth with a fold of her checkered linsey skirt; "I reckon that's the best laugh I've had since Pappy's pet coon bit him on the leg that time. Say! You're strange around these here parts—where be you a-livin'?"

BOONE couldn't answer for a moment. He stood gawking up at her in astonished admiration. She was fair, but not with the colorless flaxen blondness of his two younger half-sisters. Instead of long, straight ashen braids, her hair rioted over her head in a profusion of red-gold curls. His sisters had the light china-blue gaze of a doll, but this girl had eyes of dark violet set in with a smudgy finger. Even in the deepening twilight, Boone could see the faint golden freckles on the bridge of her imperious nose, and the wild-rose bloom of her cheeks.

He pulled off his beaver hat and made his best bow. "My father's with me—we've travelled four days—we've come south to buy seed corn."

"Land sakes!" she cried. "I'll be right down! I was jest a-waitin' up here to give 'em what fur if it was arry rovin' band of Injins a-prowlin' around, or one of them thievin' gangs of rascals a-comin' through frum the river. Pappy's out a-huntin'..." She disappeared from the high window.

Boone found his father down by the log barn.

"Look," said the older man, as he approached. "Look how poor and shiftless are these people that live here in the woods. Just look at the harness, unhitched and thrown on this plow! Home-made raw-hide tugs instead of good iron trace-chains, and the horse-collar's made out of plaited corn-shucks sewed together."

"Come, Father," said Boone, "there's a girl at the house. She was up in the loft, waiting to see who'd come. Her father's out hunting."

They went up the well-swept path; the cabin door had been flung wide. In it, smiling a welcome, stood the strange girl who had laughed at Boone. She was taller than he had thought, and as shapely as a filly. At sight of his father's grey hairs, she sank nearly to the floor in a proper curtsy.

"I'm Zephina Tyler, sir," she said. "Come right in and make yourselves to home. Pappy ought to be gittin' in to eat, right soon."

Not to be outdone, Uriah doffed his beaver and bowed with all the politeness of the Pennsylvania Dutch. He named himself and his son, and followed her within. There were rude home-made benches by the fireplace, on which they sat. Boone looked around the big room curiously.

In each of the far corners was a bed. Not proper bedsteads such as they had at home in their house, built of smooth sawn lumber on the flat prairie, but beds made by setting a forked stick in the rough puncheons of the floor the right distance from the walls. Slender saplings were laid each way from the fork to the chinks between the logs of the walls, and across these side-pieces rested clap-boards used as slats. Bright cover-lids were spread neatly over the shuck-ticks.

ALONG the walls between the beds were many homespun dresses and hunting-shirts, hanging from wooden pegs. A big pot hooked on the crane in the fireplace bubbled and simmered, and Boone sniffed the savory odor with satisfaction.

"Tain't nothin' but squirrel stew," said Zephina, noticing his look as she stirred it. "I jest cracked down on a few of 'em



THE EIGHTH DECENNIAL

Census of Canada

June 2, 1941

THE Census is the stock-taking of the nation—of its men, women, and children; its agriculture, trade and industry; its housing and general social condition. By the Census, all Governments — Dominion, Provincial and Municipal — are enabled to work more effectively and economically in the interest of every resident of the Dominion.

The Census of Agriculture is specially important to the farmer. It will collect a vast amount of information on farm population, farm labour, acreage and tenure, machinery, farm values, mortgages, liens and agreements for sale, gardens and orchards, co-operative buying and selling, condition of farm land, production of cereal and root crops, live stock, dairying, poultry and eggs, fur farms, etc. The knowledge gained is essential to sound agricultural policies.

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Issued by authority of

The Honourable JAMES A. MacKINNON, M.P.,
Minister.

DOMINION BUREAU OF STATISTICS DEPT. OF TRADE AND COMMERCE



Prizewinners in Criss Cross Word Puzzle—April 1941 Issue

1st Prize

*W. ROBERTSON, 1943 Parker St., Vancouver, B.C.—(1563 words accepted)

2nd Prize

*MRS. HOWARD LAPP, Brockville, Ont.—(1477 words accepted)

3rd Prize

*MRS. C. E. DUNMIRE, Verlo, Sask.—(1351 words accepted)

4th Prize

*MISS EILEEN HARVEY, Prince Albert, Sask.—(1347 words accepted)

*Double prize money.

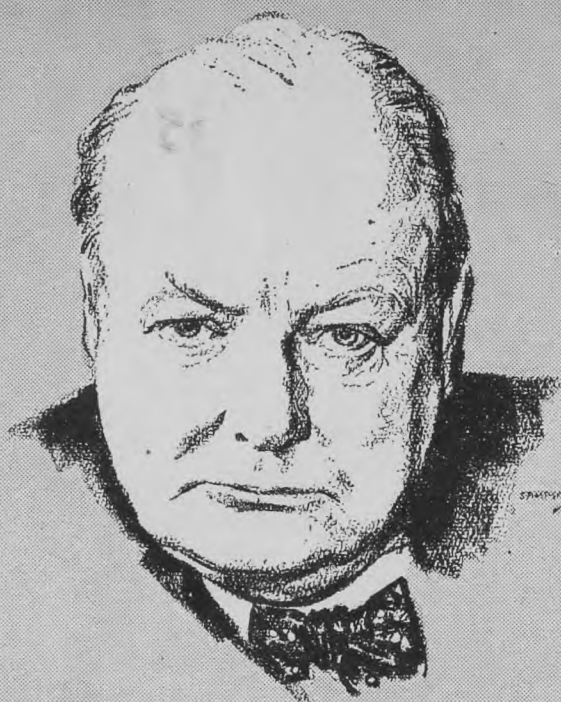
PLEASE NOTE—Although a number of contestants sent in lists of over 2,000 words, many of the words were eliminated because the judges ruled they were not "in common English usage." All lists received were judged by the same standards and the above list of prizewinners represents the best entries, after many words were eliminated—because they were obsolete, foreign, or "coined."

THE COUNTRY GUIDE AND NOR'-WEST FARMER

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this mornin'. Got so they jest hang round the corn-crib all day long a-thievin', 'stead of layin' up nuts fur winter out in the woods. Reckon Pappy'll bring in somethin' more to cook—he always does. I'll jest stir up a big johnny-cake an' set it in them coals."

Boone never took his eyes from her tall rounded figure as she stepped briskly around the cabin at her cooking. She must be younger than himself, he thought, but what an air of assurance she had! The Dutch girls on the farms in their neighborhood blushed and stammered when he talked to them, and kept behind their mothers. Zephina stepped over the floor as lightly as a breeze. Then he noticed beneath the hem of her long skirt that she wore no shoes. Her feet were encased in skin shoe-packs, a kind of home-made moccasin. He had never seen a white woman wearing them before.

"Halloo!" A loud shout came from the woods below the barn.

"There's Pappy!"

Zephina ran to the door and called back, high and clear.

Boone heard the man who approached the cabin door singing in a jovial roar, but he only caught the words of the last two lines:

"And" ole Andy Jackson licked 'em shore,

That time in New Yarleens!"

A great figure stooped to enter the cabin door, and threw on the rude table with a resounding thud the carcass of a spike buck he had been carrying across his shoulders.

"There ye be, Phiny gal! There ye be! There's that young venison ye been a-hollerin' fur!"

He caught sight of the strangers sitting beside the fireplace, and strode over to them.

"Well, by swany! We got company!" he cried. He gave each of them in turn a genial grasp and boisterously clapped young Boone on the back. "By the cut of your gear, I'd say ye'd travelled a long ways, too." He looked keenly at their beaver hats and clothes tailored of store cloth.

"We have journeyed a far distance to reach here," returned Uriah Brockhauser as he stiffly sat himself again on the bench by the fireplace. "We have been travelling for four days from the north country. We have come south to buy seed corn. There has been a great drought—"

"Yes, I been a-hearin' the prairies got scorched out this summer—but whut kin ye expect of a country which hain't got trees? Well, ye kin git whut ye come fur. Us folks in the woods had corn, an' corn a-plenty."

All during supper, Boone ate in silence. The table was piled with good hot food. Tom Tyler had hung his deer to a tree outside the door and cut from it the choicest tenderloins, which Zephina broiled over the glowing coals. Squirrel stew with thickened gravy, johnny-cake and a jug of sorghum, and cold fried pies filled with dried peaches. This was different food from the sausages, sauerkraut, and pudding-meats of his Dutch home.

Boone watched in amazement the big man at the end of the board. His dark hair, which hung to his shoulders, and his beard were streaked with grey, but he was the most powerful and sinewy man Boone had ever seen. He was inches taller than Boone's own six-foot height, and his great chest was like the curve of a barrel. He wore a blood-stained hunting-shirt hanging to his knees, girded around his middle with a wide skin belt. He too wore moccasins. His muskrat-skin cap he had pitched into the corner when he first entered.

He ate prodigiously and laughed and joked in a boisterous manner, unlike any older man that Boone had ever seen. When his father asked the price of food and lodging for the night, Tom Tyler threw back his head and made the rafters ring with his guffaws.

"Charge ye!" he roared. "I'm no snivellin' tavern-keeper a-countin' his pennies! I'm glad ye came, and you're more 'n welcome to stay as long as ye kin."

LATER that night, when Tyler had gone to the log-barn with Boone to help him stable his father's horse, the big man had startled him by saying, "Listen, my boy—is that little old

bandy-legged Dutchman your own father?"

"Yes, he is," said Boone; "but he's a good hard-working man, and he's been a kind father to me." Then he added, proudly, "But my mother wasn't like him. I can just remember her; she died when I was three. She was tall and dark—and—and different. She named me Boone after Boonesborough in Kentucky where she was born and raised as a child. She was kin of Daniel Boone."

Tyler cried, "I might have knowed ye was frum that breed! Why, ye favor Boone hisself, only your eyes is black, not blue like his 'n. Didn't ye see me a-lookin' at ye whilst we was a-eatin'? Ye kept a-remindin' me of someone I'd seen long ago. Did ye know ole Dan'el only died last year? He's been alivin' jest across the river frum here, over in Missouri, all his last days. I seen him lots of times when I was a young feller like you."

As they came up the path to the cabin, Boone said in the darkness, "My father doesn't like me to talk about this, Mr. Tyler."

"Shore, shore, son," said the woodsman understandingly, as he patted Boone's shoulder. And then he added in a tone of amusement, "And he expects to keep one of ole Dan'el's breed on the prairies! Haw! Haw! Haw!" He was still roaring when they entered the cabin's firelit doorway.

Tyler and Boone settled on the fireside bench by Uriah, but Boone took little interest in the older men's talk. His gaze fixed on Zephina, he let his mind wander as he watched her throwing the shuttle through her big loom, stepping briskly back and forth as she wove a gay piece of linsey-woolsey.

She was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen. He liked her air of forthright assurance and independence. Why, a girl like that, if she loved a fellow, she'd let him know she loved him! She'd show him she did—she wouldn't be afraid of anything. She handled a rifle like a man; she had shot the squirrels he ate for supper. She was like those women at Boonesborough his mother used to tell him stories about—when the men were gone on a hunting-trip and wandering bands of Indians attacked the fort, they poured forth such a devastating fire that the savages fell back and retired, thinking the men were inside defending the walls.

As brave as any man, such a girl—but she didn't look like a man. There where the copperas handkerchief tied around her neck had fallen forward, her long white throat swelled and ran down into a breath-taking curve. Zephina! Even her name was strange and lovely. If only he could stay in this land of noble trees and flowing springs! He'd like to talk to her—and—and know her better—but there was no chance. His father must be bargaining for the seed-corn now. They'd have to start back to the prairies in the morning.

He listened.

"But I tell ye—even with a crib full, I'll sell ye none," said Tyler, with a conniving look on his face. "I only raised enough to carry me through till harvest-time again. But I'll take ye on the morrow to whur ye kin buy corn a-plenty. We got a settlement a-growin' now down on the river at the Landin', an' young Willard's started hisself a tradin'-store. There's right smart corn a-waitin' there now fur to ketch the boats down river to N'Yarleens. Ye kin drive a good bargain with that silver of yours—we don't see much real money frum one year's end to t'other down here in this country, it's all trade an' barter with us folks."

"But I must return tomorrow."

Boone knew his father was vexed from his precise tone.

"Aw, come, neighbor—ye kain't plant the corn afore spring. Whut's a few days 'n a leetle more travellin' when ye have come so fur? Boone here'll git to see a leetle more of the woods country.—Ye wouldn't mind that, would ye, Boone?" and he elbowed him in the ribs. "I'd like to take the boy on one hunt 'n give him a chanst at a deer—"

Uriah gave his great host a covert sour look. "Very well, we will stay and travel on to this trading-store in the morning, but as soon as I buy the corn we must go. There is much work waiting for Boone on the farm at home. We

prairie farmers have little time to fool away in hunting."

Alone, in the loft, as they dropped off to sleep lying on the corn-shuck pallets, Uriah said sneeringly, "They only raise enough to carry them through—nothing to sell! I told you these woods settlers were a shiftless and lazy class." But his only answer was Boone's deep breathing as he slept the dreamless sleep of youth.

THE next morning, after a satisfying breakfast of more venison steak and johnny-bread sopped in wild-bee sweetening, they started along the trail through the woods on their journey to the boat-landing. Tom Tyler led the way with his great stride, while Uriah rode his horse. Zephina's father soon contrived to leave the young folks behind. The rough trail wound and twisted among the giant forest trees, running up hill and down dale. A few hundred yards away, and Zephina and Boone were as hidden from sight and hearing as if they had been miles to the rear.

Boone walked at her side as she rode her father's work-horse. He thought she looked more beautiful than ever as he helped her mount the old bay mare. She said, as she fastened a long worn homespun riding skirt about her slender waist, "Got to wear this old thing a-ridin' through the woods or I'll spile my best go-to-meetin' dress. Reckon I kin take it off jest 'fore we come into the settlement down at the Landin'. Ain't a-goin' to have none of them folks a-thinkin' Tom Tyler's gal is jest pore common woods trash—"

"I think your dress is very nice, the prettiest I've ever seen," said Boone, but from the look in his eyes she knew he meant her and not the dress.

"Well, 'tis right likely," acknowledged Zephina, smoothing down over her shapely young curves the black calico covered with a pattern of sprawling yellow roses and green foliage. "I got seventeen dresses, countin' Ma's which she left me, but this'n 's my favor-right. Pappy got the goods off a keel-boater who was a-droppin' down the river frum Saint Lou-ee. He give 'em two hull deer fur it."

Boone thought this was the happiest day in his life. To be travelling through this wonderful forest country with this spirited, glowing young girl, so different from any that he had ever known, was like the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream. He relaxed; he felt that the inner longing of his whole life was at an end.

She answered with familiar knowledge his thousand questions about the trees, flowers, ferns, and streams. "See that slim saplin' a-standin' over there? That's dogwood. When spring comes round, it's jest like one big posy, all covered in pure white starry flowers—the purtiest sight you ever did see."

She rode under a persimmon tree and checked her horse while she felt one of its round orange globes. "Kain't eat it yit, it's too puckery. Injin summer's a-holdin' late this year and they got to have a good frostin' to be fitten, but they's a big pawpaw down beyance the next spring we pass and maybe we kin find a few still a-hangin' on it."

Boone thought the pawpaws tasted strange and rich and luscious, far different from tart northern apples, the one fruit that he knew.

The day passed like the feet of an Indian runner. As they came to the cabins dotted at long intervals along the forest trail, Tom Tyler would hip and hurrah and call greetings, but only silence and barred doors answered him.

"I swany!" he said, on the last such occasion, "you'd think they'd got word the Injins was a-comin'! Never knowed so many to be gone in one day—must be somethin' big a-goin' on down at the Landin'."

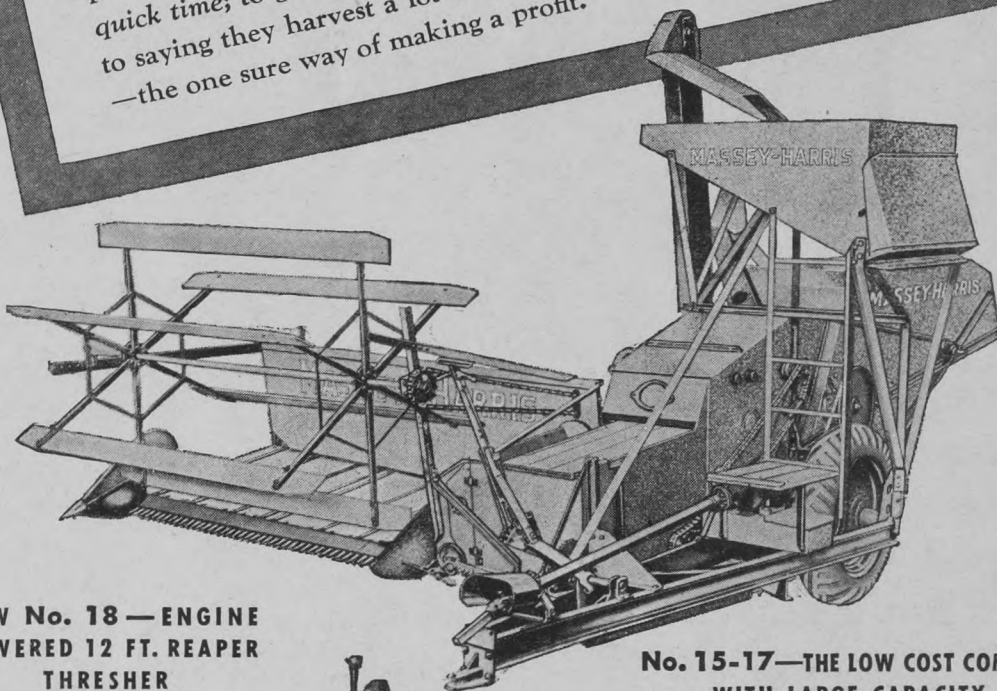
JUST before sunset the deserted cabins were explained. The little party rode into a large clearing, which to Boone's untutored eyes seemed teeming with people. There might have been fifty or sixty adults, with multitudes of children, of all ages, swarming under foot.

"Oh, Zephina! You got here after all!" Two young girls, as gay as hollyhocks, in flounced red calicoes ran up. "Pappy said you all was gone both times he sent you the word."

"Hippy!" yelled Tyler, throwing his old fur cap in the air. "It's the Mosleys' corn-shuckin'!" He guffawed loudly. "By

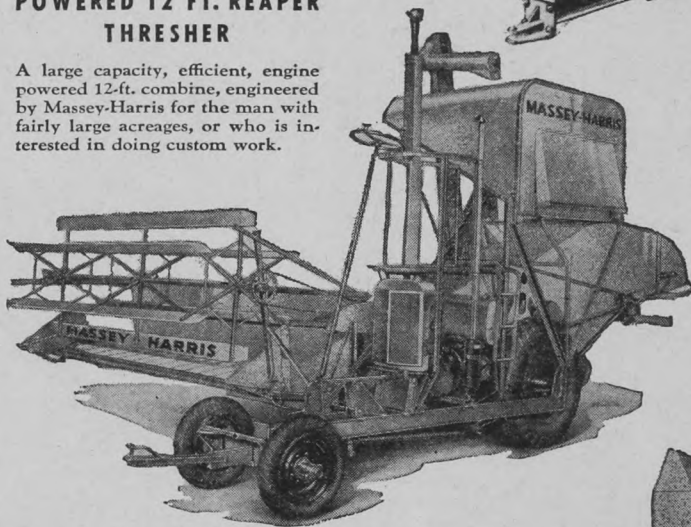
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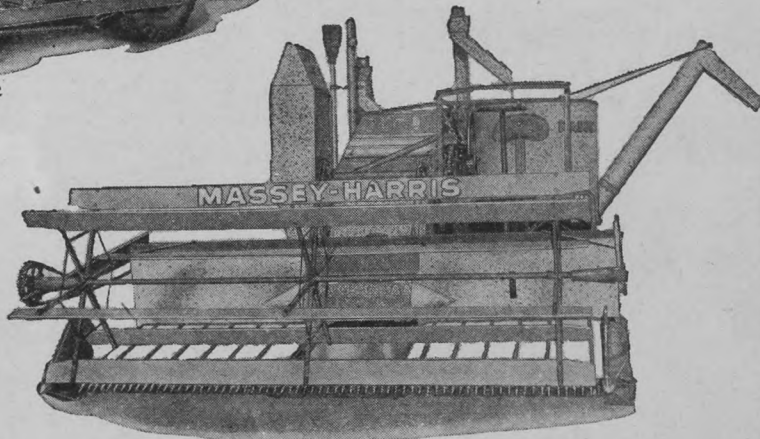
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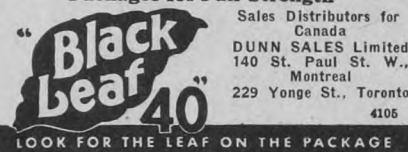


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swany! We jest come along at the right time—work's all done an' the frolic's jest a-startin'!"

Uriah sat his horse, frowning down at the scene of merriment. There were three cabins in this clearing, old man Mosley's and his two married sons. They had raised a deal of corn on their eight acres of new ground this year, and had asked in every one for miles around to help at the husking-bee. Already jugs were being passed among the men, and within the largest cabin the scraping of tuning fiddles and the laughter of the women poured from the open firelit door with blood-tingling excitement.

"You're not stopping here," said Uriah sourly. "We're bound for this river Landing to buy corn. You promised we would reach there today, and night draws on apace—"

Tyler looked around at Zephina's and Boone's eager eyes.

The big hunter laid his hand with a conciliatory gesture on Uriah's knee. "Aw, come, neighbor, us woods folks don't git together often for a jamboree—we jest kain't miss this 'n. 'Sides," with a shrewd estimate of Uriah's thrifty Dutch nature, "we kin eat 'n sleep free here. If we go down to the Landin' tonight, we'll have to pay tavern keep."

Uriah pressed his lips into a thinner line, if it was possible. "Better to pay tavern keep than to join in such sinful pleasures with these. You know, Tyler, if we stay here we can make no early start on our journey home on the morrow. Too long now have we been gone. The work of a large prairie farm is pressing—"

"Aw, you don't understand—these people is good folks; 'sides, now we're here, I kain't leave an' go on to the Landin'. They'd never feel right at me agin, 'n neighbors has got to be neighbors in the woods country."

"Very well, then, we'll stay; but we go to the Landing at daybreak, buy the corn, and start on the journey home at once."

Boone hastened forward and helped his father, who was stiffly getting down from his horse.

"You young uns git into the merry-makin'," said Tyler, winking at Boone; "yore Pa 'n me'll try out the victuals."

He took Uriah by the arm and led him away towards where a whole spitted hog turned in toothsome savoriness above a bed of glowing coals.

THE tallow dips seemed very bright to Boone as he and Zephina stepped into the largest of the cabins. The puncheons were cleared and neatly swept. Sitting against the walls, on rough benches, folks tapped their feet impatiently, waiting for the fiddlers to begin. These were three in number, two white-headed old men, and a young boy who made Boone think of a pert robin. A fourth man plucked at a big stringed instrument that Boone had never seen before.

"That's a Spanish git-tar," said Zephina, in answer to his question. "Lum got that in N'Yarleans, last time he carried a log raft down the river. Makes right purty music too, kind of soft an' sad like."

"Git yore partners fur the fust reel!" shouted the old fiddler who did the calling, but Boone sat firmly on his bench in the corner.

"Come on, Boone, don't act feared like—all the gals is lookin' at you jest a-waitin' to be asked. Jest sashay up to any of 'em."

Boone said in a low, miserable voice, "I can't dance, Zephina—don't know how. It's not considered godly to dance among our Dutch farmers on the northern prairies."

"Why, Boone!" Zephina laid her hand on his arm in sympathetic surprise. "I never heard tell of folks not a-dancin'! Reckon you kin thank the Lord fur the joy in yore heart by movin' yore feet, jest as well as by singin'. Tain't nothin' to learn, though. You jest watch this first set an' listen to the callin', an' then I'll take you through myself."

Among the youths besieging her, she took one of the Mosley boys' hands and joined the line-up.

Boone leaned against the wall and watched the dancers as if in a dream. This was what his mother had meant when as a small boy she had told him of her home in the Kentucky settle-

ments. She had tried to explain to him the difference in her life there and the life she was living on the prairies. Why, that reel the fiddlers were playing—he knew that tune! She had hummed it many a time, and when they were all alone she had sung it to him as she lifted her skirts and danced down the centre of the room, showing him how you gave the grand right and left. He could see her yet, that tall, dark slim young mother—hear what she had said to him while she lay sick so long. "Oh, little son, life isn't all hard work and saving money—there's something else. When you grow older—find it."

Well, he had found it! Before his eyes danced a girl with red-gold curls. This was his land! These were his people!

HOW could he contrive to stay here? He couldn't go back—back to plowing flat prairie fields and the strict, narrow life of their placid Dutch neighborhood. Deer hid in the woods here waiting for the hunter, bears ravaged the cane-brakes in the creek bottoms. A great river flowed near by, waiting to be explored. Oh, but this life in the woods was what he'd always wanted; these gay, rollicking, carefree folks—they were his sort!

The set was ending. Boone got eagerly to his feet. "Oh, Zephina! I never saw such fun. My! but how you can dance!"

"Shucks!" Violet eyes laughed up at him. "I ain't good as the other gals—kain't crack my heels a-swingin' on the corners. Pappy hain't never boughten me no store-made shoes. A gal kain't put no spirit in her dancin' with nothin' but skin-packs on her feet." She stuck one moccasined toe from under the gay calico. "Pappy's been a-promisin' 'n a-promisin' me a pair, but shoes is mighty hard to come by here. Us woods folks don't git much hard money, and Saint Lou-ee is a long ways off."

"You don't need nothing more to help your dancing—you dance like the wind when it blows through the wild grass on the prairies."

They took their place in the set just forming.

"Salute yore partners!"

They were off! Fiddles scraping, feet a-thumping! Bright eyes sparkling, curls a-tossing! This was living! Down the middle again. Balance, all. Here's my girl! Swing those yellow roses on the corner! What if her feet do leave the floor, she'll only hold me the tighter! Promenade, all.

As the fiddles ceased Boone became aware of his father and Tom Tyler watching from the doorway. Zephina ran to them, and cried, "Why, Pappy! Boone is shore light on his feet! He jest tramped out a four-handed reel to perfection!"

Boone could feel his father's disapproval flowing out towards him like a strong cold wind. Uriah said in close-clipped furious accents, "Where did you learn this evil thing, Boone? Dancing! It belongs to the powers of darkness, the devil uses it to lead righteous souls astray—"

"Aw, come now, neighbor," laughed Tom Tyler; "young folks will be young, ye know. I've footed many a reel myself 'n the devil hain't kitched up with me yet. . . . Let's go see whut the Mosley's corn-patch growed this year."

He took Uriah by the arm and walked him away towards the barn, throwing back over his shoulder at the couple in the doorway, "They're carvin' that roast hog—you young folks better eat a snack—dancin's hungry work."

Alone in the darkness, strolling towards the barbecue, Boone asked Zephina, "Are you spoke for? Or—has your father promised anyone?"

Zephina bubbled with laughter. "Why, Pappy wouldn't think of pickin' fur me! 'Course, he'd like to see me wed—I'm 'most seventeen—and he's been hankerin' to go on one of them freightin' trips with the traders to Santa Fé ever since Ma died, but he won't leave me, less'n I had a man of my own. Oh, they's been a-plenty come a-courtin'—I got the best loom in the country 'n Ma left me a sight of good house fixin's—but I ain't never seed the feller yet I wanted to jump the broomstick with."

"Never?"

Boone stopped in his tracks. He held her in his arms in the kindly sheltering darkness.

"Well—never till lately, Boone."

You didn't have to learn how to kiss a girl—it was like dancing; but your heart quivered in your breast, it didn't thump . . . Words came tumbling out.

"I love you, Zephina, love you!"

"I love you, too, Boone."

But she escaped the prison of his arms like some wild thing, and ran towards the firelight of the barbecue.

And the fiddles played on and on into the night. More folks came from the Landing. Jugs passed more freely. Boone was urged to try a snip of this and that, but he didn't need liquor. His heart leaped in his breast and there were wings on his heels. And over and over, running through his soul, rang the refrain: "Zephina loves me! This is my land and these are my people!"

TOWARDS morning he stretched out on the fragrant wild hay beside his father in the log-barn. Uriah, lying there tensely, awaiting his late coming, said to him bitterly, "You named this land rightly when you called it Egypt! Fiddling! Dancing! Drinking! Carousing! The country is not only barbarous, but the people of it worship the idols of ease and the false gods of pleasure!"

"Well, father," said Boone, "you know the Scriptures say, 'Man cannot live by bread alone.' I never knew what that really meant—till now."

"Black magic," said the old man. "Black magic; the Holy Scriptures also speak of that! You are too young to know where such things lead. It was unwise to stop here for the night. We should have gone on—or better far had we turned back without the corn."

Zephina and Boone sat on a log on the bank above where the boats tied up, and watched the great tawny river flowing by on its winding journey to the gulf. Behind them Willard's Landing hummed with early-morning vigor. There were five houses now besides the store and tavern, all strung out along the one dusty road. Settlers marvelled at its rapid growth. The river brought much trade.

Up the street, in young Willard's trading store, Uriah Bruckhauser carefully examined corn, grain by grain, while he bargained shrewdly for seed to plant his prairie acres. But his son sat gazing across the wide river at the dark rim of the forests on the far shore with kindling imagination. When you lived near a great river in the woods country, things happened, thought Boone.

That was the country so recently held by the King of Spain. Over there, only last year, so Tyler said, had died his mother's kin, Boone, the great pathfinder, after whom she had named him. This was his land! These were his people! He put his arm around Zephina and drew her golden head closer. This was his woman!

Below them, tied to the landing, craft of various kinds lay resting on the yellow water. Boone left Zephina and went to examine them.

Among the clumsy keel and flat boats lay a French bateau, heavily loaded with coffee, tea, and spices, bound up the river from New Orleans to Saint Louis town. Aloft on the roof of its small cabin a dapper, elegantly attired Frenchman with glossy curls sat taking his ease, while eight gigantic blacks lolled dozing in the sun at their oars.

Boone stepped out on the landing-stage and walked its logs until he came within arm's-reach of the Frenchman. He stood gazing at him in astonished admiration as the little man drew out a gilt snuff-box and daintily took a pinch between two fingers. The laces round his slender wrist fell back—he wore jewelled rings—satin breeches—all his garments were made of gay silks. On his feet were high-heeled slippers of finest morocco leather with buckles of beaten silver. Why, his foot was as small and slender as a woman's—as a woman's!

Boone took a step nearer. "Mister!"

The Frenchman observed him coldly, as if he was an inhabitant from another world.

"Mister," blurted Boone again, "will you sell me those shoes on your feet?"

The Frenchman said nothing, only the slender lines of his aristocratic eyebrows rising in disturbed astonishment told Boone that he had heard. Perhaps he didn't understand English. But the shoes, the shoes Boone must have!

His father said that money talked the world over. He felt in his inner pocket, drew forth his broad piece of Spanish gold, and held it up where it glittered in the morning sunlight.

"Look here, sir," said Boone, desperate, "I'll give you this for them—if they will only fit her."

The Frenchman came to life. "Mon Dieu!" he cried. "The boy wishes to buy from off my feet the new shoes straight come from Paris! But what true Frenchman can resist an affair of the heart? Where—where is the lady?"

Boone gestured towards Zephina sitting on the log, idly watching the river as it lazily drifted along.

"And golden curls!" cried the Frenchman; "truly, I'm lost! Here—try them." He took the slippers off and held them out.

"Just a minute—" Shoes in hand, Boone dashed up the bank and fell to his knees before Zephina.

"Try them on," he begged, breathless; "if they fit, they're yours."

Zephina cast off her skin shoe-packs, drew the slippers on to her feet, and stood erect. She stepped up and down the beaten path. The silver buckles gleamed beneath the hem of the flowered skirt, the heels made her tall and stately, a lady of quality.

Shamelessly she caught him around the neck in full daylight. "Boone! Boone! They fit like the shuck on an ear of corn! They'll be the finest shoes in all the woods country. None can ever laugh at my shoe-packs any more!"

He held her jubilant loveliness close to his heart for a moment; then they were running, hand in hand, out on the landing-stage.

"Sir, they're just right!"

Boone handed his gold piece to the Frenchman, the weight of which he appraised at a glance.

"Wait—un moment," the Frenchman said, and disappeared from sight into the cabin of the bateau.

"Here, m'sieur." He stepped to the edge of his boat and handed a white silken fringed shawl, a gay feathered fan, and a bottle of scent to Zephina. "I am an honest man—I could not cheat two young lovers—so brave, so beautiful. The gold piece, it is worth far more than the shoes, but this is all I have aboard that would please a lovely lady."

The unloading of the bateau had finished. He clapped his hands, the eight oars lifted as one, and then—"Give me the shoe-packs—I must wear something."

Boone dashed up the bank and back, and tossed them to him.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the Frenchman as his boat drew away from the landing; "all Saint Lou-ee will roar with laughter at Pierre Blanc who returns from Nouvelle Orléans with the moccasins of the savage on his feet!"

But Pierre Blanc was laughing too.

AS Boone loaded their horse with all the sacked seed-corn the beast could carry, Uriah said to him, "What is this, Boone, that I hear about your buying the daughter of this rough hunter a pair of fine shoes? There must be some mistake—for what would you have to buy or barter with?"

Boone straightened, squared his shoulders, and looked his father in the eye. "I bought them with my Spanish gold piece. Zephina has never had a pair of shoes in all her life—"

"You stole your gold piece from safe keeping to bring on this cursed journey, and now you have squandered it on a wild flighty woods wench—!"

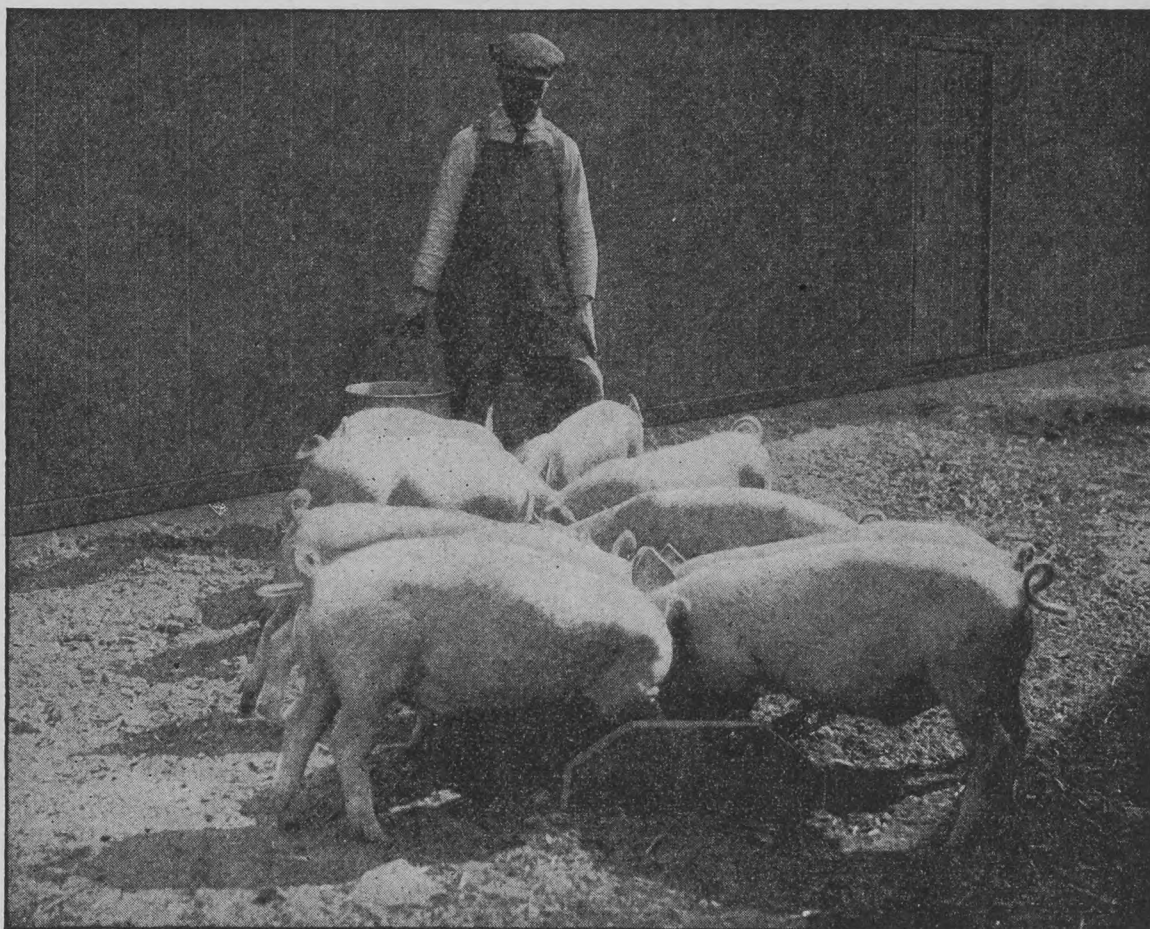
"No!" Boone cried, "you mustn't call Zephina that! She may not be like the girls of our Dutch settlement, but—but she's the kind of a woman my mother was—she's the kind of woman I want." He laid his hand on the old man's shoulder. "Father, stole is a harsh word; you know the gold was mine. My mother left it to me to buy something worthy. I believe—I believe I have spent it for something beyond all price."

Uriah struck his son's hand from his shoulder. "You fool! You silly fool! I should have had enough wisdom not to bring you with me. Your mother's wild blood runs hot in your young veins. Lead the horse—we go! And never pause until we leave this godless land that has bewitched you!"

"But, father, we found the corn here—we've got what we came to find."

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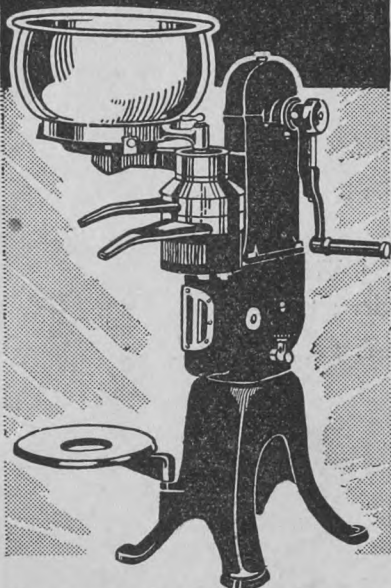
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"Yes, we have got the corn, but you have gotten other things, besides. False ideas of unrighteous pleasures, loose living with these wood folks. Far better had we gone hungry, done without corn, than come on this journey, to this ungodly land. Why do you stand there? For whom are you waiting? Lead the horse, I say! Let us begone!"

Boone followed the small angry figure of his father striding down the centre of the settlement's one road, but as he passed the tavern he waved at Tyler lounging at his ease in front of it.

The woodsman understood.

An hour later, on the winding forest trail, Zephina and Tyler overtook Uriah's heavily burdened horse.

"Well, neighbor, what's the hurry?" was Tyler's genial greeting.

Uriah, through narrowed lips, murmured something about "far too much delay already—"

He could not forbid the Tyler's accompanying them—they were, in fact, useful to guide them on the right trail, but Boone he could keep leading their horse all the long day through.

NO more chances of conversation alone with Zephina, no tender glances from violet eyes. But at least, as she rode ahead through the woods before him, he caught an occasional gleam from her silver shoe buckles where her feet rested in the loops used for stirrups beside her horse, and his heart glowed within him. He had given her what no one else had—not even her father. She had said she loved him. Zephina! There'd never be another girl like her on the flat prairies for him. He couldn't leave her! Why should he? Why couldn't he stay here—in Egypt?

He smiled as he thought of his whimsical fancy to so name the country. Why, that had only been a few days before; he felt years older now. Then, he had been longing, seeking for he knew not what. Now, he knew for what he had sought; his search had ended. This was his land and these were his people! But his father would never consent for him to stay. He wasn't even old enough to be his own man yet. And what did the Scriptures say about this—"Honor thy Father and thy Mother—"

There was only his father left now. . . . It was black night when they reached the Tyler cabin in the dark woods. Cold johnny-cake dipped in sorghum sweetening sufficed the weary travellers.

Boone unburdened the tired horse and climbed the loft-ladder. No use to linger—there would be no chance of any secret word with Zephina, his father would see to that. In the morning—he must decide.

He could hear voices below, his father's and Tyler's.

"Leave the boy here with me—ye kain't make a prairie farmer out of him. I know the breed he comes from. I figure it takes all kinds to settle up new countries—an' if ye clear all the woods from the land fur farms, where be the game to live? And then the hull country burns up with drought 'n winds. God Almighty never meant fur a man to git rich off'n the land. He give it to him fur to live on 'n enjoy."

And then Uriah's voice, cold, biting. "If he stays he'll never get a dollar from me—he's no longer a son of mine. . . ."

But sleep, in spite of Boone's wishing to hear, blotted out all else.

AT DAYBREAK, when Boone and Uriah descended the loft-ladder, a hot breakfast waited smoking on the table before the fireplace. Uriah could scarcely pause long enough to do justice to it, his haste was so great to take Boone and begone. Zephina was pale of face and reserved as she waited on them.

Tom Tyler brought something from the foot of his bed. He said with dignity, "Here is a carry-all full of my finest seed-corn. We could not have ye lose your gold piece, boy. Ye kin bargain this well among your neighbors in that burned-out God-forsaken country."

Zephina had pulled her new piece of weaving from the loom, and in the night had fashioned a bag for the corn; Tyler had shelled it full.

Boone choked over his thanks, but Uriah said naught in appreciation. "Get the horse," he ordered; "we must begone."

Zephina stood cold and quiet by her father as he bade them good-bye. She

wore shoepacks again this morning. Boone wondered numbly what she had done with her shoes of the silver buckles. He'd not be there to dance with her in them. . . . The Scriptures said a good son must honor his father. . . .

He turned away and followed Uriah down the trail into the shadows of the woods. He looked up at the great branches swaying far overhead. They were like the rafters of a beloved home. Soon he would pass beyond their enfolding shelter, there would be only the far lonesome reaches of the flat endless prairies. Never to hear the wind sighing through the leaves again.

They passed through the corn-patch clearing with its stark ringed trees and entered the forest. And then Boone knew. He took the haversack of corn from his shoulders and laid it on a fallen log beside the trail.

"Father, I'm going back," he said; "but I'll return."

Uriah stopped where he led the way with the horse, and opened his thin lips to speak. He looked up at Boone's face, and then without a word closed them and turned and went on.

She was weeping in her father's arms beside the cabin door when Boone reached the home clearing. He paused a moment at the sight, then continued his headlong rush.

Now Zephina was in Boone's arms, sobbing on his shoulder. He was saying to Tom Tyler, looking him straight in the eye over her head, "Don't think I meant to leave that way; my father freezes me—I could say naught. You understand. I have to go with him now. He's getting old—he can't even reach home safe without me. But I'm coming back—I'm coming back!"

Tom Tyler patted his shoulder. "I knew it, son—I knew it; but Phiny here—" He smiled at Boone broadly, and went into the cabin and gently closed the door.

Boone raised her soft pointed chin with one finger and looked deep into the drenched violets that were her eyes. "Zephina," he begged, "will you keep the silver-buckled shoes to dance with me?"

"Boone! Oh, Boone!" she wept, "I thought you was a-goin' an' I'd see you nevermore! I don't want nothin' in the whole wide world but you. You can go now," her arms tightened, "but come back to me! Come back to me! Anywhurs you want to roam, I'll foller you, an' there's whur I'll lay my head in happiness!"

Boone gathered her closer in his arms. The fur on the toes of her little shoepacks barely touched the ground.

"Zephina! Zephina! Nothing can stop me from coming back! I came down into Egypt to buy corn, but I found life and you. Egypt! This is my land and you are my people. Here I shall dwell!"

At the edge of the clearing he turned and looked back. Big Tom Tyler stood protectingly beside her again. They waved and called, "In the spring! We'll be looking fur you, in the spring!"

Boone turned and plunged rapidly ahead on the trail to overhaul Uriah. He'd be a good son this winter—he'd plow till the corn was all planted in the spring, and then he was coming back—back to stay. The autumn-touched leaves of the forest trees above him were dying now, but then—then they'd be full of the quickening green of spring. . . .

He hastened his steps as if they could hasten time.

News Item From B.C.

Twenty thousand "off variety" apple trees were removed from Okanagan orchards last winter. Total apple trees in the valley are estimated at 1,091,000 on 18,197 acres. American demand at good prices for dairy cows is reported to be making it difficult for Fraser valley farmers to hang on to their herds. U.S. buyers are reported to be working in all important dairy districts in the province. Dropping the income and other taxes as result of the federal "raid" may shorten B.C. provincial revenues by ten or 12 millions. Ottawa is expected to make up the shortage. Vancouver area last year consumed 77,840 head of beef cattle, 33,544 of B.C. production, 44,296 from Alberta.—H. B. Smith.

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THE COUNTRYWOMAN

Summer days bring many new interests and tasks
for the rural homemaker

By AMY J. ROE

WE are never quite ready for it. Spring comes with such a rush that it seems bound to catch us short, either on time for its many tasks or leisure to enjoy it. We are left rather breathless and always amazed at the charm of its first young beauty.

Such a short time ago gardens, lawns and roadways were brown; trees and shrubs drab and bare! Now there is a carpet of grass; color in every twig and bush; the tender green of young leaves weaving lacy patterns against the blue sky. We were hardly aware of the gradual process happening about us. In a day or two, in a night almost it seemed, all this happened suddenly. It is spring's miracle, old and yet ever new. It is vivid because of its great contrast with winter.

The air is like wine. All outdoors beckons to us. We could spend hours wandering about, loitering over jobs, perhaps unimportant in themselves yet furnishing sufficient excuse to keep us out in the sun. Spring brings a languor that extends to every bone and sinew. It is relaxation from winter's strain and stress. Like kittens on the sunny side of the house we could stretch and yawn endlessly.

But there is much to do: gardens to hoe, seeds to find; plots and plants to care for; much digging, transplanting and watering. Indoors the bright sunshine penetrates every corner and there is extra cleaning, clearing and tidying.

Nature conspires to press her demands for our attention heaviest in the spring. There are young things to care for; chickens, even calves and colts. Their uncertain, wobbling efforts to get a start in life call for the kindly care and attention of the farm man and woman. A single casualty of one of these young things can throw a planned day's schedule into the discard. And while country men toil long hours to sow grain the housewife's indoor tasks absorb her time and thought.

As June days merge into those of midsummer there come the first fruits; early vegetables, currants, strawberries. While we look forward to these things as fair rewards of endeavor we will not forget the joy we found in the early days of spring.

School Promotion

JUNIOR will be in the sixth grade this year? I thought he started to school the same fall as Marjorie, across the road. She told me she was in the fifth.

That's right, Junior is a little older than Marjorie, and he is quick. Perhaps you're right—he needs to keep busy. Too easy school work and too much opportunity to idle encourage slovenly habits of thinking and working.

A bright boy like Junior might be able to go ahead of his own age still further. But I'd think twice before I permitted that. He's smart enough to do it with credit, I know, but even a child with a well-developed mind can be very young in other ways. It isn't fair to let him grow through his young years a "lone wolf," eager in his work but with little interest in his fellows when he should be free and happy at play, or so odd and ingrown that the children don't care for his company.

I have known many boys and girls studying successfully alongside older children, and few have fitted the group easily. Some were too shy to open their mouths lest they expose their youth and

inexperience. I remember the pathetic spectacle of brilliant college students caught in the "silly" teen-age which usually belongs to the high school crowd. And I have mourned for the "queer" ones who have so completely lost step that it will take long years of maturing and agonizing effort before they can hope for easy friendships with either men or women. There must be much more to Junior's progress than mere mental achievement.

In the small rural school it's easy also for duller children to fall hopelessly behind schedule. The slow child must not get a sense of failure or discouragement, just as the quick one must not study himself clear out of his own social group. Rural parents and teachers are getting hold of these problems. A physically mature boy or girl need not linger for years merely as a "repeater" but has an opportunity for mental and vocational development he is capable of achieving, and a smart child may have adequate supplemental reading, handwork, and activities so that he need not use excess mental energy in mere forward progress through textbooks.

Many educational people believe slow pupils are entitled to as many school grades as the state provides. Even if a boy can't learn grammar or geometry, his life may be greatly enriched because the schools taught him social values, citizenship, and courage of effort. You might be surprised, too, to know how much he learned in manual training, farm management, and even English literature, even with low class achievement.

Keep Junior's mind eager and busy, yes. But his body, his spirit, his whole personal outlook must be kept healthy, too.—Eleanor Saltzman.

Speaking of Brides

JUNE is the traditional month for weddings. It is often called the bride's month. Certainly it is a popular one for weddings and rightly so when there is such a wealth of flowers and green leaf to make a beautiful background for the festivities planned.

Our wedding story for this month is about a bride who appears in the wedding group shown on another page in the Home section of this issue. She is news for a special reason and one which will interest many other brides-to-be. Every girl dreams of having a beautiful trousseau, when she marries the man of her heart. Not just clothes alone but pretty and useful things for the rooms of her new home. This girl made that dream come true. Beginning with a complete set of dainty silken lingerie through to the handsome wedding gown of lace and the veil and the gowns worn by her three bridesmaids and one worn by a friend who sang at the wedding, she made them all with her own capable fingers. The beauty of it was that by so making the garments she was able to have these pretty things, made from good materials at a cost which was remarkably low.

She could not have managed it if she had not sewn the things herself. She made house dresses, a wool tailored suit, a printed silk afternoon dress, corduroy house coat, sport clothes including a swim suit. She also made curtains for every room in her new home, dresser scarves, bedspread, tea and linen towels, cushions and even a slip cover for a bedroom chair, needlepoint seats for dining chairs as well as table linen and bed linen.

Her name? It was Gladys Waters but she changed it

to Donovan on a day not so long ago. Brides are news at any time but the reason we like to tell you about this particular young lady is that she did so much with her own skill and planning to make her wedding a pretty one and to give herself a good start in making an attractive home for herself and her husband. Her story is an inspirational one for other young women of today—and there are more than an average number of weddings happening now. It takes some time for planning, a few good ideas, a number of reliable patterns and an efficient sewing machine as well as some skill on the part of the sewer. "It can be done and it is fun to do," is the comment of the young lady herself. Ideas and ambition will help the girl or woman who really wants to sew and so have the pretty things she could not otherwise afford.

In the Kitchen

IF you were making a start in housekeeping, you would be able to find a number of ready references as to what linen and furnishings you would likely need. And you would find that homemakers have usually quite definite ideas of what and how much is needed. But not many women think in definite terms about the tools and equipment they will require in the kitchen.

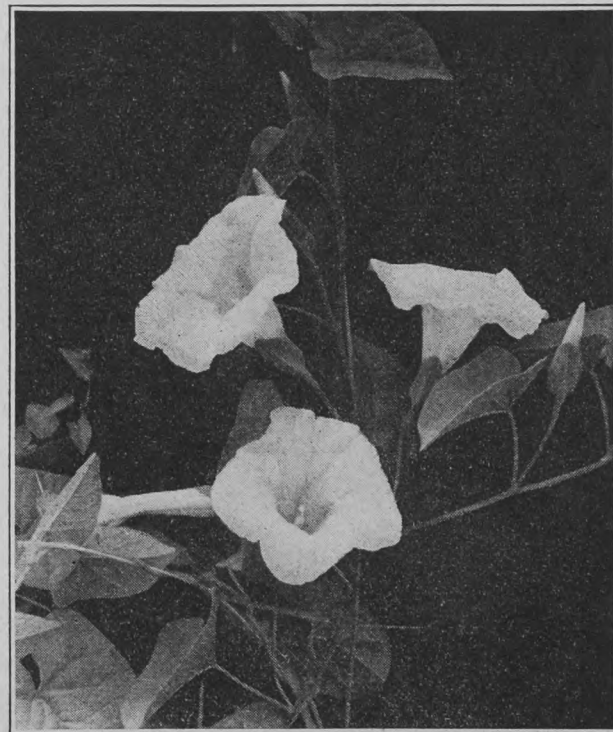
Yet the kitchen is the workshop of the home. The bride will likely spend a large proportion of her working hours in it. Satisfactory equipment and good tools for household tasks will mean a saving of both time and energy. They will go a long way towards helping her find both interest and pleasure in housekeeping.

So it is with considerable satisfaction that we carry in this issue an article by Margaret Speechly on the subject: Fitting Up The Kitchen. The writer of the article is a trained observer of women's methods in household work. She has in addition had 16 years of practical experience of working in her own Saskatchewan farm home. The bride, starting out in her new home, will find the article helpful.



Wild Roses in Alberta.

Photos by Myrtle A. Beggs, Beynon.



Wild Morning Glory.

BUFFET Lunches

This popular style of serving food for special occasions is in the spirit of the times. It is a boon to the busy hostess and makes for cheery informality among the guests

by

MARJORIE J. GUILFORD

NEXT time you entertain, how about serving refreshments in the form of a buffet lunch? Lunch in this case, may mean anything from midday lunch—or even breakfast—to the mid-night snack after a party. This includes afternoon tea, supper and evening receptions. In fact, any gathering of people where food is to be served and where a gay, informal spirit of hospitality is desired.

Lunches and suppers that are served buffet style differ from the ordinary in that the guests do not sit down to definite places at the table. The dining table is arranged with the most attractive linen, silver and chinaware available and the food is placed on it, so that the guests may help themselves and then sit or stand about the room. Groups of chairs and a few small tables, if possible, should be placed for their convenience. This is particularly desirable when men folks are to be present as they like a table to set their cup and plate on much more than women do. The dishes and food on the table are in such order that the guests may pass round, gathering the things they want as they go.

Sometimes, if the meal is to be a fairly substantial one, as in the case of a supper, an appetizer may be served. It may be a tray of tiny biscuits spread with cheese or anchovy paste and decorated with olives or pickles; or small glasses of tomato or fruit juice; or sherbert glasses containing fruit or seafood cocktail. These may be placed at one end of the table, on a side table, or may be passed about among the guests as they arrive, as a means of breaking the ice and getting the party off to a good start.

For the main course, plates will be the first requirement, so they are placed in a pile on one side of the table, perhaps beside a platter of assorted cold sliced meat. Next in line is a steaming casserole of scalloped potatoes, or a crisp, colorful salad. Celery, olives, pickles, relishes, or whatever the accompaniments are, will be on a large tray or in a group of small dishes; followed by a supply of forks and serviettes spread out in an attractive way. Perhaps sandwiches have been decided on instead of the casserole or salad mentioned. They may, of course, be made before-hand in the usual way, and arranged on large plates. But its really more fun if the guests make their own. Thin slices of bread of various kinds, are buttered and put on a large

Some Menu Suggestions

BUFFET SUPPER

Potato Chips	Salmon Loaf	Creamed Peas
Lemon Slices		Olives
Individual Molds of Pineapple	Bavarian Cream	
Coconut Macaroons		
Coffee		Tea

AFTERNOON TEA

Assorted Fancy Sandwiches	Buttered Nut Bread
Stuffed Celery	Gherkins
Date Crumb Cookies	Chocolate Fudge Loaf
Salted Nuts	Tea

WEDDING RECEPTION

Olives	Buttered Finger Rolls	Sweet Pickles
Heart Molds of Peas and Celery in Tomato Jelly		
Vanilla Ice Cream with Whole Strawberries		
Fancy Iced Cakes	Wedding Cake	
	Mints	Ginger Ale Punch
Coffee		

CHURCH SUPPER

Chili Con Carne	
Shredded Lettuce and Tomato Salad	
Celery and Cheese	Buttered Rolls
Individual Butterscotch or Lemon Pie	
Coffee	Tea

tray. Around it are placed the fillings—of as many varieties as you choose. Cold sliced meat such as ham, tongue or jellied veal, a tuna fish and celery combination, sliced cucumbers, and peanut butter, are only a few suggestions. Some crackers and cheese will never go begging. Mustard, salad dressing, or whatever other trimmings may be necessary should be handy also.

ON the other side of the table, or, if there isn't room there, on a side table, the dessert will be placed; unless it is ice cream, which it is more convenient to serve direct from the kitchen. For the most part, the

dessert should be simple and individual servings are most convenient. Tarts, individual shortcakes, or jellied fruit salad in custard cups or sherbert glasses are sure to be popular.

When the dessert is easily handled, or when, as is sometimes possible, each guest is provided with a small tray, the beverage may be served with the dessert. Otherwise, it should follow immediately after, accompanied by small candies, mints or salted nuts. The tea or coffee service will have the place of honor at the end of the table; if both are served, the two ends of the table will be taken up. It is a matter of personal preference or convenience whether someone presides over these or whether the guests are allowed to help themselves. To have someone pouring does add a touch of graciousness and dignity that is sometimes desirable. At small, very informal parties, the guests will enjoy serving themselves and indulging pet preferences.

If possible, it is well to have a table, or tea or kitchen wagon near the door to the kitchen, so that used plates can be put there by the guests. This will prevent the main table from becoming cluttered with dirty dishes, and they can be easily transferred to the kitchen by the hostess or her helpers.

THE most important thing to remember when planning for buffet refreshments, is that the food must be easy to serve and to eat. When sliced meat is used, it must be of a type that is easily broken or cut with the side of the fork, as knives are out of the question. In most cases, Slices of bread for sandwiches should be small enough that they can be conveniently handled. Cakes with very sticky icing should be avoided. At tea, placing the cup on a matching plate instead of the saucer is a new idea, but one that does away with many of the hazards of balancing sandwiches or cake on the saucer.

There are many reasons for the increasing popularity of buffet lunches. They seem to fit in with the casual spirit of the times better than do ceremonious dinners and receptions. A larger number of guests can be accommodated at one party than would be possible in the case of a "sit-down" meal. Actually the guests

Turn to page 53



The table setting is arranged so that guests may move about and help themselves to the good things provided.

[Table setting arranged courtesy T. Eaton Co.]

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of them!



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It Helps You Win**

Write us a simple, sincere statement in your own original way. Say "I prefer Royal Yeast because..." and finish that statement by adding 25 words or less. Fancy writing doesn't count. Just be natural. Mail us your statement right away, with the front from one package of Royal Yeast. Every one of the 311 best letters will win a **FIRST** prize... a crisp new \$5 bill.

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And do you prefer it because you know you can rely on Royal? Because it is always uniform, the standard of quality for 50 years? Do you buy it because it is made in Canada? Or because thousands of other women have tried many yeasts and prefer Royal? (Actually, far more of them now use Royal than all other yeasts combined.)

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Write A Letter Today

Tell us your reasons. Every word of it will be read by the judges. And you have 311 chances to win a crisp welcome \$5 bill.

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You don't have to compete with everybody in Canada and Newfoundland in order to win a prize. Every province and Newfoundland will share in the distribution of the prizes. And every winner gets a **FIRST** Prize—a crisp, new \$5 bill!

311 FIRST PRIZES

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest is open to everyone in Canada and Newfoundland, with the exception of employees of the manufacturers of Royal Yeast.
2. Finish the sentence "I prefer Royal Yeast because..." by adding 25 words or less. Write it on one side of a sheet of paper. Be sure to sign your name and address.
3. Attach the front from one package of Royal Yeast Cakes.
4. Mail it to Royal Yeast, 602 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Que.
5. Contest closes June 30, 1941. All entries must be postmarked by midnight of that date.
6. Entries will be judged for sincerity, clearness and originality. No entries returned. Entries and contents thereof become the property of the manufacturers of Royal Yeast. Decision of the judges will be final.

7. Winners will be announced in this publication.

8. Write as many statements as you like. The more entries you send in, the more chances you have to win. One Royal Yeast package front must be attached to *each* entry.

THE PRIZES

Entrants from each province and from Newfoundland will compete only with other entrants from the same territory. Each province and Newfoundland has its own quota of prizes, to be awarded only to entrants residing in those respective territories.

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EVERY WINNER GETS \$5 — 311
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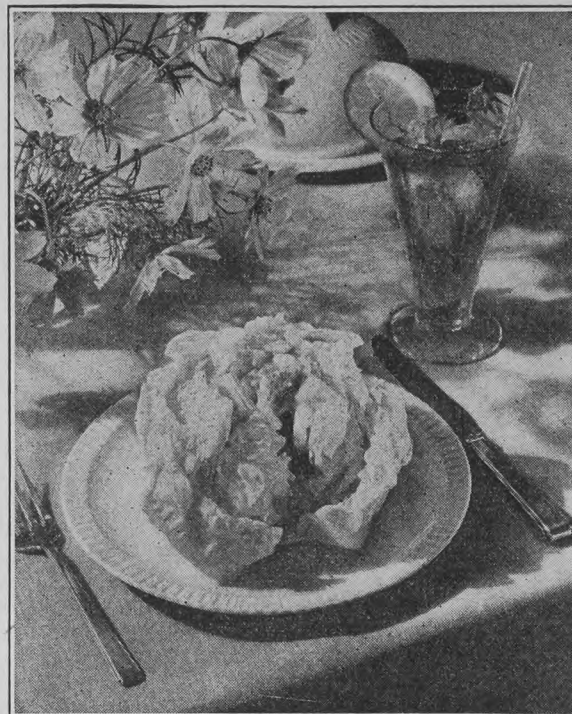
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Christie's Sultanas

Salads From the Garden



A salad plate and iced tea are a treat on a hot summer day.

With plenty of fresh things at hand we can have salads to afford pleasing and healthful summer meals

in crisp salads. Beets, asparagus, beans and peas need to be cooked but the cooking can be done so as to preserve as much of the nutritive value as possible.

Crisp, cold and colorful might be called the three c's of salad making. Greens should be carefully washed in cold water, drained and placed in a covered container or wrapped in a damp cloth and allowed to remain in the refrigerator or other cool place until crisp and chilled. Before using they should be carefully dried with a piece of cheesecloth. This will

WITH an abundance of fresh vegetables in our gardens, we can indeed put into practice the saying "summer time is salad time." We need the valuable nutrients found in salads all the year round, but they do come very much to the fore during the warm weather. Their crisp coolness is appetizing and refreshing. They satisfy the appetite without furnishing excess heat and energy.

An attractively arranged plate salad, with cold meat, forms the main course of a delicious summer meal. Head lettuce, quartered or cut into eighths, goes well with a grated carrot and potato combination. Lay a few little green onions alongside and garnish with cress. Or use flat leaves of lettuce on the plate as a basis for sliced tomatoes and cucumbers arranged around a heap of peas and diced meat, combined with a salad dressing. Garnish with strips of green pepper. There are endless combinations that can be used, either as the main course, or as a lighter "side salad" with a hot meal.

A bowl of salad may be preferred to individual plates and it too can be arranged so as to add color and interest to the lunch or supper table. A colorful design may be worked out using: quartered tomatoes, sticks of celery, and balls of potato salad that have been rolled in chopped cress or parsley. When chopped or shredded foods are mixed they should be tossed together lightly with a wooden fork and spoon, so that the pieces will be thoroughly mixed but each retain its own identity.

The season of fresh vegetables is short and we must make the most of it by serving some sort of salad every day. There is no need for monotony as the same foods can be varied from day to day by serving in different ways: dicing or grating; combining with a variety of different foods or serving with a different salad dressing; using something new by way of a garnish. Sticks of carrot or beet, tomato or pepper rings, radish roses, paprika or chopped nuts, can be used sometimes in place of the old standbys such as cress or parsley and slices of hard-cooked egg.

Use vegetables raw whenever possible. They are then richest in the vitamins and minerals essential to health. Nutrition experts say that we should eat at least one raw vegetable each day and there is no better way of getting it than

prevent the salad having a watery, unattractive appearance when dressing and moisture have mixed. Other raw foods should be treated in much the same way and foods that have been cooked must be thoroughly chilled.

Harlequin Salad

1 c. peas
¼ c. diced beets
1 onion

¼ c. diced carrots
1 c. red and white cabbage

Cook the peas, beets and carrots until tender. Chill, dice the beets and carrots, then add the shredded cabbage and chopped onion. Season highly with salt and pepper and one hour before serving, pour French dressing over it and mix well. Serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Beet Salad

6 good sized beets, cooked and skinned
1 c. diced celery
Horseradish dressing

Cook beets, remove skins and chill thoroughly. Dice fine. Toss together with celery. Horseradish dressing is made as follows:

To one cup boiled dressing add 2½ tablespoons of finely and freshly shredded horseradish and blend well. Use about half or a little more of this proportion to dress beet salad.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

6 medium sized tomatoes
½ c. peas
¼ c. chopped celery
¼ c. diced cucumber
Salad dressing

Scald and peel the tomatoes. Cut a slice from the top and hollow out with a spoon. Mix the tomato pulp and salad dressing with the peas, chopped celery and cucumber and fill the tomatoes with the mixture. Lay the slice of tomato on top and garnish with hard-cooked egg yolk forced through a coarse sieve.

Spinach Salad

3 c. finely-chopped young spinach leaves
9 little green onions, finely diced
6 small tomatoes, skinned and cut into chunks

Toss spinach, onions and tomatoes together, and add boiled dressing or mayonnaise. Season to taste. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg.

Cabbage and Carrot Salad

1 c. grated raw carrot
1 c. chopped raw cabbage
½ tsp. salt
1 T. lemon juice
Mayonnaise to mix

Mix together grated, or ground raw carrots, chopped raw cabbage (or celery, or the two mixed), lemon juice, salt and enough mayonnaise or boiled dressing to hold the salad together. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

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See column 2, page 61
for details.

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Zonitors

Tomato and Asparagus Salad
Peel, remove centre and chill firm,
medium-sized tomatoes. Fill centres
with asparagus tips in upright position.
Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise
dressing.

Boiled Dressing

1 tsp. mustard	1 egg
2 T. flour	¼ c. milk
½ tsp. paprika	¼ c. vinegar
1 tsp. salt	1 T. butter
1 tsp. sugar	

Mix dry ingredients well. Add well-
beaten egg and mix until smooth. Add
milk and vinegar and cook over hot
water until smooth, stirring constantly.
Remove from fire, add butter and cool.

French Dressing

½ tsp. salt	2 T. vinegar
¼ tsp. pepper	2 T. olive oil

Prepare by shaking together in a
bottle just before using.

Mayonnaise Dressing

1 tsp. salt	2 T. lemon juice
Cayenne	2 T. vinegar
Yolks of 2 eggs	1½ c. olive oil

Mix dry ingredients, add egg yolks.
When well mixed add half tablespoon
vinegar. Add oil, drop by drop at first
and stir constantly as mixture thickens
and thin with vinegar or lemon juice.
Add oil and acid alternately until all is
used, stirring or beating constantly.
If oil is added too rapidly, dressing will
have a curdled appearance. A smooth
consistency is restored by taking the
yolk of another egg and adding the
curdled mixture slowly to it. It is de-
sirable to have the bowl containing the
mixture in a larger bowl of crushed
ice.

BUFFET LUNCHES

Continued from page 50

do some of the work themselves, re-
lieving the hostess of part of her
responsibility. She must keep an eye
open for dishes that need refilling from
time to time, but that is only a part-
time job, and she may ask one or two
friends to help her. Everyone enjoys the
free and easy atmosphere and the fun
of serving themselves. Groups of people
who are especially congenial will gather
together to chat, and if the dining-room
is small, may be encouraged to overflow
into another room, or in the summer
time, to the veranda or porch. They'll
come back when they want more food.

Its adaptability to a group of any type
or size is another point in favor of the
buffet lunch. Club or church groups that
are busy with extra war or charitable
work will find that they can give money-
making buffet teas and suppers with less
trouble and effort than is necessary
otherwise. Fewer people will be needed
to manage a tea, and it is much easier
to set up one large table for a supper
than the series of long tables usually
required. For a large affair, two tables
at opposite ends of the room, one for
the main course and one for dessert and
coffee will do away with the possibility
of confusion.

For the private party—the shower for
a bride-to-be, a "meet-so-and-so" su-
per or a large family reunion—the
buffet lunch is very popular. Everyone
has a chance to see everyone else and
the guest of honor can be shared by all.
When entertaining strangers, they soon
feel at home in the atmosphere of care-
free hospitality. A wedding reception
served buffet style is ideal. Usually
there are many more guests than can
be comfortably seated at tables, but in
this way there is room for everyone.

There is something rather special to
keep in mind about buffet meals. Don't
be afraid to do things that haven't,
to your knowledge, been done before. Any-
thing that you think of to make things
more convenient and pleasant for all
concerned will add to the success of your
party. Remember that the spirit of the
gathering is cheery informality, and
your guests will quickly get the idea too
and will be sure to enjoy themselves.

BEE HIVE golden corn SYRUP



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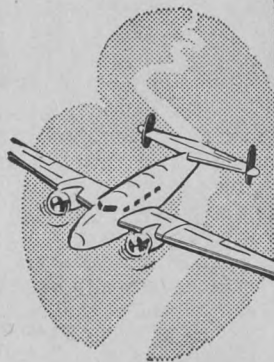
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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, WINNIPEG

LEAVE YOUR PROBLEM OF



waking
up
TO
BIG BEN



BIG BEN

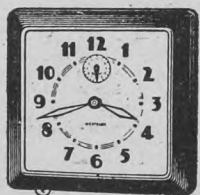
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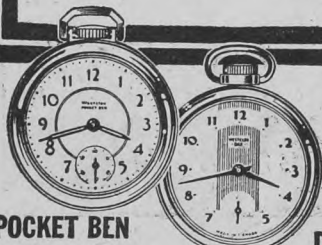
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Beauty Confessions

Owning up to a few beauty sins, I hope to enquire as to some of yours

NANCY BAYNE



A convenient dressing table with a good mirror.

WHAT beauty sins do you commit? How many of beauty's commandments do you break? Confession being good for the soul, I'll start with my own list of transgressions. There are actually nine of them.

Heading the list comes the lengthy soaking in a bath that is much too hot. Is this a weakness of yours, too? It's the worst possible thing for anyone with a dry skin, and is often responsible for those ugly little vein marks on the legs.

Experts say that blood heat is the correct temperature for a beauty bath; but as that—from my point of view—takes half its pleasure away, we need not be quite so strict. It must be warm rather than hot, however, and a seven-minute soak is the maximum time.

If your skin has already been dried by a course of hot baths, massage some warm almond oil into the skin at bath time. If the warm oil is applied to the body directly it is dry, the skin will absorb it greedily, and after a really good massage every trace of oil will be gone, leaving the skin soft and supple. Try it! It's one of the best ways I know of getting a schoolgirl complexion all over.

A pillow that is too high was one of my pet vices until I found how I was spoiling my contour. If I hadn't nobly exchanged my mound of pillows for one slim specimen I should shortly have developed a double chin. Try gradually reducing your own particular mountain until you can sleep with one pillow, or better still, none.

WHEN choosing that solitary survivor, pick one that is not too soft—this was beauty sin No. 3 on my list—for a soft pillow is often the cause of a bad complexion and a poor head of hair. The face sinks deep into the down, and we breathe the same exhausted air over and over again.

The head becomes hot, perspiration dries upon the scalp, with the direst of consequences. Though I would not go so far as to emulate one beauty enthusiast who sleeps upon a thin, hard, horse-hair pillow, she is working upon the right lines.

My next crime was sleeping with my bed facing the light. A rearrangement of the furniture in your room usually solves this problem; but if this is not possible, invest in a pair of dark green linen blinds or some thick curtains.

When the light is allowed to stream upon the sleeper's face it prevents sleep from doing its duty—smoothing out lines and resting the eyes. Instead, the eyes involuntarily screw themselves up against the light, and in the morning that tired look mars the face.

Before we leave the question of nighttime beauty, tell me—do you curl up in your bed with your knees almost touching your chin? You do! So did I; but it's absolutely fatal to your figure. It is the cause of most of those sway-back lines—the lordosis curve is another grand name for it. Try and sleep on your right side—this is easier on the heart—with your legs straight but relaxed. This makes for a good figure.

If this seems a chilly prospect—when the sheets at the bottom of the bed feel as if they had been in the refrigerator—indulge in a hot bottle—two hot bottles, bedsocks—anything! But sleep straight out in your bed.

Do you forget that you possess a neck? So many of us find it difficult to remember, and we are bound to pay heavily for our forgetfulness. A beautifully groomed woman of my acquaintance—she is in the fifties—displayed her neck to me the other day. I am bound to say it didn't match her well-cared-for face.

"Oh," she said in response to my murmur. "I am looking after it now, but if only I'd begun sooner. I didn't realize I had a neck until I was forty."

THIS is how I conquered that sin. I resolved that everything I did for my face should be done for my neck also, giving it the same allowance of cleansing cream, skin tonic, skin food and face pack.

"Take your elbows off that table!" Does that bring back schoolroom days? It seemed pointless enough then, but if we regarded it now our elbows would benefit. Rough, red elbows spoil the loveliest arms, and it is this table temptation which does the damage.

Get your elbows soft and white again and then you will think twice before you mar their beauty. Massage them with a cut lemon, then rub gently with a toilet pumice stone, wash, and apply skin food. That's the treatment, but it must be repeated every day for a week.

Crime No. 8 is cruelty to lashes. Far too many of us must plead guilty to this. We brush them occasionally with mascara which is very drying, and seldom remove it properly at night.

Try putting a few drops of lash-growing oil on your mascara block, letting it soak well in. This will not only counteract the drying effect, but will give your lashes a lovely silken gleam.

The biggest beauty sin of all, I have left to the end—the worry habit. Worry killed the cat, you know, but far more important from our point of view, it dims the complexion, spoils the expression, and engraves ageing lines upon the face.

Spare five minutes one day to examine your worries one by one. Can you do anything practical about any one of them? If so, get on with it. If not, forget them.

Good posture is difficult, nearly impossible without good health that gives muscles their tone. So look to your health routine to keep your self-respect and self-confidence. Have regular hours of sleeping, regular hours of eating, avoid foolish notions about foods and eat everything then you won't feel like piecing between meals. Exercise every day—long walks, tennis, swimming strengthen the muscles. And remember to hold the correct posture at these exercises.—I.C.S.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



What is the story behind this all too common scene?

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Fitting Up a Kitchen

Tools for a bride's kitchen—suggestions for showers

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

IT really is a lot of fun to fit up a new kitchen especially if you have a definite idea of what is indispensable and what is nice but not absolutely necessary. Even if you are not a bride, check over the lists below to see what would make your meal-getting easier and more interesting.

The main thing is to have a plan. It pays. The result is that precious money goes for essentials, leaving the non-essentials to kind friends who are dying to contribute something to the new home. Most modern brides usually draw up a list to indicate what they would really like. This prevents duplication and saves friends a lot of worry.

Below is a list of kitchen tools to buy first. It is the absolute minimum, and can be altered or expanded as you wish. A second list includes equipment that will save a lot of time and labor, and can be added gradually. The third features some ideas for showers.

Practical Tools to Have

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 kettle with lid for large pieces of meat—6 qt. | 1 shallow baking pan 9x12 ins. (cake, biscuits, cookies) |
| 1 saucepan with lid 1½ qt. | 1 set muffin tins—6 or 8 holes |
| 1 double boiler—2 qt. | 2 pie plates—9 ins. diam. |
| 1 med. frying pan—8 ins. diam. | 1 pancake turner |
| 1 potato pot or steamer | 1 long-handled meat fork—times 3 ins. long |
| 1 open roasting pan (measure oven) | 1 butcher knife — broad blade 7 ins. long |
| 1 kneading pan with lid for mixing bread | 1 general-purpose knife — narrow blade, 6 ins. long |
| 1 colander or strainer | 1 paring knife — 2 are better |
| 1 tea kettle | 1 bread knife |
| 1 dishpan | 1 bread box |
| 1 shallow pan for draining dishes | 1 or more wooden spoons |
| 1 bakeboard (or use well scrubbed table) | 2 standard measuring cups, 1 glass, 1 metal |
| 1 rolling pin (or bottle, sealer, or broom stick) | Set standard measuring spoons |
| 1 flour sifter | 1 vegetable masher |
| Nest of 3 bowls for mixing | 1 toaster |
| 1 wheel beater | |

A Variety of Makeshifts

You will see from the above that a lot of make-shifts are possible. There is no cutter for biscuits or cookies, but you can use the lid of a can or a small glass or a sealer ring. A bread board is really an essential in order to save the edge of the knife as well as the table top. Maybe you can find a smooth piece of wood around home that will do for the purpose. If not, be sure to add it to the list.

More baking pans would be an economy, also bowls. Be sure to measure the oven of the range you expect to

use. Leave space around the pans for the heat to circulate. Casseroles and other heat-proof ware are not listed as you are sure to have some given to you. According to what you like to drink, include a teapot or a coffee-maker.

Other Essentials

Don't forget that you can hardly get along without:

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Stove and pipes | Washboard |
| Table and chairs | Washboiler |
| Water pail | Wash tub |
| Dipper | Clothes pins |
| Pail for waste water | Rope or wire line |
| Vegetable brush | Broom |
| Scrub brush | Dust pan |
| Clock | Cleaning cloths |
| Crocks with lids | |

Containers for small supplies can be made from tins with tight lids. Candy boxes, coffee tins or marshmallow boxes when painted are excellent. Sealers, glass coffee or tobacco jars with good tops are practical for many groceries.

Consider These Worksavers

This list supplements those already given. Study these items that will save precious time and strength:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Food chopper | 2 or more cooling racks |
| Apple corer | Flat wire beater |
| Lemon squeezer | Set vegetable shredders |
| Can opener | Set wooden spoons |
| 2 wire strainers—1 large, 1 medium | 6 everyday medium plates |
| Knife sharpener | 6 everyday table-spoons |
| Loaf pans | 6 everyday teaspoons |
| More pie plates | 3 rubber plate scrapers |
| Flour dredger | Pastry brush |
| Salt and pepper shaker for stove | Set storage jars or cans |
| More saucepans with covers | Wax paper |
| Large frying pan | |
| 6 everyday cups and saucers | |
| 6 custard cups | |

Neat Devices Nice To Have

Interested friends of the bride please note! If you are puzzled about what to give, consult the list below. Any young couple would be proud to own these things, many of which they would otherwise do without. Just the other day a bachelor gave a bride a dustpan and a mousetrap. Very good idea! Don't forget a pussy is often a welcome gift in a new establishment:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Covered roaster | Corkscrew |
| Basting spoon | Funnel |
| Set stainless steel skewers | Sealer funnel |
| Weigh scales | Canning equipment |
| Fancy molds, large or small | Jar opener |
| Tube pan for sponge cake | Assorted scoops |
| Fancy cutters | Carving set |
| Pie knife | Cookie sheets |
| Cake box | Potato ricer |
| Metal flour bin | Pastry blender |
| Cookie jars | Kitchen scissors |
| Large pitchers | Quart measure |
| | Step stool |
| | 1 or 2 trays |

Smiling Summer Mornings start with this treat!



No wonder Mary's smile matches the summer morning — she is eating a luscious breakfast of two Nabisco Shredded Wheat and milk, topped with fresh strawberries! And she is getting 100% whole wheat, with its valuable wheat germ, in a form that is easily digested and quickly convertible into energy for work or play.

Serve this tasty whole wheat breakfast regularly. At your food store, say "Nabisco Shredded Wheat".

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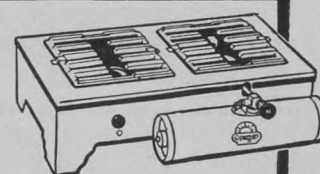
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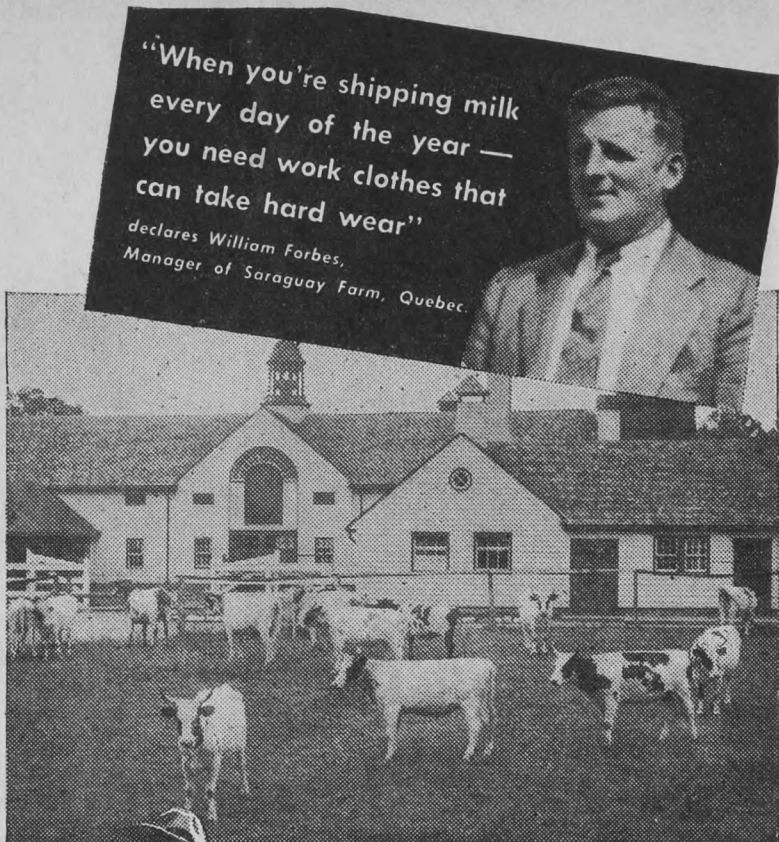
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For story of bride and her trousseau illustrated here see page 49.



"When you're shipping milk every day of the year — you need work clothes that can take hard wear"

declares William Forbes,
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Mr. Forbes does the buying for this successful farm at Cartierville, Quebec, which maintains a large herd of pure-bred Ayrshires and ships milk into the Montreal market winter and summer alike. Listen to what he says about utility garments:—

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No. 4687—Here's gay novelty for matrons in a long-waisted effect dress that's panelled in front and has a smart, buttoned-over neckline. Designed for sizes 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 35-inch fabric.



No. 4721—What a versatile kiddie style! You can make it into a gay sunfrock with pinafore ruffles or a pretty little dress. Designed for sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6, sun dress, requires 1 1/2 yards, 35-inch fabric and 1/4 yard ruffles; other dress, 1 1/2 yards and 1/4 yard contrast yoke.

State correct size and number of pattern wanted.

Write name and address plainly.

Patterns 20 cents each.

Address orders to The Pattern Department, The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg.



"... WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

Continued from page 11.

so, five per cent were doubtful, 11 per cent gave inconclusive replies and the same number gave no answer.

The third occasion for marked divergence is an old question that was given some consideration by the Sirois Commission. It has to do with the desirability of turning over to the provinces what are now, and have been since 1885, the Dominion experimental farms and stations. The replies to this question were pretty close to even both ways, 33 per cent favoring operation by the provinces and 37 per cent by the Dominion. Some did not reply to the question and one or two suggested that it was highly political. It may or may not be significant, however, that every provincial government official but one, replying to this question, favored operation by the provinces, and every federal official held a view exactly opposite.

Example—pro-federal: "Experience has shown that the province made a poor job of running experimental stations. A much wider program can be carried out by the Dominion government, as there appears to be a lack of co-operation between the provincial institutions . . . The Dominion status of our present set-up of experimental farms is one of its strong points. Other countries have adopted, or are swinging towards the Canadian system, because of its advantages. Varieties of both wheat and oats designed for the prairies have, in some cases, been found to be more effective in other parts of Canada, such as Erban oats in Ontario and Coronation wheat in Prince Edward Island. The whole system is not as centralized as many persons believe and Ottawa greatly depends on the recommendations by the superintendents and their staffs, in the units throughout Canada."

Example—pro-provincial: "I am definitely of the opinion that the suggestion contained in the Sirois Report, that the Dominion experimental farms be transferred to the provinces, should be supported. When the land resources were transferred to the provinces, the equipment which facilitates their utilization, should have gone with the land. The primary purpose of experimental institutions is to assist in the proper utilization of land, and the closer they are co-ordinated with the authorities administering land, the more effective they will be. Under present arrangements they are designed to follow purely lines of research, with little regard to the demands of administrative bodies controlling land. Less duplication of effort and more effective direction of effort with respect to experimental farms, would be accomplished if they were placed under provincial control."

THIS correspondent goes a good morning's walk further. He also says in part: "I do not believe the work of the P.F.R.A. should have been operated as a federal policy. The work it is performing is clearly a provincial function. The fact that the provincial governments may not have the financial resources to perform the P.F.R.A. work is no justification for the Dominion government assuming such authority. If the Dominion government controlled lands, then, my opinion in this regard would be reversed. The administrative costs for this activity have been entirely out of proportion to the benefits derived. Here again we have confusion created in land control. The provinces have water resources branches and land departments that have the facilities for performing the work that the P.F.R.A. has performed, without incurring the costs of a separate organization."

"As the first step towards designing the production policy of the future, I submit that land policies and agricultural production may be the accepted responsibility of provincial authorities. Today, farmers and farmers' organizations are totally disregarding provincial authorities and directing their demands to the federal government, with the

result that we have intrusion into fields which should be clearly defined by both provincial and federal authorities, leading to confusion and uncertainty. We can no longer continue with general agricultural policies designed by investigation and research men. The policies of the future must be designed and directed by administrative bodies and administrators must call upon research men to provide the basic evidence to formulate their policies.

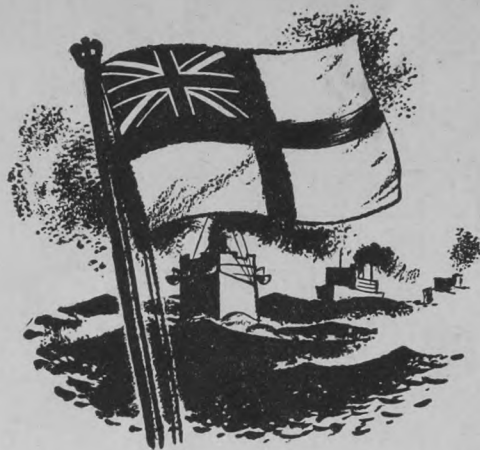
"Furthermore, at the present time, commercial and semi-public agencies are assuming authority and providing information on matters, which is also intensifying confusion. This is particularly true in the fields of agricultural production, research and investigation. If governmental authorities are not in a position to provide unbiased information, then there must be something radically wrong with the functioning of such bodies, or the application of their responsibilities."

As an antidote to the above, let us quote the short, sharp comment of the single, but important provincial government official who espoused the cause of the hard-ridden federal government. He says: "I would say that the Sirois Commission Report regarding Dominion experimental farms reveals inconclusive thinking and unwarranted assumptions. The Dominion experimental farms should continue under Dominion control."

Perhaps. We are reminded here of a remark once preserved to posterity by Sydney Smith (he of the English Smiths), who wrote: "All great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise." The problem, however, is by no means a purely academic one, for what this divergence of opinion means is that such opinion being prevalent, there cannot be that very essential co-ordination of thought and activity, which alone can give to the farmer the help, guidance and encouragement to which he is entitled and which, if we are not mistaken, he will find increasingly necessary during the coming years. The problem is a constitutional one and to the extent that it is a real problem, its creation must rest with the accumulation of fifty years of history. Some day the necessary compromise solution will have been found; and the many men now sincerely and honestly engaged in working for the advancement of agriculture in Canada, will find it easier to co-ordinate their thinking and plan together for the solution of farm problems.

NOW let us on to other things. There was a question involving the effect of the western Canadian climate on the farm income. Slightly over half of those replying, agreed more or less generally that climate was about as important as anything they could think of. One reply, however, is worth passing on in these days of aid from many sources. "Climate," said this correspondent, "is undoubtedly one of the most important factors affecting prairie agriculture . . . but of even greater importance in influencing the income of a prairie farmer are other factors equally uncontrollable by him. When a series of dry years occurred before the white men came here to farm, the Indians struck their tents and moved to places where a food supply was more abundant. We cannot adopt the Indian method, but we should be equally adaptable . . . In no part of Canada is it so important to maintain reserves of fodder and feed grain; and these are matters of attitude and intention on the part of individuals. Until this becomes a personal and individual matter, as natural and instinctive as protecting oneself against cold, or inclement weather, the action of government and public agencies is not likely to be very effective. People should not always be helped to avoid the results of their own improvidence."

"P.F.R.A. policy can be useful in offsetting the effects of extreme climatic variation. The irrigation expansion already undertaken is of minor importance, as compared with dry land agriculture in the prairies; but in the districts where it is operative, it is of substantial aid in creating oases beneficial to the adjacent agricultural program. Stock feeding should develop around these points. Further irrigation may some day be necessary, through the development of the William Pierce



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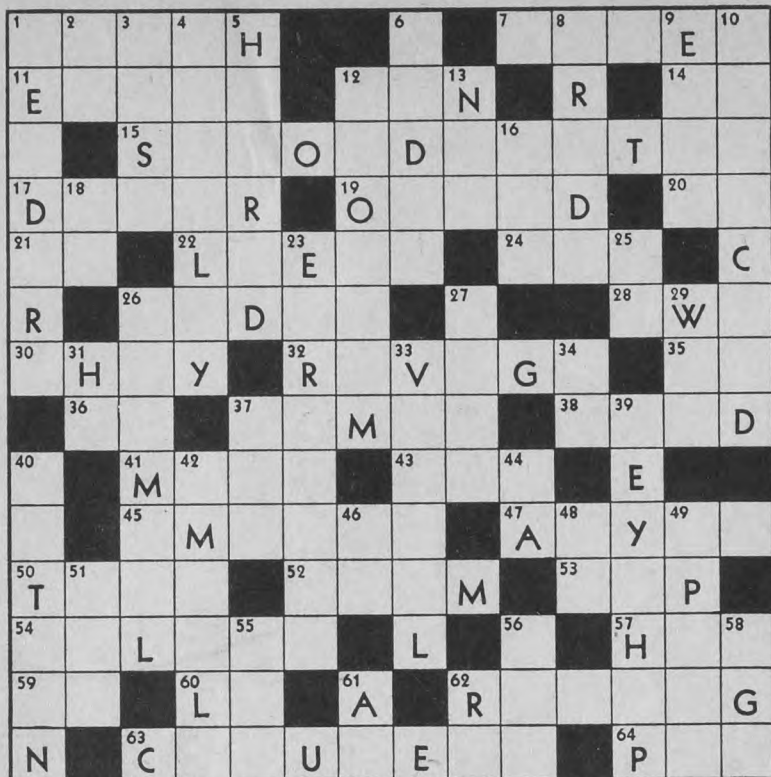
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ONE SOLUTION accepted from each home.

TWO SOLUTIONS may be sent in if entry is accompanied by a subscription (50c or \$1.00) to The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer.

MAIL ENTRIES by June 30, 1941, to the Senior Puzzle Editor. The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Canada. (Prizewinners will be notified by mail as soon as the contest is judged—July 15—and their names will be announced in the August, 1941, issue.)

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Often carried in a man's vest pocket.
7. Resides.
11. Kind of cloth used for grinding or polishing.
12. Sharp, pointed instrument.
14. Virginia (abbr.).
15. One who is inferior to another in rank, etc. (plural).
17. To turn aside or discourage.
19. To have looked at with a side glance.
20. New Hampshire (abbr.).
21. Printer's measure.
22. A feudal superior (Eng. Hist.).
24. Moisture which condenses on rocks, etc., particularly at night.
26. Superior in age.
28. A pair.
30. Two-wheeled carriage, usually drawn by one horse.
32. Pillage.
35. Either.
36. Indefinite pronoun.
37. Ten-cent piece (plural).
38. In bed.
41. Manner or demeanor.
43. Bashful.
45. Unextinguished smoldering ashes.
47. Bottomless gulf.
50. Snare.
52. Upright part of a plant.
53. Small poisonous snake of Egypt.
54. Relations by marriage.
57. To urge to action, as to ... on a hound.
59. Same as 35 across.
60. Louisiana (abbr.).
62. Jockies do a lot of this.
63. Sky-colored.
64. Short, pointed stick of wood.

DOWN

1. One who joins a broken joint together.
2. Part of the verb "to be."
3. Trial.
4. Mercilessly.
5. Crossbred animal or plant.
6. A projecting or raised edge of rock, etc.
8. Decree of the Sultan (Turkish).
9. Smooth.
10. Cord, chain, etc., by which the sliding sash of a window is attached to its balance weights.
12. Outline of an entertainment.
13. Nothing.
16. Boy's nickname.
18. Same as 21 across.
23. Weirdness.
25. Weight (abbr.).
26. Used as a breakfast food.
27. Chop into small pieces.
29. Grief.
31. Hello (slang).
33. Steamship.
34. Each (abbr.).
37. Debutante (abbr.).
39. Governorship of a district in the Turkish dominions.
40. Movement.
42. To pierce through with any sharp instrument.
44. Yes (illiterate).
46. Right (abbr.).
48. Bachelor of Arts (abbr.).
49. The backbone.
51. Royal Navy Reserve (abbr.).
55. Armed conflict.
56. Fruits or vegetables may often be found in one.
58. To urge on.
61. Aluminum (abbr.).
62. Royal Academy (abbr.).

RULES

1. One solution will be accepted from each home. Two solutions will be accepted if entry is accompanied by a subscription (50c or \$1.00—your own or a friend's) to The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer. Please note that the subscription MUST be paid for by the person who is to receive the subscription—subscriptions paid for by someone other than the recipient will be cancelled.
2. Non-subscribers' entries must be accompanied by a subscription to The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer.
3. No correspondence will be entered into regarding this contest.
4. Prizes will be awarded to the contestants who send in the correct or nearest correct solutions. In the event of ties prize money will be divided equally among tying contestants. The judges' decision is final.
5. When sending in a subscription with your entry please note the following details ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER and enclose it with your entry. Name, address, box or rural route number, amount enclosed.
6. All solutions must be mailed by June 30, 1941. Prizewinners will be notified by mail as soon as the contest is judged and their names and the correct answers to the contest will be published in the August issue of this publication.
7. Contestants who have won two prizes in the Senior Clue Word Contests since January, 1940, will automatically be excluded from further prize lists.

For April Prizewinners in Criss Cross Word Puzzle see page 43.

plan in central Alberta and Saskatchewan. The development of water supplies on individual farms, has served a double purpose in creating farm income and inspiring farmers' confidence. An inherent danger in the policy is that of encouraging people to depend too much on the government in the matter of minor projects, which should be their own responsibility."

At least as closely related as first cousin, to the question answered above, is the one regarding increased acres in grass. One answer to this question is particularly interesting and it should be noted that this answer came from the northern part of the wheat area rather than the southern dry area. Here is the comment: "While bonusing will bring results, there must be both education and demonstration, and even that will be slow. The methods of seeding grass on the prairies that give practically perfect results, as developed and demonstrated by the Dominion experimental farms, are so simple that farmers can't believe them, and presumably won't adopt them, because it was not the practice in the land of their fathers. I am almost afraid to say, in view of the results obtained, the number of farmers who in recent years, have been given grass seed to sow a plot, with directions for results.

"In this connection, where supervision is given, the percentage of cultivated land in grass has been increased in the past five years from six to 16 per cent. These figures also reveal that the greatest progress in this connection may be made on sandy loam soils, with considerably less on the heavy clay soils, such as those of the Goose Lake Line in Saskatchewan. For example, on clay soils the increase was from 2.1 to 3.4 per cent; on medium loam from 10 to 20 per cent; and on sandy loam, from 7 to 26 per cent."

FINALLY to close this temporary survey of representative opinion on farm production problems on the prairies, we cannot do better than quote a prominent farmer correspondent on the subject of co-ordination of ideas. This is the way he feels about it all: "There is a great need for a coming together of people on farm thought; and we need an awakening to the necessity for getting together, before each and every organization makes a reference and recommendation on the same idea and usually all different. It leaves administrative departments and individuals very much up in the air as to the best thing to do; and I believe many times they do nothing, which is probably the right thing. The variety of ideas and proposals, from organizations purporting to represent the farmer on the present wheat proposal, is a splendid example of the lack of careful thinking and planning on the part of so many. It is impossible for any government to put them all into effect and so they go ahead and do something possibly entirely different than expected. Who is to blame? Of course, all government is a matter of opinion, and it doesn't necessarily follow that what they do is the soundest program. No doubt political expediency is never entirely lost sight of, all other things being equal."

So there we are, or are we? The federal and provincial governments don't agree. The federal and provincial officials do not agree. The farmers' organizations don't agree. Farmers themselves don't agree. Perhaps we are due for a demonstration of what a British labor minister called "the inevitability of gradualness." Perhaps, on the other hand, we will find out, after the close of the war, whether or not the man was right who told the writer once that, "there is no such thing as a gradual explosion."

LIVE WITHOUT GROWING OLDER

Birthdays have no terror for me. I rather welcome them because each year that I live without getting older is further proof that my science of living is right.

The greatest thrill I get from my 83 years is the fact that I'm a younger man today than I was 30 years ago, and that each year I grow younger . . . And so can you.

The secret of youthfulness is vitality, and this is a product of proper food and exercise. Conventional foods are largely constipating, and the toxins of constipation can age you fast.

The cornerstone of my health-building diet is to make at least one meal a day from one or another of my three natural whole-grain cereals, Dr. Jackson Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus (all natural laxatives), my only beverage being alkaline Kofy Sub. To these I add milk, cheese, fresh fruits and vegetables and other simple natural foods.

Follow this regime . . . and exercise reasonably and you'll find, as I did, that age can be turned back. If you are interested in this subject, send for my free booklet . . . "A Glorious Achievement." Address, Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 425 Vine Ave., Toronto.



Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.
Now in his 84th year.

Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

2-41



Keep your HAIR HANDSOME



50c and 85c
Three times the quantity in the larger bottle.

DOES YOUR SCALPITCH? Do scaly dandruff specks drop on your shoulder? Is your hair brittle, unmanageable? These are the signs of dry scalp. Time to do something about keeping your hair, as well as keeping it good-looking.

See how quickly your hair responds to simple treatments with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! It supplements the natural scalp oils which drying winds and dry heated homes tend to dry up. Your scalp becomes pliant and comfortable.

Once a week give your hair a real massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing. Apply a few drops of the Tonic each morning before brushing, to keep it handsome and well-groomed. Made by Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal.

● It takes just a few drops daily to keep your hair looking its best.

What Makes 18?

Answer to puzzle on page 40.

3 8 7
10 6 2
5 4 9

TIME MARCHES PAST

Continued from page 5

pitchfork. Hollywood producers tore what little hair they have because they had never thought up that one. It was melodrama of the first order.

Why did he do it? Most likely for this reason. He is a Jew hater and baiter. Hitler is cottoning closer to Russia, where most of the higher-ups are renegade Jews. Hess didn't like the lineup. But Hitler has a way with his opposition. He doesn't vote them down, he has them shot down. Hess likely saw the writing on the wall, not of a dire fate hanging over the Nazis, but over Hess. When it came to inflicting torture and death on other people, he was equal to anything the most bloodthirsty and granite-hearted of the Nazis could ask. When he saw fate closing in around himself, he just couldn't take it. And so he skipped, to let Hitler take it out on his family and friends.

It was but an incident in the war. Two weeks later no one could discern that the theatrical performance had made any difference whatever in the course of the conflict.

An American psychologist, Dr. Moreno, holds that the absolute, unquestioned leader of a power group is an egoist. He cannot do everything himself. And so he creates in his circle "auxiliary egos," which are extensions of himself. Hess, Rosenberg, Ribbentrop, Goering are such extensions. The loss of any such auxiliary ego or extension by suicide, flight or assassination is therefore a painful psychological loss—something as severe as an amputation because of the immense emotional investment.

The more Hess's hegira hurts Hitler, the better.

Freight Train and Caravan

COMPARE railways in 1914 and 1941. F. A. McGaffney, research man for the C.N.R., did just that in a speech at Sherbrooke, Quebec. Here are some of the points he made: Increase in the weight of main line rails from 85 to 100 and 130 pounds per yard; locomotives draw 30 per cent more; freight loads increased 60 per cent; speed of freight trains increased 70 per cent; savings in coal consumption, 25 per cent.

He compared a train with trucks in a freight haul from Brockville to Montreal. Full tonnage train, 100 cars; 4,000 tons of freight; crew of five men; length of train, one mile; coal required, one-third ton per mile costing \$1.75.

To move this load by truck would take 800 five tonners; 800 truck drivers and 90 gallons of gasoline, costing \$20 per mile. The caravan would be 16 miles long.

The rail traffic into and out of Montreal during last April would have required 17,000 trucks operating from the West and 14,000 from the East, each day. These 31,000 trucks would make a caravan 620 miles long.

Rattlesnake Miracles

THE Hopi Indians can perform miracles with rattlesnakes in their famous tribal snake dances. They can hold them in their hands and even in

their mouths with perfect impunity. Ordinarily the rattlers would strike, bite and into the bloodstream inject the venom which would bring speedy and agonizing death. Not so in the tribal snake dances.

Miracles? Dr. Bogert, an authority on snakes, watched a snake dance. He counted 10 rattlers and several other venomous serpents handled by the unharmed snake priests. They danced hilariously with the wiggling reptiles held in their mouths. But he noticed, when the dance was over, that the priests seized the snakes and ran off in four directions, where they liberated them among the rocks.

Dr. Bogert followed. With an assistant, he succeeded in eluding the attention of the suspicious Indians and in recapturing a 30-inch rattlesnake. A careful examination showed that it had been prepared for the ceremony. Its fangs had been carefully and skillfully removed. The Hopi laity may have their illusions about the snake dance but the officiating gentlemen take no chances. They know very well what would happen, even to a Hopi priest, if he got careless with an ugly-tempered rattler. And so they take the necessary precautions.

The Airgraph

THE thousands of British troops in the Middle East have home folk. They write home. There is a special arrangement by which their letters are speeded on their way. It is by air-mail but by what route is a dark military secret. Avordupois and space are important in air traffic and a way has been found to conserve both. The soldier writes his letter on a form. The letter is then photographed on a small film and this is sent to Britain. There an enlarged



print is made, addressed and delivered. No less than 4,500 of the films go to the pound whereas 4,500 ordinary letters weigh a long hundredweight and a half. The new filmed, air-mail letter has been christened the airgraph and it can be sent for threepence.

Fifty Years Ago This Month

(From the Nor'-West Farmer for June, 1891)

GORDON and Ironside, Manitou, Man., were shipping 600 cattle to England. This meant \$30,000 to \$35,000 in the pockets of the farmers. . . . Leslie Smith, of Wawanesa, said that the generation of land robbers must give place to one of land feeders if there were to be large returns. . . . A band of 10,000 sheep was grazing ten miles from Swift Current. . . . The season of thunder storms was approaching and farmers were warned of the danger of horses standing beside barb wire fences being killed by the electrical discharges. . . . A pretty observant farmer out West said that his press-drilled grain came much better through the late spell of frost than did grain that was broadcasted. . . . Farmers' Institutes were advised to hold picnics for recreation, but outdoor games could be varied by an hour or two of sound, vigorous talk on the business of the season. . . . An old Huron County farmer wrote saying that when he was young he did not spend money on everything as was done now. Folks now-a-days dress in style and have their fine carriages and then complain of hard times, he said. . . . The Nor'-West Farmer had been from the outset emphatic in its support of the experimental farms, but protested against the serious blunder of putting pure-bred stallions on them.

Here's Firestone
EXTRA VALUE
you can actually
see and measure



THAT bar of rubber in the picture above is 89 inches long. It shows you how much extra traction bar length you can get in Firestone Ground Grip Tires. But that's not the whole story. Rubber traction bars bend, slip and lose their grip in heavy going unless they are rigidly braced. Every traction bar in the Firestone Ground Grip tread is heavily buttressed at the base and is triple-braced and triple-anchored.

Furthermore, there are no "traction leaks" in Firestone Ground Grip Tires. The tread bites steadily and evenly into the ground because the traction bars are continuous and unbroken. And finally, Firestone Ground Grip Tires give you superior traction in ALL soil conditions because all mud, dirt and trash is automatically forced out of the open, unobstructed spaces between the bars as the tire leaves the ground.

Whether you are changing over your present steel-wheeled tractor or ordering a new one, insist on Firestone Ground Grip tires—the tire that is first in traction and economy.



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GROUND GRIP TIRES



THE FARMERS' MARKET PLACE

The Best Market Place in Western Canada---the Most Profitable Place to Advertise

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RATES—15c per word per insertion. Set 6 point solid with the first line in capitals. Minimum charge \$1.00.

HOW TO CALCULATE COST—Count two initials as a full word, also count each set of four figures as a full word, as for example: "Farm for sale, 2,100 acres, J. G. Doe, Doestville, Manitoba." contains nine words. Be sure and sign your name and address. Do not have any answers come to The Guide. The name and address must be counted as part of the advertisement and paid for at the same rate.

REGULATIONS—All advertisements must be classified under the heading which applies most closely to

the article advertised. All orders for Classified Advertising must be accompanied by cash. Advertisements for this page must reach us 10 days in advance of publication day, which is the first of each month. Orders for cancellation must reach us 20 days in advance of date of publication.

COMMERCIAL CLASSIFIED DISPLAY—\$18.20 per inch flat. Ads. limited to one column in width and must not exceed six inches in depth. Combination condensed display permits one or two display lines in 10 point (\$2.60 for each display line per issue), balance set 6 point solid at 15c per word.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE COUNTRY GUIDE AND NOR'-WEST FARMER, WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Cost: \$3.00 per line for 6 months;
\$6.00 per year.

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Clifford Argue, Grenfell, Sask.
C. C. Matthews, Calgary, Alta. Accredited.
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Barton's Pony Ranch, Nokomis, Sask.

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Enquire about our 3-Year Credit Plan.
Interest 6%.

DOMINION AGRICULTURAL CREDIT CO. LTD.
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10 ABERDEEN-ANGUS BULLS, TWO YEARS and younger. Thick set, short leg type. Reasonably priced. A. V. Juggins, Lloydminster, Sask.

DOGS, BIRDS AND PET STOCK

COLLIES, YOUNG POLICE DOG. L. T. Currie, Riverton, Man.

SWINE

REGISTERED DUROC-JERSEYS — YOUNG stock. Wallace Drew, Treherne, Man. 5-3

VARIOUS

HORN-KILLER—DR. BELL WONDER MEDICINE COMPANY, Winnipeg, announce to the live stock owners of Western Canada the sales agency for Dr. David Roberts Veterinary Company Horn-Killer, a very effective remedy for stopping growth of horns on calves. Price 50 cents at your Drug Store. Dealer or direct from Dr. Bell Wonder Medicine Company, Winnipeg.

VIX (STIKS-EM) SETTLES SHY BREEDING cows and mares with one service or your money back. Use before service, 85c per treatment, \$2.35 for 4, postpaid. Kyle Ayrshire Farm, 504, Carman, Man.

SCOTTISH FARMER ALBUM AND NORTH British Agriculturist Annual for 1941, 75c for either one, postpaid. The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man. 4tr

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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY now offers for sale improved and unimproved farms on new easy terms. Large areas in Alberta and Saskatchewan open for settlement. For full particulars apply to Supt. of Sales, 922 Dept. Natural Resources, C.P.R., Calgary, Alta. 4tr

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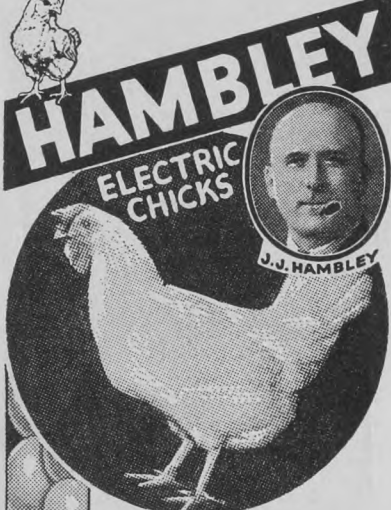
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	Man.	Sask.	Alta.
100	\$ 9.25	\$ 9.00	\$ 8.50
50	4.75	5.75	4.75
25	2.50	2.75	2.50

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100	9.50	10.00	9.50
50	5.00	5.25	4.75

	3.00	3.00	3.00
100	1.75	1.75	1.75
50	1.00	1.00	1.00

	11.25	11.25	10.75
100	6.00	6.15	5.75
50	3.00	3.35	3.00

	16.00	17.00	18.00
100	8.50	9.00	9.50
50	4.25	4.75	4.75

	11.75	11.25	10.75
100	6.25	6.15	5.75
50	3.25	3.35	3.00

	17.00	17.00	18.00
100	9.00	9.00	9.50
50	4.75	4.75	4.75

Manitoba and Saskatchewan prices effective June 10. Alberta prices effective June 1. 100% live arrival guaranteed. Pullets 98% accurate.

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Direct from Portage and Brandon Hatcheries.

	Mixed Sex	Pullets
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50	5.50	3.00
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They are produced from select, Government Approved, blood-tested flocks and hatched by experienced poultrymen in modern electric incubators. Order at once to be sure of getting your chicks when you want them.

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White Leghorns	\$ 9.50	\$ 5.25	\$ 2.75
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Barred Rocks	11.25	6.15	3.35
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	Price per 100	Unsexed	Pullets
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Select Leghorns		8.00	17.00
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R. & S. Leghorns		\$ 9.00	\$19.00
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Rocks, Reds, New Hamps.		10.00	18.00
SUPER, Reds, New Hamps.		12.00	22.00

Add 1c per chick for orders of less than 100.

FREE BOOKS—"Banner Year" book and "Raising Chicks for Profit."

REMEMBER—IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT.

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We sell more chicks than any other hatchery in Saskatchewan. There must be a reason. All chicks supplied are from Saskatchewan Approved Blood-tested Flocks.

Prices May 10 to June 10:

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100	\$6.00	\$22.00
50	3.00	11.50
25	1.50	5.75
White Leghorns		
B. Rocks	12.25	6.65
R.I. Reds	12.25	6.65
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W. Leghorns	\$ 9.00	\$5.00
B. Rocks	11.25	6.15
N. Hampshires	11.25	6.15
R.I. Reds	11.25	6.15
W.W.	11.50	6.25
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Five dollars buys enough for 100 hens for a year. Pays for itself in the feed it saves. Hens average 25 more eggs a year each. That means 2,500 more eggs—easily worth \$25. Ask for folder entitled "The Story of Double-Duty Poultry Grit."
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GENERAL

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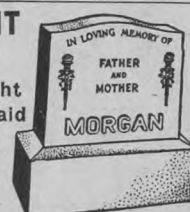
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THE COUNTRY GUIDE and
NOR-WEST FARMER

WINNIPEG MANITOBA

Ad. Index

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June, 1941
The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer,
Winnipeg, Man.

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THAT litt file inter Miami, Flo it at the n War Relie wonderful down ther kinds of w British," sh of garment serviceable children k collect old garments washing, v or washed and then department in a very w while we slightly sh and Burd agent for crested ci have beer profit on last they course, a bers, who do ourselv

THE editor's wife sometimes complains that if the roof were bombed off his office he wouldn't notice it. We hope we are never put to that test. But the nail file incident opened up a new field of interest that we never suspected. It appears that when the office mail is opened you never can tell what will come out of it. Some of the articles that have been received and obviously not intended for us are bobby pins of all colors, safety pins of all sizes, house keys, needles, grocery lists (very frequently), money receipts, bills, personal letters, snapshots and negatives.

In one letter was an application for the renewal of a truck license. Religious literature is sometimes enclosed, not, perhaps, by accident, but from a feeling that we need it.

Various are the ways of enclosing currency. Sometimes it is stitched on a sewing machine. Frequently it is gummed down with adhesive tape and yards of tape are wasted in this way. A



bit of molasses left over from breakfast is sometimes used to stick the money to the renewal slip. And we are assured that it is hard to separate a dollar bill from the slip if they are firmly stuck together with flour paste.

IT is hard to understand the workings of some human minds. One reader has chosen this, of all times, to write a long, incoherent and senseless muck-raking tirade against the United States and no doubt thinks we should publish it. She's a woman at that. One with a complex. Needless to say the manuscript

by a rejection occasional letter ame or address us what a fine at miracles he y when he takes in this country ent camps.

writes Hiram e Guide, it is to lease-lend king stews. The service charge if undamaged. A



int business from lines unexcelled as well as for the the bewilderment nted out for the is a perfect son-ines. Count 'em. father . . . were

swimming in a stew . . . when the young one said to the oldest . . . "Dad, exactly what would you do . . . If that hungry Scot who's looking in . . . should slip a spoon round you." . . . The old one could not answer . . . though he'd been served all over town . . . but he dodged behind a biscuit . . . just as the son went down . . . The moral isn't hard to draw . . . and should all bi-valves please . . . Scotchmen should be debarred from spots . . . where oysters are on lease.

"I READ Between Ourselves every month and enjoy it very much, especially those pieces about the bulls chasing themselves around a haystack. Of course only citified farmers believe such stories but who cares, as long as it's readable?"

So writes one of our readers, and we concur. Let the bull chase himself around a stack until he collides with his own hindquarters and wrecks them! What about a little mutilated bull steak, if we get a smile out of it? City people may report us to the S.P.C.A., but we are used to being misunderstood. But it gives us an idea. Just the flash of an idea. Hold everything! Let us concentrate! Why did that bull chase himself around a haystack? It was a result, and it must have had a cause. What was that cause? It couldn't have been lack of vitamin B. He was vital enough. It must have been too much of something or other. What was it too much of? That's something science should investigate, and when it finds out, we will feed it to scrub bulls, turn them into a field that has a haystack, and let them wreck their own hindquarters. Then they will cease to be a menace. What if they wreck the haystack as well? There's going to be lots of hay this year.

AND this completes The Guide for June, 1941. It goes out, as the June issue always goes out, with the earnest hope that with it will come the June rains. In some parts of the world the poets sing about April showers and May flowers, but June rains these prairies always need and always welcome with thankfulness. Not passing showers, nor scattered showers, welcome as they sometimes are, but rains, copious rains, soaking rains, rains that go down, down, down into the subsoil; rains that will make this year's crop and help to make next year's crop. And so our last word is, here's hoping they come, those ever welcome June rains.

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JUNE, 1941

Cover Title Contest
April Prizewinners

First Prize

COMMANDER OF THE BATH
Mrs. E. Sveinbjornsson, Midnapore, Alberta.

Second Prize

FLEEING FROM THE BATH
TO COME
Mrs. E. Howcroft, Victoria, B.C.

Third Prize

WHEN THE DUMB ARE WISE
Miss Eva Trenholm, Leedale, Alta.

Honorable Mention

EVADING THE CALL
David Davis, East Baintree, Man.
THE UNDERPUP
Howard C. Fraser, Dundee, Que.

CUT HERE

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Send in suggestions by coupon, letter or post card for a title for this month's cover. Prizes of \$3.00, \$2.00 and \$1.00 are offered respectively for the three best. Entries must be in the mail by June 30, 1941. In case of duplicate the prize goes to the earliest received. State name and address plainly. Prizewinners' names and titles will appear in the August issue. Send entries to The Contest Editor, The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.

This month's question:

Have you a furnace? Yes..... No.....

Make of furnace.....

Year installed

Furnace fuel used?

Wood..... Coal..... Oil..... Gas.....

Yearly cost of fuel.....

Local wood or coal used..... partially.....

Number of stoves used in your house.....

Title for this month's cover.....

Name

Address

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June, 1941

The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.

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Prov.

Numbers

Please print plainly.

Between Ourselves

ORDERS for the picture of the spring flowers, which appeared on the May cover, are rolling in by the hundred. Here is a chance to get a flower picture, all ready for framing, printed on good paper, postpaid for a dime. We are not trying to make money out of them. The printing and mailing will take it all. But we just thought that many readers would like to have that picture, bringing a breath of springtime to the home all year round, and we had the prints made. Your copy is waiting for you.

THAT little story of the patriotic nail file interested Mrs. M. S. Fossum, of Miami, Florida, so much that she read it at the next meeting of their British War Relief Society. They are doing wonderful work for the war sufferers down there. "Our members knit all kinds of woollen articles needed by the British," she says. "They make all kinds of garments, and collect worn but still serviceable clothing, shoes, etc. Our children knit squares for afghans and collect old aluminum and tinfoil. If the garments we collect need cleaning or washing, we see that they are cleaned or washed, and if necessary mended, and then we pack and ship them. Our departmental stores are co-operating in a very wonderful manner. Every little while we get several hundred pairs of slightly shop-worn shoes, dresses, etc., and Burdine's store, which is the local agent for our B.W.R.S. brooches, pins, crested cigarette cases and compacts, have been turning in their legitimate profit on these articles. On Thursday last they turned in \$295. We have, of course, a good many non-British members, who work and pray as hard as we do ourselves."

THE editor's wife sometimes complains that if the roof were bombed off his office he wouldn't notice it. We hope we are never put to that test. But the nail file incident opened up a new field of interest that we never suspected. It appears that when the office mail is opened you never can tell what will come out of it. Some of the articles that have been received and obviously not intended for us are bobby pins of all colors, safety pins of all sizes, house keys, needles, grocery lists (very frequently), money receipts, bills, personal letters, snapshots and negatives.

In one letter was an application for the renewal of a truck license. Religious literature is sometimes enclosed, not, perhaps, by accident, but from a feeling that we need it.

Various are the ways of enclosing currency. Sometimes it is stitched on a sewing machine. Frequently it is gummed down with adhesive tape and yards of tape are wasted in this way. A



bit of molasses left over from breakfast is sometimes used to stick the money to the renewal slip. And we are assured that it is hard to separate a dollar bill from the slip if they are firmly stuck together with flour paste.

IT is hard to understand the workings of some human minds. One reader has chosen this, of all times, to write a long, incoherent and senseless muck-raking tirade against the United States and no doubt thinks we should publish it. She's a woman at that. One with a complex. Needless to say the manuscript

went back accompanied by a rejection slip. And we get the occasional letter from a Nazi, with no name or address given of course, telling us what a fine fellow Hitler is and what miracles he will work in this country when he takes it over. All the Nazis in this country are not in the internment camps.

IN some B.C. centres, writes Hiram Hardscrabble to The Guide, it is usual for shopkeepers to lease-lend oysters to cafes for making stews. The cafe pays only a small service charge if the oyster is returned undamaged. A



poet considers this quaint business from the oyster's angle in lines unexcelled for felicity of diction as well as for the notion they convey of the bewilderment of a young oyster rented out for the first time. The poem is a perfect sonnet. It has fourteen lines. Count 'em.

An oyster and his father . . . were swimming in a stew . . . when the young one said to the older . . . "Dad, exactly what would you do . . . If that hungry Scot who's looking in . . . should slip a spoon round you." . . . The old one could not answer . . . though he'd been served all over town . . . but he dodged behind a biscuit . . . just as the son went down . . . The moral isn't hard to draw . . . and should all bi-valves please . . . Scotchmen should be barred from spots . . . where oysters are on lease.

"I READ Between Ourselves every month and enjoy it very much, especially those pieces about the bulls chasing themselves around a haystack. Of course only citified farmers believe such stories but who cares, as long as it's readable?"

So writes one of our readers, and we concur. Let the bull chase himself around a stack until he collides with his own hindquarters and wrecks them! What about a little mutilated bull steak, if we get a smile out of it? City people may report us to the S.P.C.A., but we are used to being misunderstood. But it gives us an idea. Just the flash of an idea. Hold everything! Let us concentrate! Why did that bull chase himself around a haystack? It was a result, and it must have had a cause. What was that cause? It couldn't have been lack of vitamin B. He was vital enough. It must have been too much of something or other. What was it too much of? That's something science should investigate, and when it finds out, we will feed it to scrub bulls, turn them into a field that has a haystack, and let them wreck their own hindquarters. Then they will cease to be a menace. What if they wreck the haystack as well? There's going to be lots of hay this year.

AND this completes The Guide for June, 1941. It goes out, as the June issue always goes out, with the earnest hope that with it will come the June rains. In some parts of the world the poets sing about April showers and May flowers, but June rains these prairies always need and always welcome with thankfulness. Not passing showers, nor scattered showers, welcome as they sometimes are, but rains, copious rains, soaking rains, rains that go down, down, down into the subsoil; rains that will make this year's crop and help to make next year's crop. And so our last word is, here's hoping they come, those ever welcome June rains.

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JUNE, 1941

Cover Title Contest

April Prizewinners

First Prize

COMMANDER OF THE BATH
Mrs. E. Sveinbjornsson, Midnapore, Alberta.

Second Prize

FLEEING FROM THE BATH
TO COME
Mrs. E. Howcroft, Victoria, B.C.

Third Prize

WHEN THE DUMB ARE WISE
Miss Eva Trenholm, Leedale, Alta.

Honorable Mention

EVADING THE CALL
David Davis, East Baintree, Man.
THE UNDERPUP
Howard C. Fraser, Dundee, Que.

CUT HERE

\$6.00 IN PRIZES \$6.00

Send in suggestions by coupon, letter or post card for a title for this month's cover. Prizes of \$3.00, \$2.00 and \$1.00 are offered respectively for the three best. Entries must be in the mail by June 30, 1941. In case of duplicate the prize goes to the earliest received. State name and address plainly. Prizewinners' names and titles will appear in the August issue. Send entries to The Contest Editor, The Country Guide and Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.

This month's question:

Have you a furnace? Yes..... No.....

Make of furnace.....

Year installed

Furnace fuel used?

Wood..... Coal..... Oil..... Gas.....

Yearly cost of fuel.....

Local wood or coal used..... partially.....

Number of stoves used in your house.....

Title for this month's cover.....

Name

Address

Wedding at Noon

The dramatic story of the summer flight and mating of the queen bee of the hive

By KERRY WOOD

A MYSTERIOUS Intelligence stirred within the Princess. "Hurry!" it was urging. "Hurry to your wedding!"

In her brief but eventful five days of life the Princess had never been out in the open, yet at this suddenly exciting moment she had the sure knowledge that a glorious summer's day was nearing its most perfect period between morning and afternoon. The winds and rains that had spoiled every day of the past week had passed, and now the sun was a god again on a vast blue throne. "Now!" willed the Intelligence.

With the summons strong on her, the uncrowned queen hurried through the violet half-light of the hive. Impatient almost to a panic, she bumped angrily as she jostled among the clustered thousands of her sexless sisters. Always working, these plebeian sisters whose stunted, wind-battered bodies were so different from the large and graceful shape of their royal relation. They could never know love, their destiny being work, and so they could not guess at the ache of desire that was driving the Princess through their myriad numbers now.

"This way," the Intelligence prompted, and although the Princess had never been within sight of the hive's entrance before, she went straight to the narrow portal.

Guards on Duty

Guards stationed there let her pass unchallenged. How different it would have been had she been permitted to murder those unborn princess sisters the day she left her own royal cradle! The moment she had come from her cell an adult insect, the instinct to tear open the waxen blinds that covered each of the queen cells took mad possession of her. Every sleeping princess was a potential rival, and only their deaths could make her the absolute ruler of the hive.

But the worker bees thwarted her killing lusts then, gently but stubbornly blocking her approach to the rivals' cradles. Bad weather was on the land at that time, and there was a possibility that this first born Princess might not get a good day on which to leave the hive during those first fatal twenty days when she had to mate or be condemned to sterility and death. This danger had made the workers protect the unborn princesses from their sister's hate, and so there were still royal young ones in the queen cells and the fate of the hive did not depend solely on our Princess. Had she been the only prospective queen, the whole army of workers, numbering only twenty thousand bees since the old Queen had left with the swarm, would have come out with the love-seeking Princess now and fawned anxiously around her and even tried to profane with their presence her wedding flight.

That was what might have been, had the fate of the hive depended on her queenship. Now the guards at the door were indifferent as she hurried past them to the threshold.

"Wait!" warned the Intelligence.

The Princess trembled there on the alighting board, feeling for the first time the magic of the sun on her long, eagerly poised body. She paid no attention to the hundreds of flash-winged workers who came soaring in from the honey flowers. Nor did she look twice at the glittering, big-bodied males who were lolling on the board, for she did not recognize them as males, even though she was seeking a mate.

Her four wings vibrated and she

lifted from the threshold. But the restraint of the warning of her unknown guide was like a curb rein on her, and she did not blindly indulge her desires and plunge into the blue to seek a trysting place. First she must make sure of the hive-home's location. So she hovered in the air a moment, head towards the entrance, fixing in her unfathomable memory the details of the site.

"Fly!" whispered the Intelligence then.

The Princess whirled and zoomed into the air, her great wings building a luminous splendor around her royal form as she climbed sharply above the orchard trees.

"Fly!"

It was like the soaring of a song, the joy of that maiden flight up through the warmth of the golden noon-day.

And now the magic of her mission flashed through the orchard bee colony. Back on the threshold of her own hive, the drones who had heedlessly jostled her but a moment before now beheld the Princess in her true rank, and they flung themselves madly in pursuit to bid for her favors. From every hive the drones streamed in buzzing black throngs, the air alive with their thousands. Some were out in the fields, drunk with hive honey and snoring away their spree in the hearts of flowers; they swiftly awoke now and hurtled aloft, one intoxication traded for another as they fell under the spell of love.

A kingbird darted from a lofty perch, and for a second the Princess knew fear.

"High!" screamed the Intelligence, and she shot like a rocket into the pale sky.

The Swift and Strong

The gathering cloud of drones lifted as on strings and followed her dazzling lead, eyes intent on the regal bride-elect. Weaker males among the horde began to falter after the first delirious rush, but the rest found more speed in their wings and pressed closer to the Princess.

"Faster!" pulsed the Intelligence. "Higher still!"

Gloriously the Princess obeyed.

Again the numbers of the retinue suffered, hundreds in the rear of that whirling mass of males admitting failure as they fell behind and wheeled back to the orchard to hide their shame.

A stubborn score were left. These were the strongest males of the colony, but there could be only one bridegroom and the strongest of them all must win. Again came the inexorable command of the Intelligence.

"Higher!"

The Princess speeded her wings again, space welcoming her as she left the earth far below.

Four males followed. They reached the level of the Princess and surged close.

"Higher!" goaded the Intelligence.

It was with an effort that the tired Princess obeyed.

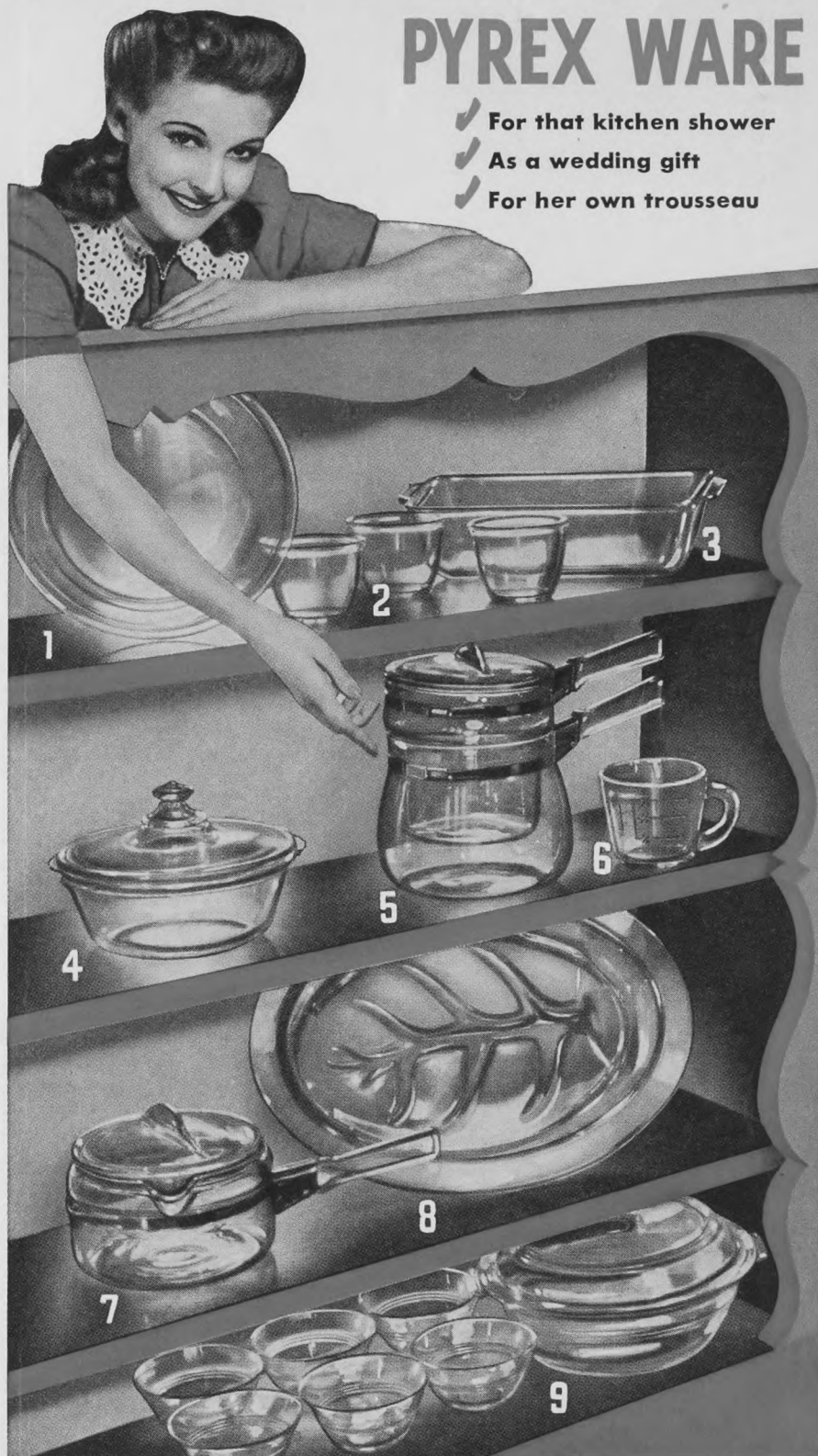
Only one splendid suitor kept pace with her, and there in the lonely sky the two suddenly embraced. Their jewelled wings threshed frantically a moment, then the magic was finished and the male went limp, his life torn from him and his denuded body turning over and over as it floated down from the heights.

The Princess needed no guidance now. Like a lead ball she dropped from the sky. And as she alighted and strode swiftly into the blue shadows of the hive-palace, the Intelligence breathed a final assurance of accomplishment:

"Now you are Queen!"

The 1941 Bride Chooses PYREX WARE

- ✓ For that kitchen shower
- ✓ As a wedding gift
- ✓ For her own trousseau



And Now Gleaming PYREX WARE COSTS so much LESS!

JUST look at the sparkling, modern Pyrex ware on these shelves! Every dish has a triple use—for cooking, serving and keeping! And you don't have to be a bride to want every one of them—especially at the present low Pyrex ware prices! So now's the time to dash to your favourite store. Get all the Pyrex ware you need, at today's amazing low prices!

1. PIE PLATE. This fast-baking, Pyrex brand pie plate turns out "picture" pies every time... comes in 4 handy sizes.

2. CUSTARD CUPS. Deep, 5-ounce custard cups for individual puddings, custards and popovers, to name just a few of its many economical uses. You'll surely want a dozen!

3. LOAF PAN. Bakes bread, fish, meat, desserts and keeps them hot! Your choice of 2 sizes.

4. ROUND KNOB-COVER CASSEROLE. Keeps food piping hot for second helpings. 5 convenient sizes to choose from.

5. DOUBLE BOILER. What a wonderful help to be able to see food come to just the right consistency! Two sizes! It's something you mustn't be without. Top or bottom may be used separately.

6. MEASURING CUP. Red, marked for easy measuring. Choose from the 8-, 16-, or 32-oz. sizes.

7. SAUCEPAN. Its wide, flat bottom really "fits" top burners... speeds up cooking. Sticky foods wash off easily. 3 convenient sizes to choose from.

8. WELL-AND-TREE PLATTER. Get it piping hot in the oven for serving broiled steaks. The well catches all the healthful meat juices.

9. EIGHT-PIECE MATCHED SET. An outstanding "economy kit." Contains a 48-oz. casserole with pie-plate cover and six 5-oz. matching custard cups. Gift boxed.

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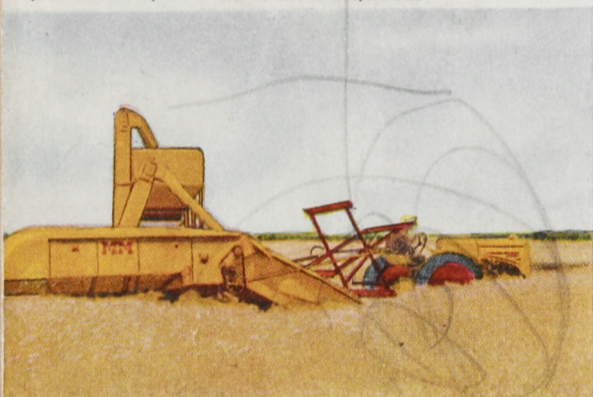


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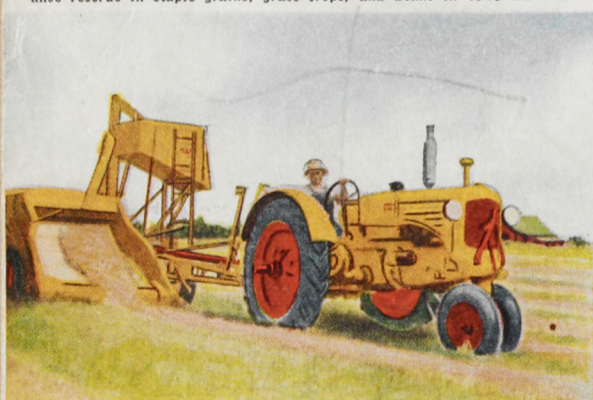
Per Year
Per Acre
Per Bushel



Harvester 8 ft. and Universal R tractor. Engine drive. May also be power-take-off operated. One or two man operation.



Harvester 69 harvesting barley. Harvester 69 built outstanding performance records in staple grains, grass crops, and beans in 1940 harvest.



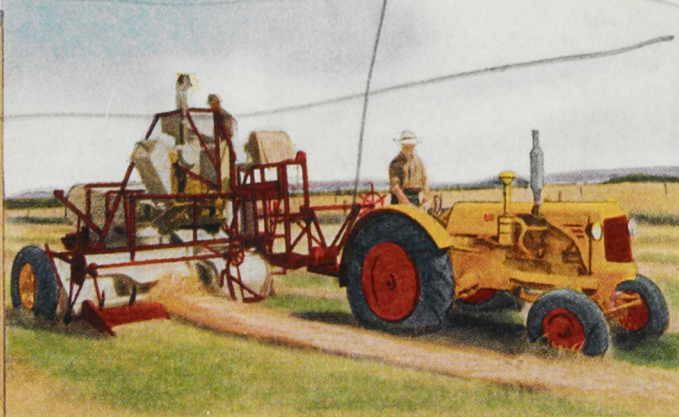
Harvester 69 and Universal Z tractor harvesting oats from windrow. Threshing, separating and cleaning capacity to handle big windrows.



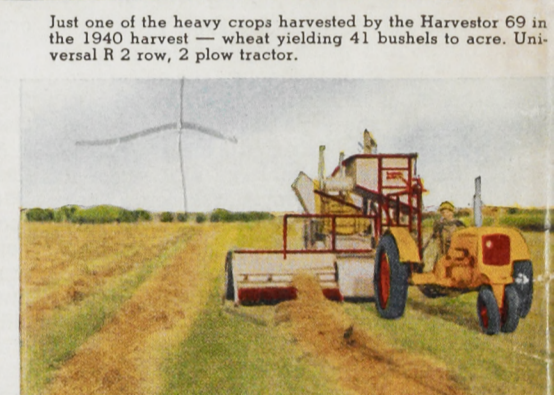
Harvester 8 foot and Universal Z tractor harvesting soybeans.



Harvester 69 with sacking attachment harvesting rye grass.



Harvester 12 ft. with pickup and sacking attachments harvesting rye grass from windrow on the West Coast. Standard U 3-4 plow tractor.



Harvester 12 ft. and Universal Z tractor harvesting alfalfa from windrow.



Harvester 12 ft. and Standard U tractor harvesting oats. Big capacity, low cost harvesting for all crops.



Harvester 6 ft. and Universal Z tractor with power-take-off drive and one man operation.

The Harvestors

Would you like to save from \$2.00 to \$3.00 an acre on your harvest costs? This means saving 10c to 15c per bushel and up, and at the same time use only 1/5 the man hours usual with older methods! Thousands of farmers are doing just that by using genuine MM Harvestors, according to the best available records.

THE MOST POPULAR IN THE WHOLE WORLD

Since its introduction, the 12 ft. MM Harvester has been the largest seller of its size. These years of popular leadership should mean much to everyone considering the purchase of a combine.

The 6 ft. and 8 ft. MM Harvestors, too, have all the exclusive features of the original, lightweight, 12 ft. Harvester and are also now the LEADING SELLERS in their sizes according to the best available records. *Sellouts on all 3 sizes practically every year since their introduction.* We believe that farmers know what is good for them and this record speaks for itself.

The introduction of the famous MM Harvester "69" as the Mighty Master of all crops last year proved itself to the extent of giving better cutting, threshing, separating and cleaning efficiency than any of similar size on the market according to owners — a practical sellout proved its popularity. This year the factory price is only \$598 and it's built better by far.

Buy now to be sure to get delivery. Remember, it is better to have a little too much capacity than a little too little. A fast ripening season may bring on all your crops ready for harvest at one time — and there's always the danger of rains to be taken into consideration. Farmers who wisely invested in MM Harvestors in 1940 instead of waiting for custom combines or threshers were repaid for their foresight in many sections where rainy seasons set in before the end of the harvest. 1941 may not repeat, but it's better to be sure before than sorry afterward.

Investment NOW in the MM Harvester to fit your acreage will pay you dividends *IN lower harvest costs, IN leaving you free for other profitable farm jobs, IN relieving your wife and family from ordinary harvest drudgery* — and **DIVIDENDS** from peace of mind and freedom from harvest worries. Get facts today. See your MM dealer.



Here is the MM Windrower building fine even windrows in a field of twisted and tangled down grain.

MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE

POWER IMPLEMENT COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

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valuable
Coupon
MAIL TODAY

Remember — the MM Harvestors have many patented and exclusive features no other combines have. Then look at the sell-out record year after year and the fact that in most sizes MM Harvestors have been the most popular. Then compare and make your choice and we believe you'll insist on getting a genuine MM Harvester this year so you will have a more modern and better performing combine for years to come.

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☐ 6 ft. MM Harvester ☐ 5 ft. MM Harvester "69"
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I farm acres My age is

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8035-102nd St. S.